

T H E
W O R K S
O F
JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D: D. S. P. D.
W I T H
NOTES HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL,
B Y
J. HAWKESWORTH, L. L. D.
A N D O T H E R S.

V O L. XVII.

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WORKS

JOHNATHAN SWIFT D.D. DEACON

THE POLITICAL AND CRITICAL

LETTERS OF JOHNATHAN SWIFT D.D.

AND

VOLUME



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DEAN SWIFT'S
CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER DXL.

DR SWIFT TO LADY ACHESON.

An April-fool Letter.

1732.

A GENTLEMAN called here last night upon some business, who took Mr——'s house yesterday at dinner, in his return from Wicklow. He tells me that Mrs —— was brought to-bed yesterday morning at five o'clock of half a child, just as if it were divided in two equal parts. It had one eye, half a nose and mouth, one leg, and so from top to bottom. They could see it was a boy, or rather half a boy: It was dead-born; but she is very well. It was thought that this was the cause of all her cholics. Mrs Brent tells me she has known the like more than once. I am glad the poor woman had her mother and sister with her.

Are you not undone for want of Monky?
How are you? Does your milk agree with you?

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A

We

We shall see you no more at church until Mon-
ky returns. Adieu, &c.

I mend a little.

Saturday morning.

L E T T E R DXLI.

LADY ACHESON'S ANSWER TO DR SWIFT.

1732.

I AM greatly surpris'd at the account you give
me of poor Mrs ———; but since it was so,
I am heartily glad she has got rid of it. Mrs
Morris's gout seized her all over on Thursday, so
that she keeps her bed. None of them know any
thing of this matter: They sent a boy yesterday
to Delginney (I will not mention this thing to
them till he returns) to let them know she was
not able to go to the country. I am sorry that
you mend but a little: This bad weather has in-
creas'd my cough; the milk agrees very well
with me. I will be at your church to-morrow.
I am your's, &c.

Saturday morning.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R DXLII.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAINE.

MADAM,

Jan. 1732-3.

ALTHOUGH I have but just received the honour of your Ladyship's letter, yet, as things stand, I am determin'd, against my usual practice, to give you no respite, but to answer it immediately, because you have provok'd me with your Lady Suffolk. It is six years last spring since I first went to visit my friends in England, after the Queen's death. Her present Majesty heard of my arrival, and sent at least nine times to command my attendance before I would obey her, for several reasons not hard to guess; and, among others, because I had heard her character from those who knew her well. At last I went, and she received me very graciously. I told her the first time, that I was inform'd she lov'd to see old persons; and that, having sent for a wild boy from Germany, she had a curiosity to see a wild Dean from Ireland. I was not much struck with the honour of being sent for, because I knew the same distinction had been offer'd to others, with whom it would not give me much pride to be compar'd. I never went once but upon command; and Mrs Howard, now Lady Suffolk, was usually the person who sent for me, both at Leicester-house and Richmond. Mr Pope (with whom I liv'd) and Mr Gay, were

then great favourites of Mrs Howard, especially the latter, who was then one of her led-captains. He had wrote a very ingenious book of Fables, for the use of her younger son, and she often promised to provide for him. But, some time before, there came out a libel against Mr Walpole, who was informed that it was written by Mr Gay: and although Mr Walpole owned he was convinced that it was not written by Gay, yet he never would pardon him, but did him a hundred ill offices to the Princess. Walpole was at that time very civil to me, and so were all the people in power. He invited me and some of my friends to dine with him at Chelsea. After dinner, I took an occasion to say, what I had observed of princes and great ministers, That if they heard an ill thing of a private person, who expected some favour, although they were afterwards convinced that the person was innocent, yet they would never be reconciled. Mr Walpole knew well enough that I meant Mr Gay. I afterwards said the same thing to the Princess, with the same intention, and she confessed it a great injustice. But Mr Walpole gave it another turn: For he said to some of his friends, and particularly to a Lord, a near relation of your's, That I had dined with him, and had been making apologies for myself. It seems for my conduct in her late Majesty's reign, in which no man was more innocent; and particularly more officious to do good offices to many of that party, which was then out of power, as it is well known.

known. Mrs Howard was then in great favour, and openly protected Mr Gay ; at least, she saw him often, and professed herself his friend : But Mr Walpole could hardly be persuaded to let him hold a poor little office for a second year, of commissioner to a lottery. When I took my leave of her Highness, on coming hither, she was very gracious ; told me the medals she had promised me were not ready, but she would send them to me. However, by her commands, I sent her some plaids for herself and the princesses, and was too gallant to hear of any offers of payment. Next spring, I came again to England, was received the same way ; and, as I had many hints given me that the Court at Leicester-fields would endeavour to settle me in England, (which I did not much regard), the late King died. I went, by Mrs Howard's commands, to kiss their new Majesties hands, and was particularly distinguished by the Q—n. In a few weeks, the Q—n said to Mrs Howard, (alluding to one of Mr Gay's Fables), that she would take up the Hare ; and bade her to put her in mind, in settling the family, to find some employment for Mr Gay : But, in the event, it proved only an offer to be a gentleman-usher to a girl of two years old, which all his friends (and I among the rest) advised him not to accept ; and accordingly he excused himself with the utmost respect. This I and every body else were sure must have been a management of Mr Walpole. As to myself, in a few weeks after the King's death, I found my-

self not well, and was resolved to take a step to Paris for my health, having an opportunity of doing it with some advantages and recommendations. But my friends advised me first to consult Mrs Howard: Because, as they knew less of courts than I, they were strongly possessed that the promises made me might succeed, since a change was all I desired. I writ to her for her opinion; and particularly desired, that since I had long done with courts, I conjured her not to use me like a courtier, but give me her sincere advice: Which she did, both in a letter and to some friends. It was by all means not to go: It would look singular, and perhaps disaffected; and, to my friends, enlarged upon the good intentions of the court towards me. I staid; my health grew worse. I left Mr Pope's house; went to a private lodging near Hammer-smith: And, continuing ill, I writ to Mrs Howard, with my duty to the *Q-en*; took coach for Chester, recovered in my journey, and came over hither: Where although I have ever since lived in obscurity, yet I have the misfortune, without any ground except misinformation, to lie under her Majesty's displeasure, as I have been assured by more than two honourable persons of both sexes; and Mr Gay is in the same condition. For these reasons, as I did always, so I do still think Mrs Howard, now my Lady Suffolk, to be an absolute courtier. Let her shew you the character I writ of her, and whereof no one else hath a copy: And I take Mr
Pope

Pope and Mr Gay, who judge more favourably, to be a couple of simpletons. In my answer to the last letter which my Lady Suffolk honoured me with, I did, with great civility, discharge her from ever giving herself another trouble of that kind. I have a great esteem for her good sense and taste. She would be an ornament to any court: And I do not in the least pity her for not being a female minister, which I never looked on as an advantageous character to a great and wise lady; of which I could easily produce instances. Mr Pope, besides his natural and acquired talents, is a gentleman of very extraordinary candour, and is consequently apt to be too great a believer of assurances, promises, professions, encouragements, and the like words of course. He asks nothing, and thinks, like a philosopher, that he wants nothing. Mr Gay is, in all regards, as honest and sincere a man as ever I knew; whereof neither princes nor ministers are either able to judge or inclined to encourage: Which, however, I do not take for so high a reach of politics as they usually suppose. For, however insignificant wit, learning, and virtue may be thought in the world, it perhaps would do government no hurt to have a little of them on its side. If you have gone thus far in reading, you are not so wise as I thought you to be. But I will never offend again with so much length. I write only to justify myself. I know you have been always a zealous Whig, and so I am to this day: But nature

ture hath not given you leave to be virulent. As to myself, I am of the old Whig principles, without the modern articles and refinements.

Your Ladyship says not one syllable, to inform me whether you approve of what I sent you to be written on the monument, nor whether you would have it in Latin or English. I am ever, with true respect, and high esteem,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's, &c.

The friend I named, who I was afraid would die, is recovered; and his preferment is by turns in the Crown and the Primate, but the next vacancy will not be in the Crown's disposal.

L E T T E R DXXXI.

DR SWIFT TO MRS PILKINGTON.

MADAM,

Deanry-house, Jan. 1. 1732-3.

I SEND you your bit of news-paper with the verses *, than which I never saw better in their kind. I have the same opinion of those
you

* Mrs Pilkington, when she was about sixteen, having been teased by her brother to write some verse as a school-exercise for him, asked him what she should write upon: Why, said he pertly, what should you write upon but the paper? So taking it for her subject, she writ the following lines; which, four years after, were printed in one of the London news-papers. Vide Pilkington's Memoirs, Vol. I. p. 83.

you were pleased to write upon me *, as have also some particular friends of genius and taste, to whom I have ventured to communicate them, who universally agree with me. But as I cannot with decency shew them, except to a very few, I hope, for both our sakes, others will do it for me. I can only assure you I value your present as much as either of the others, only you must permit it to be turned into a pen, which office I will perform with my own hand, and never permit any other to use it. I heartily wish you many happy new-years; and am, with true esteem, Madam, your most obliged friend and servant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER

O spotless paper, fair and white!
 On whom, by force constrain'd, I write,
 How cruel am I to destroy
 Thy purity, to please a boy?
 Ungrateful I, thus to abuse
 The fairest servant of the Muse.
 Dear friend, to whom I oft impart
 The choicest secrets of my heart;
 Ah! what atonement can be made
 For spotless innocence betray'd?
 How fair, how lovely didst thou shew,
 Like lilly'd banks, or falling snow!
 But now, alas! become my prey,
 No floods can wash thy stains away;
 Yet this small comfort I can give,
 That which destroy'd, shall make thee live.

* Mrs Pilkington having heard that Dr Swift had received a paper-book, richly bound and gilt, from the Earl of Orrery, and a silver standish from Dr Delaney, sent him an eagle's quill with the following verses upon his birth-day, Nov. 30. 1732.

Shall

LETTER DXLIV.

DR SWIFT TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

MY LORD,

Jan. 1732-3.

IT is some time since Mrs Ball gave me, inclosed and directed to me, your Lordship's verses, in your own hand, with the alterations you were pleased to make, for which I have long deferred my acknowledgments; and if I were to follow the course of my own nature, the delay should be longer: because, although I believe no man hath a more grateful sense of a real honour done him than myself, yet no man is in more confusion how to express it. Although I had not the least hand in publishing those verses, (which would have ill become me), yet I will not
be

Shall then my kindred all my glory claim,
And boldly rob me of eternal fame?
To ev'ry art my gen'rous aid I lend;
To Music, Painting, Poetry, a Friend.
'Tis I celestial harmony inspire,
† When fix'd to strike the sweetly warbling wire.
I to the faithful canvas have consign'd
Each bright idea of the painter's mind;
Behold from Raphael's sky-dipt pencils rise
Such heavenly scenes as charm the gazer's eyes
O let me now aspire to higher praise!
Ambitious to transcribe your deathless lays:
Nor thou, immortal Bard, my aid refuse,
Accept me as the servant of your Muse;
Then shall the world my wond'rous worth declare,
And all mankind your matchless Pen revere.
† *Quills of the harpsichord.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

11

be so affected as to conceal the pride I have in seeing them abroad, whatever enmity they may procure against your Lordship, for publicly favouring one so obnoxious to the present powers, and turning their hatred into envy; which last, as it is more tormenting to the owners, will better gratify my revenge. And of this advantage I shall make the proper use, leaving your Lordship to shift for yourself, without the least grain of pity for what you may suffer.

In the mean time, I beg you to accept my most humble thanks for the honour done me by so excellent a performance on so barren a subject; by which words I wisely anticipate the censure of all those who love me not: In spite of whom it will be said in future ages, That one of Lord Orrery's first essays in poetry, were those verses on Dr Swift. That your Lordship may go on to be the great example, restorer, and patron of virtue, learning and wit, in a most corrupt, stupid, and ignorant age and nation, shall be the constant wish, hope, and prayer of, my Lord, your most obedient, obliged, and humble servant,

J. S W I F T.

L E T T E R

LETTER DXLV

MISS KELLY TO DR SWIFT.

*Jarvis-street, six o'clock, Friday
evening, Feb. 2. 1732-3.*

S I R,

I DANCED so long last night, that I have not been able till this moment to thank you for the goodness you shewed me this morning. Be assured the favours you bestow on me are received with the greatest pleasure, and I only am sorry that it is not in my power to convince you that nobody can set a higher value on your friendship than I do.

Indeed I have an implicit faith in your medicine; for if only despising the poets can hinder its proving effectual, I must certainly receive from it all the benefit I desire; for really I am quite of the other side, and am a sincere admirer of all the good poets, but am more particularly attached to the best. What I shall do to convince you of the truth of this I cannot determine: But surely the care I shall always take to mend upon your reproofs, will, in time, let you know that nobody can desire more sincerely to please you than, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

I am half asleep, so don't be angry at these blots.

Being

CORRESPONDENCE. 13

Being out of cash at present, I send you my note, which I hope will satisfy you.

I acknowledge to be indebted to the Reverend Doctor Swift, Dean of St Patrick's, the sum of 0l. 1s. 1½d. *per value received* this 2d day of Feb. 1732-3.

FRANCES ARABELLA KELLY*.

L E T T E R DXLVI.

J. BARBER, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, TO
DR SWIFT.

London, Feb. 6. 1732-3.

Queen Anne's birth-day:

The bells all ringing.

BELIEVE me, Sir, and it is with great truth I speak it, that there is not a person in the world I would sooner oblige than yourself; and I should be glad to have it in my power to serve Mrs Barber in the way you mention; but it is odds it may not be in my power, for many things may fall that her spouse is not fit for; as, all places relating to the law, he can have no pretensions to. There are a dozen persons in my house, called Lord Mayor's officers, who wear black gowns, and give from eight to nine hundred pounds for their places, which at first they make about sixty pounds *per annum* of, and rise,

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in

* This promissory note is printed to the letter. It certainly is an answer to some whim or other of the Doctor's.

in time, to three or four hundred pounds; but they are generally young men. These places, I suppose, should any one fall, would not be thought good enough. There are many other places in my gift. We have had Mayors gone through the office who have not got one hundred pounds, and others have got ten thousand pounds: It is all chance. I have gone through the fourth part of my year, and have got only about two hundred guineas, by the death of one of the city-music, and a porter to Guild-hall.

But suppose a place should fall worth fifteen hundred, or two thousand pounds, that he may be fit for, one third of the purchase goes to the city, and must be paid before his admission; the other two-thirds are mine: But I cannot put a less price than was paid before, because the last price is entered in the city-books.

I know you love particulars, and thus you have the case as it stands.

You will give me leave to add a word or two, which I do in confidence, That I have been, for many years, plagued with a set of ungrateful monsters, called cousins, that I tremble at the name; and though I give yearly pensions to some, and monthly and weekly to others, all won't do, and I am insulted and abused by them, and can't help myself.

Now as Mrs Barber and her family design to settle here, and she has done me the honour in most places to call me cousin, I hope it will not be expected I should have the care of them. I have

have very ill health ; and any additional care that way would hurt me very much ; but for doing her and her family any good offices, I shall never be wanting.

I must now beg leave to return you my thanks for your affectionate and kind wishes. The honour, I own, is very great I am in possession of, and I am sensible I am placed aloft, and that all my words and actions are scanned ; but I will not be discouraged, and hope I shall get through with honour. One motive for making me think so, is the great pleasure and satisfaction I have in the hopes of seeing you here, where your advice and example will be of great use ; and therefore, I hope you will lose no time, but come away, and I will fit up an apartment for you in Queen's-square, and another at Sheen, (which I hope you will accept), places that I shall hardly be able to see this year.

Mr Pilkington gains daily upon us, and comes out a facetious agreeable fellow. I carried him t'other day to see her Grace of Bucks in the Park. Her Grace seeing him, asked who he was ? I answered, He was a present from you from Dublin. She smilingly replied, He is no fool then I am sure.

I shall conclude a long dull letter, with my sincere wishes for your health and prosperity, and that you would not delay one hour coming to bless your friends here with your company ; which by none is more desired than, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

J. BARBER.
LETTER

LETTER DXLVII.

Feb. 16. 1732-3.

IT is indeed impossible to speak on such a subject as the loss of Mr Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I send you what I intend for the inscription on his tomb, which the Duke of Queensberry will set up at Westminster. As to his writings, he left no will, nor spoke a word of them, or any thing else, during his short and precipitate illness, in which I attended him to his last breath. The Duke has acted more than the part of a brother to him; and it will be strange if the sisters do not leave his papers totally to his disposal, who will do the same that I would with them. He has managed the comedy (which our poor friend gave to the playhouse the week before his death) to the utmost advantage for his relations; and proposes to do the same with some fables he left finished.

There is nothing of late which I think of more than mortality, and what you mention of collecting the best monuments we can of our friends, their own images in their writings: For those are the best, when their minds are such as Mr Gay's was, and as your's is. I am preparing also for my own; and have nothing so much at heart, as to shew the silly world, that men of wit, or even poets, may be the most moral of mankind. A few loose things sometimes fall from them, by which censorious fools
judge

judge as ill of them as possibly they can, for their own comfort. And indeed when such unguarded and trifling *jeux d'esprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence or repentance can do, since they cannot be denied, is, to put them fairly upon that foot; and teach the public, (as we have done in the preface to the four volumes of miscellanies), to distinguish betwixt our studies and our idlenesses, our works and our weaknesses. That was the whole end of the last volume of miscellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface, "That these volumes contained all that we have ever offended in that way," would have been discredited. It went indeed to my heart, to omit what you called the libel on Dr D—; and the best panegyric on myself, that either my own times, or any other, could have afforded, or will ever afford to me. The book, as you observe, was printed in great haste; the cause whereof was, that the booksellers here were doing the same, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff: I don't mean that any thing of your's is chaff, but with other wit of Ireland which was so, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige them to separate what you writ seriously from what you writ carelessly; and thought my own weeds might pass for a sort of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.

It was I that sent you those books into Ireland, and so I did my Epistle to Lord Bathurst, even before it was published; and another thing

of mine, which is a Parody from Horace *, writ in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of any thing than of the former of these, nor less than of the latter; yet every friend has forced me to print it, though in truth my own single motive was about twenty lines toward the latter end which you will find out.

I have declined opening to you by letters the whole scheme of my present work, expecting still to do it in a better manner in person. But you will see pretty soon, that the letter to Lord Bathurst is a part of it; and you will find a plain connection between them, if you read them in the order just contrary to that they were published in. I imitate those cunning tradesmen, who shew their best silks last; or (to give you a true idea, though it sounds too proudly) my works will in one respect be like the works of Nature, much more to be liked and understood, when considered in the relation they bear with each other, than when ignorantly looked upon one by one; and often those parts which attract most at first sight, will appear to be not the most, but the least considerable *.

I am pleased and flattered by your expression of *Orna me*. The chief pleasure this work can give me is, that I can in it, with propriety, decency, and justice, insert the name and character
of

* Sat. I. lib. ii. Vol. IV. of Warburton's edition of Pope's Works.

† See Warburton's first note on the epistle to Lord Cobham, "Of the knowledge and characters of men," vol. third of his edition of Pope's Works.

of every friend I have, and every man that deserves to be loved or adorned. But I smile at your applying that phrase to my visiting you in Ireland; a place where I might have some apprehension, from their extraordinary passion for poetry, and their boundless hospitality, of being *adorned* to death, and buried under the weight of garlands, like one I have read of somewhere or other. My mother lives, (which is an answer to that point); and I thank God, though her memory be in a manner gone, is yet awake, and sensible to me, though scarce to any thing else; which doubles the reason of my attendance, and at the same time sweetens it. I wish (beyond any other wish) you could pass a summer here; I might (too probably) return with you, unless you preferred to see France first, to which country, I think, you would have a strong invitation. Lord Peterborow has narrowly escaped death, and yet keeps his chamber. He is perpetually speaking in the most affectionate manner of you. He has written you two letters, which you never received, and by that has been discouraged from writing more. I can well believe the post-office may do this, when some letters of his to me have met the same fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this discourage you from writing to me, or to him, inclosed in the common way, as I do to you. Innocent men need fear no detection of their thoughts; and, for my part, I would give them free leave to send
all

all I write to Curl, if most of what I write was not too silly.

I desire my sincere services to Dr Delaney, who, I agree with you, is a man every way estimable. My Lord Orrery is a most virtuous and good-natured nobleman, whom I should be happy to know. Lord B. received your letter through my hands. It is not to be told you how much he wishes for you. The whole list of persons to whom you sent your services, return you theirs, with proper sense of the distinction.

—— Your lady friend is *semper eadem*; and I have written an epistle to her on that qualification, in a female character; which is thought by my chief critic, in your absence, to be my *chef d'oeuvre*. But it cannot be printed perfectly, in an age so fore of satire, and so willing to misapply characters.

As to my own health, it is as good as usual. I have lain ill seven days of a slight fever, (the complaint here); but recovered by gentle sweats, and the care of Dr Arbuthnott. The play Mr Gay left succeeds very well. It is another original in its kind. Adieu. God preserve your life, your health, your limbs, your spirits, and your friendships.

LETTER

L E T T E R DXLVIII.

COUNTESS OF KERRY TO DR SWIFT.

Lixnaw, March 4, 1732-3.

THE kind concern and friendly remembrance of the most esteemed Dean of St Patrick's, has raised in me a satisfaction and pleasure that I had almost given up, having been resolved a good while humbly to content myself in a state of indolence and indifference: And if I could avoid the pains of body and mind, not to seek further after those points in life I so long and vainly pursued: But you have invaded my tranquillity in a manner I must not only forgive, but pay my acknowledgments for, since at the same time that you make a melancholy representation of my misfortunes, you strike a light for me from another quarter from whence to raise hope. I most heartily rejoice in what you tell me of Mr Fitzmaurice, who has indeed given me an undeniable mark of taste, by the sense he has of the honour you do him in letting him into your society, from whence it is impossible to come without some good influence. For my part, I grieve at the interval that necessity seems to call for, to interrupt such advantage, and it is my study to find an occasion indispensable that he may return *; and as I think to be a member of our senate-house, is the best way to lead a young man into

* It is presumed from his travels.

into the world, I have been watching a good while for some gap in that body, that he might step into. There seems now to offer one on the death of Sir Ralph Gore, that may not be impracticable, since it is a very small borough, entirely belonging, as I am informed, to the Bishop of Clogher, who, I dare say, is above disposing of it for court-favour only, or to the highest bidder; practices much in fashion of late. Might I not then presume, upon your friendship with the Bishop, to recommend this young man as an honest one at present, and whom he might devote to his service by so great and seasonable an obligation, besides paying an acknowledgment that, in gratitude, is due, although the person were never so well qualified: Thus much sure I may say without censure. If I have taken too great liberty in recommending this matter to you, forgive me, and impute it to my zeal in endeavouring to take all opportunities to turn this lad into the world, that I may see what figure he will be likely to make hereafter. But if I don't succeed in this or any other attempt, I thank Providence sincerely, I can now boast I have attained philosophy enough to take every thing with patience as it comes, by no means thinking myself too good to be the sport of higher powers; and my Christian duty will not permit me to look for reasons. As little wisdom as I have bought, I wish I had had it sooner; now it is too late, *La farce est jouée*, and my curtain almost drawn; so that if I could, I would no more traffic with
the

the world upon my own account: Friendship only is what I still must always value; your's, surely, is more than comes to my share.

You are very good to inquire after my eyes: They are indeed well, beyond my expectation; but are to me like the miser's gold, hoarded up as imaginary treasure that one wants, at the same time that one possesses; for so much as this letter I have not taxed them a long time. I shall, with attention, observe all you recommend to me in the way of passing my time; and do daily see reason to respect *la bagatelle*; yet are there some places where that is too insipid to be made any use of. I have an excellent chaplain, that I employ in reading, and my domestic. Handicrafts and gardening do the rest. As for quadrille, it is a part of entertainment only for strangers. What shall I say for taking up so much of your time? Forgive, dear Dean, your most real and faithful humble servant,

A. KERRY.

L E T T E R DXLIX.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

Dublin, March 27. 1733.

I RECEIVED your letter with some pleasure, and a good deal of concern. The condition you are in requires the greatest haste hither, although your school did not; and when you arrive,

rive, I will force Dr Helsham * to see and direct you. Your scheme of riding and country-air, you find, hath not answered; and therefore you have nothing to trust to, but the assistance of a friendly skilful doctor. For whether they can do any good or no, it is all we have for it; and you cannot afford to die at present, because the public and all your family have occasion for you. Besides, I do not like the place you are in †, from your account, since you say people are dying there so fast. You cannot afford to lose daily blood; but I suppose you are no more regular than you have been in your whole life. I like the article very much which you propose in your will; and if that takes place forty years hence, and God, for the sins of men, should continue that life so long, I would have it be still inserted, unless you could make it a little sharper. I own you have too much reason to complain of some friends, who, next to yourself, have done you most hurt; whom still I esteem and frequent, though I confess I cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the case was not merely personal malice to you, (although it had the same effect), but a kind of I know not what job, which one of them hath often heartily repented, however it came to be patched up. I am confident your
collection

* A very eminent physician, of great learning.

† The free school of Cavan, in the gift of the crown; for which Dr Sheridan exchanged his living at Dunboyne, and in which he hath been since succeeded by Mr Moore.

collection of *Bons mots* * and *Contes a rire*, will be much the best extant; but you are apt to be terribly sanguine about the profits of publishing: However, it shall have all the pushing I can give. I have been much out of order with a spice of my giddiness, which began before you left us. I am better of late days, but not right yet, though I take daily drops and bitters. I must do the best I can, but shall never more be a night-walker. You hear they have in England passed the excise on tobacco; and by their votes it appears they intend it on more articles. And care is taken by some special friends here, to have it the same way here. We are slaves already: And from my youth upwards, the great wise men whom I used to be among, taught me, that a general excise (which they now by degrees intend) is the most direct and infallible way to slavery. Pray G— send it them in his justice, for they well deserve it. All your friends, and the town, are just as you left it. I humdrum it on, either on horse-back, or dining and sitting the evening at home; endeavouring to write, but write nothing, merely out of indolence and want of spirits. No soul has broke his neck, or is hanged, or married; only Cancerina † is dead,

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and

* Perhaps "*Bons mots de Stella*," and "*Thoughts on various subjects*," are part of this collection.

† One of those poor people to whom the Dean used to give money when he met them in his walks. Some of them he named thus, partly for distinction, and partly for humour; Cancerina, Stumpanympha, Pull a gown-a, Friterilla, Flora, Stumpantha.

and I let her go to her grave without a coffin, and without fees.——So I am going to take my evening-walk after five, having not been out of doors yet. I wish you well and safe at home. Pray call on me on Sunday night.

I am your's, &c.

P. S. I believe there are a hundred literal blunders, but I cannot stay to mend them.——So pick as you are able.

I am not so FRANK a writer as you.

LETTER DL.

LORD B—— TO DR SWIFT.

Cirencester, March 29. 1733.

MY MOST DEAR DEAN,

I AM indebted to you for several scraps of paper which you have sent me; but I waited to receive a letter from you, and then would have returned you an answer as well as I could. I obeyed your commands signified in your *Penultime*; I attended your cause; your client happened to be in the right, and we are not a little in the wrong, that we gave no costs. I should have moved for them, but I had distinguished myself in pressing lords to attend, and told so many that I had your commands so to do, that I did not think it proper to take that part upon me, and nobody else would do it; therefore give me leave

to

to tell you, that you are bound in conscience to pay that poor man 100 l. He would certainly have had that sum, if you had not interposed in that peremptory manner.

As to your last orders, in relation to the Dublin cause, I take it for granted you are in the wrong. All corporations of men are perpetually doing injustice to individuals. I will attend it, but am as much prejudiced against them as it is possible, though I know nothing of the man or the matter in question. I have often reflected, (from what cause it arises I know not), that the majority of a society are honest men, and would act, separately, with some humanity, and according to the rules of morality; yet, conjunctively, they are hard-hearted determined villains. I know physicians, who, if you take them out of their practice, are very good sort of men: But was there ever in the world a consultation of them, that tended to any thing else than robbery and murder? Do the body of lawyers think of any thing else, but to plunder and destroy the rest of mankind? In short, there is no corporation to be excepted out of this general rule, but the Two Houses of parliament, and all assemblies of divines, wheresoever dispersed through the Christian world. So much for your Dublin cause.

Now, I must tell you, I want exceedingly to see you here; and I would have you come just about midsummer. If you come a moment before that time, you will find the parliament sit-

ting, all in a flame about excises; and go into what company you will, you can hear of nothing else. I reckon by that time we shall separate, and then I come down to this place *en famille*, (where I am now only a sojourner for three days), and you shall be better accommodated than you were last time you was here. I can assure you I have made great alterations; and, to speak modestly, I think I may say, it is by much the finest place in England. What Ireland may produce I cannot tell. Pope has promised to come down; and it is time for him to retire, for he has made the town too hot to hold him*.

Poor John Gay! we shall see him no more, but he will always be remembered by those who knew him with a tender concern. I want to know how you do, and what you are doing. I suspect you are grown very idle; for I have not heard of any production from that fertile brain of your's a great while. And besides, the greatest mark of idleness that I know, is the minding of other peoples business. You, that used to be employed in supporting or pulling down ministers, in instructing or diverting mankind, in flaming kingdoms, or pacifying contending parties, now seem to be dwindled into an Irish solicitor. I expect to see you in a dirty brown coat, with a little green bag under your arm. However, let me

* Probably by the publication of 'The first Satire of the second Book of Horace, imitated, in a Dialogue between Alexander Pope, Esq; on the one part, and his learned council on the other.' Published in February 1732-3.

me see you. If I cannot laugh with you as I used to do, I will laugh at you; for I am resolved to laugh as long as I live. So, my dear little pettifogger, adieu.

L E T T E R DLI.

April 2. 1733.

YOU say truly, that death is only terrible to us, as it separates us from those we love; but I really think those have the worst of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more, I fancy, in the loss of Mr Gay, than I shall suffer in the thought of going away myself into a state that can feel none of this sort of losses. I wished vehemently to have seen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the rest of our days together, the two most idle, most innocent, and undesigning poets of our age. I now as vehemently wish you and I might walk into the grave together, by as slow steps as you please, but contentedly and chearfully. Whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more, than into what country we shall walk out of the grave. But it suffices me to know, it will be exactly what region or state our Maker appoints, and that whatever *is*, is *right*. Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands; and for as much as is so, I will take care to suppress things unworthy of him. As to the epitaph, I am sorry

you gave a copy; for it will certainly by that means come into print; and I would correct it more, unless you will do it for me, and that I shall like as well. Upon the whole, I earnestly wish your coming over hither; for this reason, among many others, that your influence may be joined with mine, to suppress whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plunged in my neighbour's and my papers, will be your inevitable fate as soon as you come. That I am an author whose characters are thought of some weight, appears from the great noise and bustle that the court and town make about any I give: And I will not render them less important, or less interesting, by sparing vice and folly, or by betraying the cause of truth and virtue. I will take care they shall be such as no man can be angry at, but the persons I would have angry. You are sensible with what decency and justice I paid homage to the royal family, at the same time that I satirized false courtiers, and spies, &c. about them. I have not the courage, however, to be such a satirist as you; but I would be as much, or more, a philosopher. You call your satires libels; I would rather call my satires epistles. They will consist more of morality than of wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller. I shall leave it to my antagonists to be witty, if they can, and content myself to be useful and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady ——'s or Lord ***'s performance. They are certainly the top
wits

wits of the court ; and you may judge by that single piece what can be done against me ; for it was laboured, corrected, pre-commended, and post-disapproved, as to be disowned by themselves, after each had highly cried it up for the others *. I have met with some complaints, and heard at a distance of some threats occasioned by my verses. I sent fair messages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houses to satisfy them, and so it dropped. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a distance, and have nothing to say to you when they see you.——I am glad you persist and abide by so good a thing as that poem †, in which I am immortal for my morality. I never took any praise so kindly ; and yet, I think, I deserve that praise better than I do any other. When does your collection come out, and what will it consist of ? I have but last week finished another of my epistles, in the order of the system ; and this week (*exercitandi gratia*) I have translated (or rather parodied) another of Horace's, in which I introduce you advising me about my expences, house-keeping, &c. But these things shall lie by, till you come to carp at them, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our parliament will sit till midsummer ; which I hope may be a motive to bring you rather

* See Pope's Epistle written on this occasion, at the end of the second volume of his letters, the eighth volume in Warburton's edition.

† The ironical libel on Dr Delany. Vol. VI. p. 323.

ther in summer than so late as autumn. You used to love what I hate, a hurry of politics, &c. Courts I see not, courtiers I know not, kings I adore not, queens I compliment not; so I am never like to be in fashion, nor independence. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor lady for her unhappiness; and should only pity her more, if she had more of what they at court call happiness. Come then, and perhaps we may go all together into France, at the end of the season, and compare the liberties of both kingdoms. Adieu. Believe me, dear Sir, (with a thousand warm wishes, mixed with short sighs), ever your's.

L E T T E R DLII.

LORD M—— TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

London, April 7. 1733.

I HOPE you will excuse me that I have not answered your letter sooner; but I shall not be backward in obeying your commands, by attending the cause you mentioned, when it comes into the House. I shall not fail speaking to those few Lords I can be so free with, to attend also; and shall rejoice if it should be determined to your satisfaction: And I have good reason to believe it will, being fully convinced that you can interest yourself in nothing but where justice is uppermost. We have long flattered ourselves with the
hopes

hopes of having your good company here. I am sure there is no family in this kingdom wishes to see you more than that of the M——s, who will always have you in remembrance, for your health and welfare. I doubt not but you hear from better hands the state of our affairs, in relation to the exciting tobacco and wine, therefore shall not trouble you upon that subject; and shall only desire your farther commands wherein I am capable to serve you; assuring you, that I am, with great esteem and faith, Sir, your most faithful and humble servant.

Postscript by Lady M——.

SIR,

There are few things in life would give me more joy than to see you again in this part of the world. Let your friends have that pleasure; for in doing it you will oblige a vast number of people; but nobody more, my dear Mr Dean, than your affectionate humble servant.

LETTER DLIII.

THE DUTCHESS OF ——— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

April 12. 1733.

I RECEIVED your's of the 23d of March. Perpetual pains in my head have hindered me from writing till this moment; so you see you are

are not the only person that way tormented. I dare believe there are as many bad heads in England as in Ireland; I am sure none worse than my own; that I am made for pain, and pain for me; for, of late, we have been inseparable. It is a most dispiriting distemper, and brings on pain of mind, whether real or imaginary, it is all one.

Whilst I had that very sincere good friend, I could sometimes lay open all my rambling thoughts, and he and I would often view and dissect them; but now they come and go, and I seldom find out whether they be right or wrong, or if there be any thing in them. Poor man! he was most truly every thing you could say of him. I have lost, in him, the usefulest limb of my mind. This is an odd expression; but I cannot explain my notion otherwise.

I deny that I am touchy; yet am going to seem so again, by assuring you my letters are never false copies of my mind. They are often, I believe, imperfections of an imperfect mind; which, however, to do it justice, often directs me better than I act. Though I will not take upon me to declare my way of thinking to be eternally the same; yet whatever I write is at that instant true. I would rather tell a lie than write it down; for words are wind ('tis said); but the making a memorandum of one's own false heart would stare one in the face immediately, and should put one out of countenance. Now, as a proof of my unsettled way of thinking, and of my sincerity, I shall tell you, that I am not so much

in the wrong as you observed I was in my last ; for my regard to you is lessened extremely, since I observed you are just like most other people, viz. disobliged at trifles, and obliged at nothings ; for what else are bare words ? Therefore pray never believe I wish to serve you, till you have tried me ; till then protestations are bribes, by which I may only mean to gain the friendship of a valuable man, and therefore ought to be suspected. I seldom make any for that reason ; so that if I have the peculiar happiness to have any wise good people my flatterers, God knows how I came by it ; but sure nothing can equal such glory, except that of having the silly and bad people my enemies.

Here I think we agree. You declare that no such can depress your spirits ; and if our constitutions are alike, I will not only preach up good spirits, but prescribe the materials that have ever agreed with me. If any body has done me an injury, they have hurt themselves more than me. If they give me an ill name (unless they have my help) I shall not deserve it. If fools shun my company, it is because I am not like them ; if people make me angry, they only raise my spirits ; and if they wish me ill, I will be well and handsome, wise and happy, and every thing, except a day younger than I am ; and that's a fancy I never yet saw becoming to man or woman, so it cannot excite my envy. Here I have betrayed to you the devilishness of my temper ; but I declare to you, nothing ever enlivened me half so much,

much, as unjust ill usage, either directed to myself or my friends. The very reverse happens to me, when I am too well spoken of; for I am sorry to find I don't deserve it all. This humbly me as much too much as the other exalts; so I hope you will not be too civil, since I have declared the consequence.

I am in great hopes you will make us a visit this summer; for though I have a sensible satisfaction by conversing with you in this way, yet I love mightily to look in the person's face I am speaking to. By that one soon learns to stop when it is wished, or to mend what is said amiss.

Your stewards will take great care of your money; but you must first direct us to your friend Mr Lancelot, and order him to give up Mr Gay's note, on his sister's paying the money to his Grace, who will give him his note for the money, or send it to you just as you order. And as to what interest is due, I suppose you have kept some account.

By this time you must be too much tired to bear reading one word more; therefore I will make no excuses. Pray employ me; for I want to be certain whether I know my own mind or not: For something or other often tells me, that I should be very happy to be of any use to you. Whether it be true or false, neither you or I can be positive, till an opportunity shews; but I do really think that I am, dear Sir, most sincerely your's, &c.

LETTER

L E T T E R DLIV.

CHARLES FORD, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

London, April 14. 1733.

I AM extremely concerned to hear the bad state of your health. I have often wished that you would be more moderate in your walks; for though riding has always been allowed to be good for a giddy head, I never heard walking prescribed for a strain, or any ailment in the leg; and the violent sweats you put yourself into, are apt to give colds, and, I doubt, occasion much of your other disorder. I am confident you would find yourself better here; and even the journey would be of great use to you. I was vastly pleased to hear my Lord Mayor talk of the delight he should have in seeing you this year, that he might shew you a creature of your own making. He has behaved himself so well in his public capacity, that, whether it be his humility or his pride, he deserves to be gratified. I could heartily wish your other complaints were as much without foundation, as that of having lost half your memory, and all your invention. I will venture to pronounce you have more left of the first than most men, and of the last, than any man now alive. While the excises were depending, you were expected every day; for it was said, Why should not he shew as much regard

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for

for the liberty of England, as he did for the money of Ireland? I wish you had been here; tho' the affair, in my opinion, is happily ended. Many people are offended that the bills were dropt, and not rejected, and the authors of the scheme left unpunished. It was absolutely impossible to have carried it otherwise. You have heard Sir Robert Walpole, and one or two more, coming out of the house, were insulted. A few of that rabble have been seized with the ring-leader, who proves to be a Norfolk man; no enemy to excises, but an entire dependent upon the outraged person. Though the rejoicings were as great, and as universal as ever was known, there was no violence, except the breaking a very few windows, whose owners had shewn an untimely thrift of their candles. I foretold Henley what his joking would come to; but the Mayor of Southampton immediately printed his real letter, which was short, and extremely proper. His designed opponent, at the next election, having voted for the excise, will not dare to shew himself in the corporation; and Henley, after the division, thanked him for having, by that vote, bestowed him fifteen hundred pounds.

* * * * *

I have great hopes this fine mild weather will set you right, and long to hear you are preparing for your journey. I am most entirely your grateful, &c.

LETTER

L E T T E R DLV.

TO MR POPE.

Dublin, May 1. 1733.

I ANSWER your letter the sooner, because I have a particular reason for doing so. Some weeks ago came over a poem called, 'The Life and Character of Dr S. written by himself.' It was reprinted here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a maxim in Rochefoucault; and the dedication, after a formal story, says, that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago near five hundred lines upon the same maxim in Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that impostor says in his dedication, with many circumstances, all pure invention. I desire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this spurious piece there is not a single line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way resembling the genuine copy, any more than it does Virgil's *Æneid*; for I never gave a copy of mine, nor lent it out of my sight. And although I shewed it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and some of them (especially one or two females) had got many lines by heart here and there, and repeated them often, yet it happens, that not one single line, or thought, is contained in this imposture, although it appears, that they who coun-

terfeited me had heard of the true one. But even this trick shall not provoke me to print the true one; which indeed is not proper to be seen, till I can be seen no more. I therefore desire you will undeceive my friends; and I will order an advertisement to be printed here, and transmit it to England, that every body may know the delusion, and acquit me; as I am sure you must have done yourself, if you have read any part of it; which is mean and trivial, and full of that cant that I most despise. I would sink to be a vicar in Northfolk, rather than be charged with such a performance. Now I come to your letter.

When I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute; and a continual giddy disorder, more or less, is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm, that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends, I pity you, and would at least equally pity myself, if I lived amongst you; because I should have seen him oftener than you did, who are a kind of hermit, how great a noise soever you make by your ill-nature, in not letting the honest villains of the times enjoy themselves in this world, which is their only happiness, and terrifying them with another. I should have added in my libel, that, of all men living, you are the most happy in your enemies and your friends. And I will swear you have fifty times more charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether

ther the production you mention came from the Lady or the Lord, I did not imagine that they were at least so bad versifiers. Therefore *facit indignatio versus*, is only to be applied when the indignation is against general villainy, and never operates when some sort of people write to defend themselves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulness; only I would be satisfied, since you are so dull, why are they so angry? Give me a shilling, and I will insure you, that posterity shall never know you had one single enemy, excepting those whose memory you have preserved.

I am sorry for the situation of Mr Gay's papers. You do not exert yourself as much as I could wish in this affair. I had rather the two sisters were hanged, than see his works swelled by any loss of credit to his memory. I would be glad to see the most valuable printed by themselves; those which ought not to be seen, burned immediately; and the others that have gone abroad, printed separately like *opuscula*, or rather be stifled and forgotten. I thought your epitaph was immediately to be engraved; and therefore I made less scruple to give a copy to Lord Orery, who earnestly desired it, but to nobody else; and he tells me, he gave only two, which he will recall. I have a short epigram of his upon it; wherein I would correct a line or two at most, and then I will send it you (with his permission). I have nothing against your's, but the last line, 'Striking their aching;' the two partici-

ticiples, as they are so near, seem to sound too like. I shall write to the Dutcheſs, who hath lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are enlarged : but I will break through the latter, if the other mends. I can use a course of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief design, next to seeing you, is to be a severe critic on you and your neighbour ; but first kill his father, that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horses. It cost me near 600 l. for a wall to keep mine ; and I never ride without two servants, for fear of accidents. *Hic vivimus ambitiosa paupertate.* You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I find grass, and wine and servants ; but with him not.—The collection you speak of is this. A printer came to me, to desire he might print my works (as he called them) in four volumes by subscription. I said I would give no leave, and should be sorry to see them printed here. He said they could not be printed in London. I answered they, could, if the partners agreed. He said “ he would “ be glad of my permission ; but as he could “ print them without it, and was advised that “ it could do me no harm, and having been assured of numerous subscriptions, he hoped I “ would not be angry at his pursuing his own “ interest, &c.” Much of this discourse passed ; and he goes on with the matter, wherein I determine

termine not to intermeddle, though it be much to my discontent; and I wish it could be done in England rather than here, although I am grown pretty indifferent in every thing of that kind. This is the truth of the story.

My vanity turns at present on being personated in your *Quæ virtus, &c.* You will observe in this letter many marks of an ill head and a low spirit; but a heart wholly turned to love you with the greatest earnestness and truth.

L E T T E R DLVI.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

May 1. 1733.

I SHOULD have answered your's of the 22d of March long ago; but that I have had some trouble and frights. The uneasiness I was under made me neglect what at another time would have been agreeable to myself, Mrs Chambers's younger sister, having had the small-pox; but now perfectly well. Mrs Floyd too has been excessively bad with her winter-cough and dispiritedness; but country-air, I think, has a little revived her.

His Grace of Dorset bids me present his humble service to you, and says, the rectory of Churchtown is at Mr Stafford Lightburne's service. As to the Countess of Suffolk's affair in dispute, I cannot possibly (according to your own just rule) be angry, because I am in the right. It

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is you ought to be angry, and never forgive her, because you have been so much in the wrong, as to condemn her, without the shew of justice; and I wish, with all my heart, as a judgment upon you, that you had seen her, as I did, when the news of your friend's * death came; for though you are a proud parson, yet (give you, devil, your due) you are a sincere, good-natured, honest one. I am extremely Mrs Kelly's humble servant; but I will never believe she is more valued for her beauty and good qualities in Ireland than she was in England. The excise you mention has caused great changes here. Some that I am sorry for; although I will not enter into the merits of the cause, because of my aversion from politics. But if you did dislike it, why did you bestow such a costly funeral upon it, as to burn its bones on a sumptuous pile, like a Roman emperor?

Adieu, my ever honoured old friend; and do not let me see any more respects or ladyships from you.

LETTER DLVII.

MISS KELLY TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Jarvis-street, May 4. 1733.

I AM sure if you knew what I have suffered for having offended you, your anger would be

* Mr Gay.

be changed into pity; for indeed, Sir, my uneasiness cannot be expressed. Of all the misfortunes I ever met with, this has given me the greatest concern; for your friendship is an honour that the whole world are ambitious of; but I received from it more than ordinary satisfaction. Judge then, Sir, how unhappy I now am; and for God's sake, forgive what is past, and be assured my future conduct shall be such, that you never again shall have cause of complaint against me.—I own you have reason to condemn my impertinence; but as I had not the least intention to offend, I hope it will, in some measure, lessen the fault. Indeed, Sir, if you will be so good to pardon me, I will make any atonement in my power; and it will much add to the other obligations you have already conferred upon me. My health is so much impaired, that it is but too probable that I shall not live very long; and methinks it would be very hard to have the short time that is allotted for me made more miserable than continual sickness can make it. This must be the case, if you do not, once more, receive me into your favour: Nothing I desire half so much: And do assure you I spent so bad a night from the thoughts of my misfortune, that could you have an idea of it, you would have been sorry for me. You might have seen how depressed I was at supper; but not my indisposition, but your cold behaviour was the real occasion of it.—What shall I say, or do, to influence you to pardon me? If true repentance
for

for my crime, and a firm resolution to be upon my guard for the future against any inadvertent expressions that can give offence, will plead any thing in my favour, you will be so good to pardon me; for I can affirm, that I will never offend you again. Try me then, good Sir; and if it is possible, both forget and forgive the errors I have been guilty of.

If you are not determined to continue my unhappiness, I must beg the favour of you, to send me a line to assure me of my being pardoned; for my uneasiness cannot be removed without it. I hope too, Sir, that I shall have the honour of seeing you before I go, that I may in person acknowledge how much I owe you, and with what satisfaction I receive your forgiveness; and, for God's sake, Sir, look upon me as you were wont to do, for I cannot bear your coldness.

I propose, when I go to Bristol to follow your advice, and should be much obliged to you, if you would recommend me to those books that you think most proper for me: And if it please God that I recover, you shall find, that by the honour you have done me in advising me to improve my mind, the deficiencies of my education will be made up, and I shall be more worthy of your esteem.

I should beg pardon for the length of this, but that I still could write on to ask your forgiveness; who am, Sir, with true respect and regard, your most obliged and most humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.
L E T T E R

L E T T E R DLVIII.

May 28. 1733.

I HAVE begun two or three letters to you by snatches, and been prevented from finishing them by a thousand avocations and dissipations. I must first acknowledge the honour done me by Lord Orrery, whose praises are the precious ointment Solomon speaks of, which can be given only by men of virtue. All other praise, whether from poets or peers, is contemptible alike: And I am old enough, and experienced enough, to know that the only praises worth having, are those bestowed by virtue *for* virtue. My poetry I abandon to the critics, my morals I commit to the testimony of those who know me; and therefore I was more pleased with your libel, than with any verses I ever received. I wish such a collection of your writings could be printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland. I was surpris'd to receive from the printer that spurious piece, called 'The Life and Character of Dr Swift,' with a letter, telling me, the person "who published it, had assured him "the dedication to me was what I would not "take ill, or else he would not have printed it." I can't tell who the man is, who took so far upon him as to answer for my way of thinking; though, had the thing been genuine, I should have been greatly displeased at the publisher's part, in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earnest as you can be, in doing my best to prevent the publishing of any thing unworthy of Mr Gay; but I fear his friends partiality. I wish you would come over. All the mysteries of my philosophical work shall then be cleared to you, and you will not think that I am not merry enough, nor angry enough. It will not want for satire; but as for anger, I know it not; or at least only that sort of which the Apostle speaks, "Be ye angry, and sin not."

My neighbour's * writings have been metaphysical, and will next be historical. It is certainly from him only that a reasonable history of Europe in these latter times can be expected. Come and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wisest indifferent whether posterity be any wiser than we. To a man in years, health and quiet become such rarities, and consequently so valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of enjoying them whenever he can, for the remainder of life; and this, I doubt not, has caused so many great men to die without leaving a scrap to posterity.

I am sincerely troubled for the bad account you give me of your own health. I wish every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I faithfully assure you.

LETTER

* Lord Bolingbroke.

L E T T E R D L I X .

MRS PENDARVES TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

London, May 29. 1733.

YOU will find, to your cost, that a woman's pen, when encouraged, is as bad as a woman's tongue: Blame yourself, not me: Had I never known the pleasure of receiving a letter from you, I should not have persecuted you now. I think (a little to justify this bold attack) that I am obliged, by all the rules of civility, to give you an account of the letter you charged me with: I delivered it into my Lord Bathurst's hands; he read it before me: I looked silly upon his asking me, What you meant by the Foffet affair? and was obliged to explain it to him in my own defence, which gave him the diversion I believe you designed it should. We then talked of your vineyard: He seemed pleased with every subject that related to you, and I was very ready to indulge him that way. I did not forget to brag of your favours to me; if you intended I should keep them a secret, I have spoiled all; for I have not an acquaintance of any worth that I have not told how happy I have been in your company. Every body loves to be envied, and this is the only way I have of raising peoples envy. I hope, Sir, you will forgive me, and let

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me know if I have *behaved myself** right: I think I can hardly do wrong as long as I am, Sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

M. PENDARVES.

Mrs Donnellan is much your humble servant,
and as vain of your favours as I am.

L E T T E R DLX.

THE DUTCHESS OF ——— TO DR SWIFT.

Amesbury, May 31. 1733.

I AM now again your Tunbridge correspondent. His Grace and I have been here this fortnight, with no other company than bricklayers and labourers. We are throwing down a parcel of walls, that blocked us up every way, and making a sunk fence round the house. This will make the place as chearful again, and we find great entertainment by inspecting the work. Since I came here, even I have often got up by six in the morning, (I designed it always), and the whole house are fast asleep before twelve.
This

* Dr Swift never could endure to hear any one say, Such a one *behaved* well, &c. *Behaved? Behaved what?* he used to ask with some kind of emotion. I remember his giving me an account how he rebuked my Lord Carteret for this, and that my Lord promised him not to be guilty of the like for the future. The *Italick* mark under these words in the original, proves that Mrs Pendarves refers to some rebuke of this kind.

This I call good hours. I walk as much as I am able, sometimes rather more. We sometimes ride, though not often: For the evenings and mornings are very cold, and the middle of the day violently hot. North-east winds continually, and such want of rain, that the ground is hard as iron. I am the most temperate creature in my diet you ever knew; yet with all my care, I cannot be well. I believe, if I am never guilty of a greater fault, I shall meet with very little resentment, either public or private. They are the faults in the world soonest forgot, and the seldomest truly repented. Let that be as it will, since health is undoubtedly the most valuable thing in life, I shall do all I can to obtain it. This makes me consent to a thing in the world I am most averse to, that is, going to the Spaw about a month or six weeks hence. I wish it was good for your complaints, that we might be there together. Really if you think it will be of any use to you, and that you can order your affairs so as to make it possible, depend upon it we shall make it our study, and a very agreeable one too, to make you as easy and happy as it is in the power of people (not of a very troublesome disposition) to contrive. Your complaint and mine are not very different, as I imagine. Mine is a sort of dizziness, which generally goes off by the head-ach. Some learned people give it a name I do not know how to spell, a *vertico*, or *vertigo*. Pray understand that I, really and truly, do not only say, but mean, that I wish

you could either meet us at the Spaw, or at London, to go on with us; and in this I am sure I shall never change my mind. If it can do you any good, I feel myself enough your friend to resent it extremely, if you miss this opportunity. This you will believe if you knew what obligations I have to you. I am generally poor in spirit, or quarrelling with myself, for being good for nothing. When a letter comes from you, it does not only entertain and revive me, but instantly I fancy I ought to have a good opinion of myself; which is of very great use to have, provided it is kept within just bounds. I shall punctually obey your commands concerning that poem; but I think you may be perfectly easy on that account; for I saw it before I left London, and heard several people talk of it; and the general opinion was, that you had no hand in it, but that the thing happened just as you say. I think you need not be much disturbed at it. The other trouble you mention I can allow of. Philosophy cannot make such things not be; the most it can pretend to is, to help people to patience. I am heartily sorry you have any particular occasion for any. Is your law-suit still in being? Perhaps I may be impertinent; but I remember you once mentioned something of that kind.

I am pretty well satisfied any thing is bad for the head that fills it too full; therefore I advise you to unbend your thoughts and ask my advice: if it should prove good, take it; if not, leave it.

I should be mighty glad to be of service to you ; in making me so, you would shew kindness to the memory of your very sincere friend, and be kind to me. You may depend upon me, both for his sake and your own. I will endeavour to convey your messages to Lady Catharine and Charlotte as soon as possible. The first I have not conversed with this year and half ; I believe she is nobody's friend, but I more than believe that nobody is her's. I have a brother, that I dare answer you would like, if you knew him perfectly, not else. I love and honour him, and he deserves it. When his Grace goes to London, which will be very soon, your money shall be as you ordered. He is mightily shocked at some speeches. He is not by just now, or undoubtedly he would think you deserve to have them returned. It is lucky for me, for I am come to the end of my paper. Note, without an excuse.

L E T T E R DLXI.

MISS KELLY TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Bristol Hot-well, June 2. 1733.

I HEAR my agreeable fellow-traveller has been beforehand with me in paying her compliments to you ; but I cannot be surpris'd at that ; for she was form'd to get the better of me in every thing ; but respecting and esteeming you. That, indeed, nobody can do ; for both grati-

tude and taste conspire to make me truly your friend and servant.

I have been, since I came here, very low-spirited; the companions I had, some part of my journey, lessened my illness, or at least I felt not with them the same weight that I did upon their leaving me: And I have often wished myself again in Ireland to enjoy conversation; for I really believe it is one excellent cure for most disorders. This is the dullest place that ever was known: There is not above half a dozen families, and those are cits with great fortunes, or Irish impertinents; the former despises one because their cloaths are finer than your's; and the latter has no view in keeping you company but to report your faults. This makes me avoid all communication with them, and only in the morning I go to the wells: And, I thank God, I can spend my time far better; for either writing to my friends, reading, walking, and riding, find me full employment, and leave me not a wish for such company as the place affords. Doctor Lane (who by character is a second *Æsculapius*, and can raise people from the dead) is my physician, and gives me great hopes of a speedy amendment: and as I take his medicines regularly, and am up at six in the morning, breakfast at eight, dine at one, sup at seven, I hope I may, in time find some benefit: nor does either the ass's milk or waters disagree with me; and I think my appetite is rather better. I wish to heaven it was agreeable to your affairs to come
here;

here ; for I am sure you would like the situation of the house that I lodge in : It has the command of such a prospect, that I should do it injustice to attempt to describe it ; but the variety of the scene is such, that one discovers new beauties in it every day. I hope you will continue your former goodness to me, and let me have the honour of hearing from you sometimes ; for, in reality, nobody is more sincerely your well-wisher than Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant.

F. A. KELLY.

Your expedition to Tallow * makes a very fine figure in print ; but since you have made this discovery, I think you ought to fly to us ; for if Dublin be in danger, the deanry-house cannot be a safe retreat for you. I wish any thing would send Barber here ; for I was at the Bath to see some of my friends, and was forced to swear that only the want of health kept her book from being published. I am sure you will be glad to hear, that a lady of very good understanding, that is a particular friend of mine, comes to me next week to stay while I do : her name is Rooke, admiral Rooke's son's Lady.

LETTER

* The country-seat of the Archbishop of Dublin.

LETTER DLXII.

LADY B ——— G ——— TO DR SWIFT.

June. 5. 1733.

HAs Mr Stafford Lightburne's friend got the gout in his fingers? or is he so busy in measuring the water, and casting a figure to know the exact time when to set his friends a-swimming, that he can't find one moment to let me know that he received my letter, written a month ago, to inform you that his Grace would chearfully and readily obey your commands? However, I am again ordered by him to tell you, that the warrant will be sent to Dublin by next post; so pray let Mr Lightburne be ready to make his personal appearance, lest they should not else know how to find him. It was well you needed no intercessor to his Grace; and that the no-promise from him, and the one-word from you is of much more weight than my rhetoric: for I have been so horribly used by a nasty griping brother black-coat, in a small three-and-sixpence affair of my own, that I don't know whether I should not have done like you of the faction, revenge myself of the innocent, for the sake of one bishop and minister, that, I say, has cheated, fleeced, and flead me, just as if they had been South-Sea or East-India directors.

You are angry if I do not mention Mrs Floyd
to

to you; so I must tell you, she is gone for a little time into the country, to try if that will ever cure her cough. I am heartily sorry for your new friend Mrs Kelly, who writes in a desponding way to Mrs Chambers about her health, and talks of going to Spaw. This is a melancholy subject, and I hate to be vexed; so I will say no more of it; but adieu, my dear Dean, and let me hear from you soon.

L E T T E R DLXIII.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Dublin, July 8. 1733.

I MUST condole with you for the loss of Mrs Pope, of whose death the papers have been full *. But I would rather rejoice with you, because, if any circumstances can make the death of a dear parent and friend a subject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the most dutiful son that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worst effect of her death falls upon me; and so much the worse, because I expected *aliquis damno usus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your presence. But I am told, to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waved the invitation pressed on you,

alleging

* Mrs Pope died June 7. 1733, aged ninety-three.

alleging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find, that you have given some credit to a notion, of our great plenty and hospitality. It is true, our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the poorest countries, because there is no money to pay for them. I believe there are not in this whole city three gentlemen out of employment, who are able to give entertainments once a-month. Those who are in employments of church or state, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen: Those indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any person of distinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occasionally dine in a whole year. Dr Delany is the only gentleman I know, who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain seven or eight friends at dinner, and to pass the evening; where there is nothing of excess, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern (who hath just left us) was invited to dinner, once or twice by a judge, a bishop, or a commissioner of the revenues; but most frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the Doctor, who is easy in his fortune, and very hospitable. The conveniencies of taking the air, winter or summer, do far exceed those in London. For the two large strands just at two ends of the town, are as firm and dry in winter as in summer. There are at least six or eight gentlemen
of

of sense, learning, good-humour, and taste, able and desirous to please you; and orderly females, some of the better sort, to take care of you. These were the motives that I have frequently made use of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the best people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to myself, I declare, my health is so uncertain that I dare not venture among you at present. I hate the thoughts of London, where I am not rich enough to live otherwise than by shifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniencies in the country for three horses and two servants, and many others, which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney-coaches, carts, and carriages round this town, who dare not insult me, like your rascally waggoners or coachmen, but give me the way: Nor is there one lord or 'squire for a hundred of your's, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and fix. Thus I make some advantage of the public poverty; and give you the reasons for what I once writ, why I chuse to be a freeman among slaves, rather than a slave among freemen. Then I walk the streets in peace without being justled, nor even without a thousand blessings from my friends, the vulgar. I am Lord Mayor of 120 houses, I am absolute lord of the greatest cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring princes, the Lord Mayor of the city, and the Archbishop of Dublin; only the latter, like the King of France

France, sometimes attempts incroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorrain. In the midst of this raillery, I can tell you, with seriousness, that these advantages contribute to my ease, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to my Lord B—— and yourself, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, &c. that grow upon men in years. And if you discover those inclinations in my Lord and yourself, what can you expect from me, whose health is so precarious? and yet, at your or his time of life, I could have leaped over the moon.

LETTER DXLIV.

MISS KELLY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Bristol, July 8. 1733.

I CANNOT express how much pleasure your letter gave me; to say that it surpassed the anxiety your silence gave me, is all the description I am able to make. Indeed I had a thousand fears about you; your health was my first care, and yet I thought, that the gods must take care of Cato; but I too fearfully apprehended that the whole club had quite forgotten the most unworthy member that ever entered into their society. For though you writ to others, your hands were useless to me; and of all our little set none remained unblest but myself;
but

but as your letter has made me full amends for every thing beside, I must be lavish in my thanks.

I am apt to believe that I really died on the road, as it was reported; for I am certainly not the same creature I once was; for I am-grown fonder of reading than of any other amusement, and except when health calls me on horseback, I find my only joys at home; but my life indeed has received great addition in its pleasures, by Mrs Rooke's being so good to come down to me; she has all the qualities that can make an agreeable companion and friend: We live together without form, but have all the complacence for each other that true friendship inspires. You are sensible that two people cannot always like the same thing: This we make easy, by following our inclinations; for if she likes to walk, she walks, and I do whatever I like better. Would to God you were with us to complete our happiness. I had a letter from Mrs Cleland to inquire about you; she says, she hears you are coming to England: Surely if you were, you would tell me so; for few things in life could give me more true delight than the sight of you.

You are extremely good to enter into my affairs: All marks you give me of your friendship, increases my esteem for you, and makes me bear the common rubs of life with patience. I have really been often tempted to let you into all my secrets; but the thought that you only could receive uneasiness from them, and that even your advice could not remove the least painful of

them, hindered me from it: For to those I best love I still remain upon these heads reserved. Indeed the cause of my complaints is of such a nature, that it cannot well be told. The unhappy life of a near relation must give one a pain in the very repeating of it, that cannot be described. For surely to be the daughter of a Colonel Chartres, must, to a rational being, give the greatest anxiety; for who would have a father at seventy publicly tried for an attempt of a rape? Such a *Dulcinea del Toboso*, is shocking, I think. For if a man must do wrong, he should aim a little higher than the enjoyment of a kitchen-maid, that he finds obstinately virtuous. In short, dear Sir, I have been fool enough to let such things make an impression on me, which, spite of good constitution, much spirits, and using a great deal of exercise, has brought me to what I am. Were I without a mother, (I mean, had I lost her in my infancy, and not known her goodness), I could still better have borne the steps that were taken; but whilst I saw how lavish *he* was upon his dirty wenches, I had frequent accounts that my mother was half starved abroad. She brought him sixteen thousand pounds fortune, and having borne severe usage for near twenty years, had resolution enough to part with him, and chose to take two hundred and fifty pounds *per annum* separate maintenance, rather than bear any longer: And as she could not live here upon such an income, she has banished herself, and lives retired in a country-town in France.—

His

His late letters to me have been kind, and hitherto he has supplied me well; but in his last, he tells me, he shall not see me till September.

What you say is perfectly right, and I propose returning to the club as soon as my health will permit me; but how long this may prove, I know not; for I must still pursue this cruel God * that flies me.

I shall go from hence, I believe, in a week; for Lane only pours down medicines for the sake of the apothecary, and though he reaps the benefit of them, I receive none; and as he has not allowed me to drink the waters these three weeks, I can have no business here; so shall follow Holling's advice, and remove to Kensington or Hampstead with the utmost expedition; therefore I must beg the favour of you to inclose your letters for me, to William Cleland, Esq; commissioner of taxes in St Stephen's Court, Westminster. I have disobeyed orders in writing so long a letter; but I will not do this again: So now be so good to excuse the tediousness of, Sir, your most obliged, and most faithful humble servant.

FRANCES ARABELLA KELLY.

Write to me as often as you can, and make my compliments to all friends.

Mrs Pendarves is gone down with Lady Weymouth, whose fortune was five thousand pounds, and has for jointure two thousand five hundred a-year, and five hundred a-year pin-money.

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LETTER

* The God of Health poetically expressed.

LETTER DLXV.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

Knole, 9th July 1733.

NOW, says parson Swift *, what the devil makes this woman write to me with this filthy white ink? I cannot read a word of it, without more trouble than her silly scribble is worth. Why, say I again: Ay, it is the women are always accused of having bad writing implements; but, to my comfort be it spoke, this is his Grace my Lord Lieutenant's ink. My bureau at London is so well furnished, and his Grace and his secretary make so much use of it, that they are often obliged to give half a crown, that I may not run out my estate in paper. It is very happy when a go-between pleases both sides, and I am very well pleased with my office; for his Grace is delighted that it was in his power to oblige you. So *treve de compliment*. Since I have declared my passion against a bishop and a parson, it is but fair I should tell you the story, whether you care to hear it or not: But if you do not, I give you leave not to mind it, for now it is over, I am calm again.

As to the † bishop, I know neither his principles nor his parts, but his diocese is Peterborough; and

* The name she called the Dean by in the stanza which she inserted in his ballad on 'The Game of Traffic.'

† Dr Robert Clavering.

and having a small park in Northamptonshire, which I had a mind to increase by a small addition, to make my house stand in the middle of it. Three shillings and sixpence worth of land, at the largest computation, belongs to the church; for which my old parson (who flatters me black and blue, when he comes from a Sunday dinner, and says he loves me better than any body in the world) has made me give him up, in lieu of that land, a house and ground that lets for 40s. a-year, and is hardly content with that, but reckons it a vast favour. And the bishop has put me to ten times more charge than it is worth, by sending commissioners to view it, and making me give petitions, and dancing me through his court; besides, a great dinner to his nasty people. Now, am I not in the right to be angry? But perhaps you will say, if I will have my fancies I must pay for them; so I will say no more about it. I hear poor Mrs Kelly is not near so well as she says; and a gentleman that came from Bristol, says she looks dreadfully, and fears it is almost over with her, and that no mortal could know her: So ends youth and beauty! That is such a moral reflection, that, lest it should make you melancholy, I will tell you something to please you. Your old friend Mrs Floyd is perfectly recovered. I think I have not seen her so well this great while; but winter is always her bane, so I shall live in dread of that.

In your next I desire to know what I am in

F 3.

your

your debt for my sister's monument. Adieu, my dear, good, old, beloved friend.

L E T T E R DLXVI.

MRS PENDARVES TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Glocester, July 21. 1733.

MAY I say, without offending you, that I was overjoyed at the honour you did me in answering my letter? and don't call me formal, when I assure you, that I think myself made happy by such a distinction. It was stupidity in me not to let you know where to address me, but I don't repent of it; I have, by that means, tried your zeal; but I am afraid your good breeding, more than your inclination, procured me that favour. I am resolved to be even with you for what you say about my writing, and will write henceforward to you as carelessly as I can; if it is not legible, thank yourself. I don't wonder at the envy of the ladies, when you are pleased to speak of me with some regard; I give them leave to exercise their malice on an occasion that does me so much honour. I protest I am not afraid of you, and would appear quite natural to you, in hopes of your rewarding my openness and sincerity by correcting what you disapprove of. And since I have not now an opportunity of receiving your favours of pinching and beating, make me amends by chiding me for every word.

word that is false spelt, and for my bad English; you see what you are like to suffer: If this promises you too much trouble, don't give me so much encouragement in your next letter; for, upon something in your last, I have almost persuaded myself, that by your assistance, and my own earnest desire, I may, in time, become worthy of your care. Vanity stands at my elbow all this while, and animates me by a thousand agreeable promises; without her encouragement I should never have presumed to correspond with the Dean of St Patrick's. Some say she is a mischievous companion; I swear she is a pleasant one: You must not be angry with me for keeping her company; for I had very little acquaintance with her till I had received some marks of your favour.

I received your letter but a little while before I left London: I attended Lord and Lady Weymouth down to Long-Leat, and left them with a prospect of as much happiness as matrimony can give; they are pleased with one another at present, and I hope that will continue. My Lord and Lady Carteret are both satisfied with the disposal of their daughter in so advantageous a station. Common report wrongs my Lord Weymouth; for which reason, as I am his friend, I must tell you his good qualities: He has honour and good-nature, and does not want for sense; he loves the country, and inclines a little too much to his stable and dog-kennel; but he keeps a very hospitable good house, and is always
ready

ready to relieve those in distress: His Lady Dr Delany can give you a character of, and is what I believe you will approve of. I came from Long-Leat last Saturday, and am now at Gloucester with my mother and sister. My Lord Bathurst was here about a fortnight ago; I was sorry to miss of him: I have a double reason for liking his company. He has made me promise to pay him a visit at Oakly Wood, which I certainly will do; I shall with great resignation submit to any punishment you convey through his hands. I wish you could make your words good, and that I was a sorceress; I should then set all my charms to work to bring you to England, and should expect a general thanksgiving for employing my spells to so good a purpose. The Syren* has lately been at Oxford; we parted very unwillingly: She is extremely obliged to you for remembering her so favourably. I am glad Mr Donnellan pleases you; I know he has a high value for you, and I agree with you in thinking him a most deserving young man. My Lord Lansdown is much at your service, laments the days that are past; and we constantly drink your health in champaign, clear as your thoughts, and sparkling as your wit. Lord and Lady Carteret, and my Lady Worley, all talk kindly of you, and join their wishes to mine for your coming among us. I request it of you to make my humble service acceptable to those friends of your's that are so good

* Perhaps this was Miss Kelly.

good as to remember me. I am, Sir, your most
obliged and faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

Be pleased to direct for me at Mrs Granville's,
Glocester.

L E T T E R DLXVII.

TO THE BISHOP OF CLOGHER*.

MY LORD,

July, 1733.

I HAVE been often told by some of our common acquaintance that you have sometimes expressed your wonder that I never waited on you for some years past, as I used to do for many years before; and that you could not guess the reason, because, to your knowledge, you never once disobliged me. As nothing is more common than dropping acquaintance by the usual occurrences of life, without any fault on either side, I never intended to say or think any thing of the matter, until a late proceeding of your's, which no way relates to me, put me upon a desire of finding matter to justify you to your friends here, as well as to myself; because I always wished you well, and because I have been more than once instrumental to your service. When I first came acquainted with you, we were both private clergymen in a neighbourhood: You
were

* Dr John Stearne.

were afterwards Chancellor of St Patrick's; then was chosen Dean, in which election I was the most busy of all your solicitors. When the compromise was made between the government and you, to make you easy, and Dr Synge Chancellor, you absolutely and frequently promised to give me the curacy of St Nicholas Without: But you thought fit, by concert with the Archbishop, to hold it yourself, and apply the revenue to build another church; against which it became me to say nothing, being a party concerned and injured, although it was generally thought by others, as well as myself, that it was an ill and dangerous precedent to build a church with the revenue of the minister. I desire no thanks for being instrumental in your next promotion, because, as things then stood, I consulted my own advantage. However, upon the Queen's death, when I had done for ever with courts, I returned to reside at my post, yet with some kind of hopes of getting some credit with you; very unwisely: Because, upon the affair of St Nicholas, I had told you frankly, That I would always respect you, but never hope for the least friendship from you. But, trying to forget all former treatment, I came like others to your house; and, since you were a bishop, have once or twice recommended persons to you, who were no relations or friends of mine, but merely for their general good character: Which availed so little, that those very persons had the greatest share of your neglect. I then gave over

ver all thoughts of being instrumental to place merit and virtue under your protection by my recommendations; and as I was ever averse from mingling with multitudes and strangers, I forbore by degrees to be a partaker of your hospitality, rather than purchase a share of it at so dear a rate. This is the history of my conduct with regard to your Lordship: And it is now a great comfort to me, that I acted in this manner. For, otherwise, when these two abominable bills, for enslaving and beggaring the clergy, (which took their birth from hell), were upon the anvil, if I had found your Lordship's name among the bishops who would have turned them into a law, I might have been apt to discover such marks of indignation, horror, and despair, both in words and deportment, as would have ill become me to a person of your station. For I call God to witness, that I did then, and do now, and shall for ever firmly believe, that every bishop, who gave his vote for either of these bills, did it with no other view (bating further promotion) than a premeditated design, from the spirit of ambition and love of arbitrary power, to make the whole body of the clergy their slaves and vassals until the day of judgment, under the load of poverty and contempt. I have no room for more charitable thoughts, except for those who will answer now, as they must at that dreadful day, that what **they** did was out of perfect ignorance, want of consideration, hope of future promotion, (an argument
not

not to be conquered), or the persuasion of cunninger brethren than themselves; when I saw a bishop, whom I had known so many years, fall into the same *snare*, which word I use in partiality to your Lordship. Upon this open avowed attempt, in almost the whole bench, to destroy the church, I resolved to have no more commerce with persons of such prodigious grandeur, who I feared, in a little time, would expect me to kiss their slipper. It is happy for me that I know the persons of very few bishops, and it is my constant rule never to look into a coach; by which I avoid the terror that such a sight would strike me with.

In the beginning of my letter, I told your Lordship of a desire to know the particulars of a late proceeding, which is in the mouths of many among your acquaintance, from some of whom I received the following account. That you have the great tythes of two livings in your diocese, which were let to some fanatic knight, whose name I forget. It seems you felt the beginning of a good motion in yourself, which was to give up those tithes to the two incumbents, (the fanatic's lease being near out), either for a very small reserved rent, or entirely, provided you could do so without lessening the revenue of the see. And the condition was, that your tenants among them should raise the rents 150 l. which was what the fanatic paid you for both the said parishes. It is affirmed that Sir Ralph Gore, one of your tenants, much approving so generous

a proposal, engaged to prevail on the tenants to agree, and offered a large advancement of his own part. The matter was thus fixed, when suddenly you changed your mind, and renewed the lease to the same fanatic for 300 l. fine. The reasons of this singular action are said to be two: The first is, That you declared you wanted power to resist the temptation of such a fine; the other, That you were dissuaded from it by some of your brethern, as an example very dangerous, and of ill consequence, if it should be followed by others. This last I do not in the least wonder at, because such advice is of the same leaven with the two enslaving and beggar-ing bills. I profess to your Lordship, that I have no other motive in desiring to be satisfied upon this point than a resolution to justify you to the world, as far as the truth will give me power.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R DLXVIII.

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON * TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Goldsmiths-hall, Aug. 6. 1733.

I THANK you heartily for your kind and affectionate letter, and I beg your pardon for not answering it sooner.

I agree with you, that I had the happiness of learning honest principles early, from a set of

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great

* Alderman Barber.

great men, who will ever be an honour and an ornament to their country : And it is my greatest glory, that in the late affair of the Excise Bill (though I did nothing but my duty, and what every honest man in my station would have done) I acted consistent with those honest principles, and that my enemies, as well as friends, have generally approved my conduct. And believe me, Sir, I speak it with great sincerity, that when I consider how sparingly you and some other friends, have been of your praises, your approbation affords me the greatest pleasure imaginable, as it gives me that inward peace of mind, which the whole world could not purchase.

My Lord Orrery's amiable qualities must make him the delight of all with you, as he is truly so with us ; and when he comes over, *your loss will be our gain*, as the proverb says.

I know nothing of Mr Pilkington's affairs or expences ; what the city allows him is never paid till the end of the year : I have presented him at twice with forty pounds, which I design to make fifty ; which sum has but one precedent : Generally they have but thirty of the Mayor. His behaviour is very well, and he is generally esteemed.

I shall have great regard to your recommendations in favour of Mrs Barber, and shall not fail of doing her any service in my power. I have been thought to be a lucky man ; but this year *fortune has been my foe*, for I have no death happened

pened in my year (a fidler excepted) yet, nor have made 500l. in all. But my friends say it is made up in fame.

I am very sorry your ill health continues; for I flattered myself with being very happy with you and some friends, on the important subject of the Cap of Maintenance, Custard, the Sword, and many other laudable things in the Lord Mayor's house; and I yet hope to have that felicity, for there are three months to come; and who knows what may happen in that time? Nay, I don't despair of seeing you settled with your friends here, before we are many years older. Don't start! stranger things have happened very lately.

I was lately honoured at dinner with the Lords Bolingbroke, Carteret, Winchelsea, Gower, and Mr Pulteney; and among other things, your name was mentioned, and Lord Carteret instantly toasted your health; and you were the subject of conversation for an hour. I shewed them your letter. I dare not mention what passed, because I know I shall offend your modesty; only one thing I will venture to repeat, That they all swore, that if ever the wind should change, they would not long be deprived of the greatest genius of the age. The conversation turning on another subject, Lord Carteret pulled me to the window, and bade me tell you, that he loved and honoured you, and so you should find on all occasions, and that he toasted your health. This is literally true, upon the honour of a ———

I dined yesterday with Lord Bolingbroke only; he complains you don't write to him: He is well.

They say you are making interest for my brother of Dublin to be a member of parliament; pray come over, and do the same for me, and have the credit of both. My brother behaves himself well *, I hear; if it is proper, my service to him.

What you tell Mr Pilkington of my speaking disrespectfully of the Irish is false and scandalous; I never used such an expression in my life: I appeal to all my acquaintance. I love the Irish.

Pray God restore your health; and believe me always, with gratitude, your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

LETTER DLXIX.

MISS KELLY TO DR SWIFT.

London, Aug. 12. 1733.

I AM truly sorry, my dear Sir, that I have not heard from you so long; but am much more concerned with Barber's account of your being not as well as I wish you. For God's sake, try the change of air, and let not any other attachment

* This was Alderman French, an ironmonger, supposed by Dr Swift, and all others, to be the greatest magistrate that ever lived in any age or nation.

ment than your health employ your thoughts. Consider how dear you are to your friends ; but if that won't do, let the detestation you must feel, from giving pleasure to the unworthy, make you careful of yourself. Indeed I should be glad to make you sensible, that you are valued by all that have a taste for merit ; and I should be very much pleased, if you would think you owe so much to them, that you would, for their sakes, preserve yourself. Believe me, Sir, illness is not to be trifled with : I can speak on this subject as an experienced person ; and I earnestly intreat you to take remedies in time. Forgive my impertinence, and be assured that none is more truly zealous for your welfare, than your,

F. A. KELLY.

L E T T E R DLXX.

DR SWIFT TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

MY LORD, *Dublin, Aug. 20. 1733.*

I LATELY received a letter from Mrs Barber, wherein she desires my opinion about dedicating her poems to your Lordship ; and seems in pain to know how far she may be allowed to draw your character, which is a right claimed by all dedicators : And she thinks this the more incumbent on her, from the surprising instances of your generosity and favour that she hath already received, and which she hath been so un-

fashionable to publish where-ever she goes. This makes her apprehend, that all she can say to your Lordship's advantage, will be interpreted as the mere effect of flattery, under the style and title of gratitude.

I sent her word, that I could be of no service to her upon this article : yet I confess, my Lord, that all those who are thoroughly acquainted with her, will impute her encomiums to a sincere, but overflowing spirit of thankfulness, as well as to the humble opinion she hath of herself. Although the world in general may possibly continue in its usual sentiments, and list her in the common herd of dedicators.

Therefore, upon the most mature deliberation, I concluded, that the office of setting out your Lordship's character, will not come properly from her pen, for her own reasons ; I mean the great favours you have already conferred on her : and God forbid, that your character should not have a much stronger support. You are hourly gaining the love, esteem, and respect of wise and good men : And in due time, if Mrs Barber can have but a little patience, you will bring them all over, in both kingdoms, to a man : I confess the number is not great ; but that is not your Lordship's fault, and therefore, in reason, you ought to be contented.

I guess the topics she intends to insist on ; your learning, your genius, your affability, generosity, the love you bear to your native country, and your compassion for this : The goodness of your nature,

ture, your humility, modesty, and condescension ; your most agreeable conversation, suited to all tempers, conditions, and understandings ; perhaps she may be so weak to add the regularity of your life ; that you believe a God and Providence ; that you are a firm Christian, according to the doctrine of the church established in both kingdoms.

These, and other topics, I imagine Mrs Barber designs to insist on, in the dedication of her poems to your Lordship ; but I think she will better shew her prudence by omitting them all. And yet, my Lord, I cannot disapprove of her ambition, so justly placed in the choice of a patron ; and at the same time declare my opinion, that she deserveth your protection on account of her wit and good sense, as well as of her humanity, her gratitude, and many other virtues. I have read most of her poems ; and believe your Lordship will observe, that they generally contain something new and useful, tending to the reproof of some vice or folly, or recommending some virtue. She never writes on a subject with general unconnected topics, but always with a scheme and method of driving to some particular end ; wherein many writers in verse, and of some distinction, are so often known to fail. In short, she seemeth to have a true poetical genius, better cultivated than could well be expected, either from her sex, or the scene she hath acted in, as the wife of a citizen : Yet I am assured, that no woman was ever more useful to her husband

in the way of business. Poetry hath only been her favourite amusement; for which she hath one qualification, that I wish all good poets possessed a share of, I mean, that she is ready to take advice, and submit to have her verses corrected by those who are generally allowed to be the best judges.

I have, at her intreaty, suffered her to take a copy of this letter, and given her the liberty to make it public: For which I ought to desire your Lordship's pardon: But she was of opinion it might do her some service, and therefore I complied. I am, my Lord, with the truest esteem and respect, your Lordship's most obedient servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

L E T T E R DLXXI.

Sept. 1. 1733.

I HAVE every day wished to write to you, to say a thousand things; and yet, I think, I should not have writ to you now, if I was not sick of writing any thing, sick of myself, and (what is worse) sick of my friends too. The world is become too busy for me; every body is so concerned for the public, that all private enjoyments are lost or disrelished. I write more to shew you I am tired of this life, than to tell you any thing relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did: But all these
are

are to no purpose; the world will not live, think, or love, as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at all my friends by turns. Here are some whom you love, and who love you; yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulf between. In earnest, I would go a thousand miles by land to see you, but the sea I dread. My ailments are such, that I really believe a sea-sickness (considering the oppression of colical pains, and the great weakness of my breast) would kill me: And if I did not die of that, I must of the excessive eating and drinking of your hospitable town, and the excessive flattery of your most poetical country. I hate to be crammed, either way. Let your hungry poets and your rhyming poets digest it, I cannot. I like much better to be abused and half starved, than to be so overpraised and over-fed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you, and for having kept you. I only reserve a little charity for her, for knowing your value, and esteeming you. You are the only patriot I know, who is not hated for serving his country. The man who drew your character, and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he said of you: Yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for saying them in words quite different from those you had yourself employed before on the same subject: For surely to alter your words is to prejudice them; and I have been told, that a man himself can hardly say the same thing twice over with equal happiness;

happiness; nature is so much a better thing than artifice.

I have written nothing this year. It is no affectation to tell you my mother's loss has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a stronger thing than all the reason in the world. I know I ought to be easy and to be free; but I am dejected, I am confined: My whole amusement is in reviewing my past life, not in laying plans for my future. I wish you cared as little for popular applause as I; as little for any nation, in contradistinction to others, as I: and then I fancy, you are not afraid of the sea; you that are a stronger man at sixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and see several people, who are, (at last), like the primitive Christians, of one soul and of one mind. The day is come, which I have often wished, but never thought to see, when 'every mortal that I esteem, is of the same sentiments in politics and in religion.'

Adieu. All you love are your's; but all are busy, except (dear Sir) your sincere friend.

L E T T E R DLXXII.

MRS DONNELLAN TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Sept. 22. 1733.

K NOWING your great esteem and tenderness for Miss Kelly, and that there is no one whom she has so high an opinion of, or whose advice

advice would sway so much with her, I can't forbear letting you know my thoughts about her at this time; that I think she wants the assistance and counsel of her best and wisest friend. As she has been so good to distinguish me amongst her female acquaintance, and to shew more confidence than in any other, I think I can better tell her mind: But as she has a natural closeness, I judge chiefly by hints; for I believe she does not open herself entirely to any one. Her health I think in a much worse way than when she came to London: She has still a slow fever, a violent cough, great and almost continual sickness in her stomach, and added to all these, a very great dejection of spirit; which last, I can't but think, proceeds in a good measure from discontent and uneasiness of mind; and the physicians are of the same opinion. I have endeavoured, by all the means I could think of, to find out the cause, hoping, that if it were known, it might, by the assistance of friends, be remedied. I know when a young person shews any discontent, people are apt to imagine there can be no cause for it but a disappointment in love; I really think that is not Miss Kelly's case; I have tried her to the uttermost on that subject, and I can't find she has any attachment to any particular person, but that the whole world, except a few friends, is indifferent to her: But what I take her present uneasiness to proceed from, is the unkindness in general of her parents, and the fear of not being supported by her father in the way she

she likes, and as her present bad state of health indeed requires. She has a high spirit, and can't bear to be obliged to her friends, and she has not been much used to management. She is here in a very expensive way with her sickness, her servants, and her horses; and I believe she would be greatly mortified, after appearing in this manner, to be obliged to fall below it: at the same time she has reason to fear from her father's behaviour, that he thinks little of her, and will not support her in it: She has not heard from him these two months; and the letters she had from him at Bristol were warning her not to marry without his consent, enjoining her not to go to public places, and, above all, to spend little money; very odd subjects to one in her condition. Now, what I would beg of you, Sir, is to endeavour to find out what are his resolutions in relation to her, and if there be any one that has an influence over him, to get him to convince him, that his child's life is in the greatest danger; and then, perhaps, he may not think his time and money ill employed to save it. If at the same time, Sir, you would join your good advice to her, I believe it might be of great use, either to make her bear, with less uneasiness, the ills of this life, or, if it pleases God to take her from us, to prepare her for another and a better. Her humour is much changed; her spirits are low; and, upon every little disappointment, her passions rise high: You know, Sir, how best to apply these. She is at Hampstead quite alone;
and

and although her physicians desire much she should come to town, she cannot be prevailed on to think of it: she desires to be alone: even Mrs Rooke, and I whom she calls her best friends, are troublesome to her. I believe I need not tell you, Sir, that I desire this letter may be a secret, and especially to the person concerned. If you have any thing to tell me, that can be of use on this subject, and will honour me with your commands, direct, if you please, for me, under cover, To Mrs Anne Shuttleworth, at Mr Jourdain's, in Conduit-street. I should beg pardon, Sir, for troubling you with this long letter; but I hope my friendship to Miss Kelly will be my excuse. I am sorry to write on so melancholy a subject, and that I am sure must give you uneasiness; but pleased with any opportunity of assuring you that I am, Sir, your very great admirer, and most obedient humble servant,

ANNE DONNELLAN.

L E T T E R DLXXIII.

MRS PENDARVES TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Glocester, Oct. 24. 1733.

I CAN'T imagine how my Lord Orrery came by my last letter to you; I believe my good genius conveyed it into his hands, to make it of more consequence to you: If it had that effect, I wish this may meet with the same fortune.

VOL. XVII.

II

IF

If I were writing to a common correspondent, I should now make a fine flourish to excuse myself for not sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter; but I must deal plainly with you, Sir, and tell you (now don't be angry) that the fear of tiring you stopt my hand. I value your correspondence so highly, that I think of every way that may preserve it, and one is, not to be too troublesome.

Now I can't guess how you will take this last paragraph; but if it makes me appear affected or silly, I will endeavour not to offend in the same manner again. Some mortification of that kind is wanting to bring me to myself: Your ways of making compliments are dangerous snares, and I don't know how to guard against the pleasure they bring: To be remembered and regretted by you, are honours of a very delicate kind. I have been told, that unexpected good fortune is harder to bear well than adversity.

The cold weather, I suppose, has gathered together Dr Delany's sett: The next time you meet, may I beg the favour to make my compliments acceptable? I recollect no entertainment with so much pleasure as that I received from that company: It has made me very sincerely lament the many hours of my life that I have lost in insignificant conversation.

I am very much concerned at the disorder you complain of. I hope you submit to take proper care of yourself; and that the next account I
have

have of your health will be more to my satisfaction.

A few days before I had your last letter, my sister and I made a visit to my Lord and Lady Bathurst at Cirencester. Oakly-wood joins to his park; the grand avenue that goes from his house through his park and wood is five miles long: The whole contains five thousand acres. We staid there a day and a half: The wood is extremely improved since you saw it; and when the whole design is executed, it will be one of the finest places in England. My Lord Bathurst talked with great delight of the pleasure you once gave him by surprising him in his wood, and shewed me the house where you lodged. It has been rebuilt; for the day you left it, it fell to the ground: Conscious of the honour it had received by entertaining so illustrious a guest, it burst with pride. My Lord Bathurst has greatly improved the wood-house, which you may remember but a cottage, not a bit better than an Irish cabin. It is now a venerable castle, and has been taken by an antiquarian for one of King Arthur's, "With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild." I endeavoured to sketch it out for you, but I have not skill enough to do it justice. My Lord Bathurst was in great spirits; and though surrounded by candidates and voters against next parliament, made himself agreeable in spite of their clamour: We did not forget to talk of Naboth's vineyard * and Del-

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ville.

* Naboth's vineyard belonged to Dr Swift.

ville*. I have not seen him since, though he promised to return my visit.

All the beau monde flock to London to see her Royal Highness† disposed of; whilst I prefer paying my duty to my mother, and the conversation of a country-girl, my sister, to all the pomp and splendour of the court. Is this virtue or stupidity? If I can help it, I will not go to town till after Christmas. I shall spend one month in my way to London at Long-Leat: I hear that the young people there are very happy.

It is a little unreasonable of me to begin a fourth page; but 'tis a hard task to retire from the company one likes best. I am, Sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

L E T T E R DLXXIV.

THE DUTCHESS OF ——— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, Nov. 3. 1733.

I WAS mightily pleased to receive a letter from you last post; yet I am so ungrateful, I will not thank you for it, and it may be you do not deserve it. The cruelest revenge that one can possibly inflict (without hurting one's self) is, that of being doubly diligent to those who neglect one, in order to shock them into better behaviour.

* Dr Delany's beautiful villa, about a mile from Dublin.

† The late Princess of Orange.

haviour. As I have tried this trick myself, and that strong appearances are against me, I must defend myself; and then you'll own I do not quite deserve chastisement.

The post before I left this place, I received a letter from you, which I designed to have answered before I left London and England; but was hindered from both for some time, by an express which hurried us down to Winchester school, to take care of our little boy there, who was violently ill of a fever. From that time till I came to Spaw, we were never at home; and as soon as I began the waters, writing could not be done with my bad head. Since I left that place, and grew well, I have been still upon the ramble. After all, these are not very substantial good reasons; but, upon my word, I did design it; in order to which, two days ago, I washed the mould out of my ink-horn, put fresh ink into it, and promised myself to write to you this very post. Pleasing myself with the fancy, that this would reach you, and convince you that I had you still in great regard, before you could or would think it worth your while to put me in mind of you. I could not possibly fail to gain credit, if you could possibly conceive the great satisfaction your letters give me. I have seldom met with any half so conversible. I do not only pity, but grieve at those complaints you mention; they are a cruel incumbrance to you. Why cannot you transfer them to a thousand inanimate creatures, who have nothing in their heads? I was

and am really sorry that you could not go with us to the Spaw. I am confident it must have done you good. I cannot describe the vast difference I felt after drinking the waters a week, and am still much better than I ever expected, though not quite free of the complaints in my head, but they are greatly lessened.

I have three or four letters to write this very night, so have not time to think of answering your letters. This is only a volunteer, after which, I may with greater assurance desire you to believe that I am, with great constancy, regard, and respect, your's, &c.

L E T T E R DLXXV.

CHARLES FORD, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

London, Nov. 6. 1733.

I HAD the favour of your letter in Derbyshire, from whence I came last week. I am extremely concerned to hear the ill state of your health. I was afraid of it, when I was so long without the pleasure of hearing from you. Those sort of disorders puzzle the physicians every where; and they are merciless dogs in purging or vomiting to no purpose, when they don't know what to do. I heartily wish you would try the Bath waters, which are allowed to be the best medicine for strengthening the stomach; and most distempers in the head proceed from thence. Vomits may clean a foul stomach, but they are certainly the worst things that can be for a weak one.

I have long had it at heart to see your works collected, and published with care. It is become absolutely necessary, since that jumble with Pope, &c. in three volumes, which put me in a rage whenever I meet them. I know no reason why, at this distance of time, the Examiners, and other political pamphlets, written in the Queen's reign, might not be inserted. I doubt you have been too negligent in keeping copies; but I have them bound up, and most of them single besides. I lent Mr Corbet that paper to correct his Gulliver by; and it was from it that I mended my own. There is every single alteration from the original copy; and the printed book abounds with all those errors, which should be avoided in the new edition.

In my book the blank leaves were wrong placed, so that there are perpetual references backwards and forwards, and it is more difficult to be understood than the paper; but I will try to get one of the second edition, which is much more correct than the first, and transcribe all the alterations more clearly. I shall be at a loss how to send it afterwards, unless I am directed to somebody that is going to Ireland. All books are printed here now by subscription: If there be one for this, I beg I may not be left out. Mr Crosthwaite * will pay for me.

The Dissenters were certainly promised, that the Test Act should be repealed this session in Ireland; I should be glad to know whether any attempt

* Mr Ford's steward.

attempt has been or is to be made towards it, and how it is like to succeed.

We have lost Miss Kelly, who they say was destroyed by the ignorance of an Irish physician, one Gorman. Dr Beaufort was sent for when she was dying, and found her speechless and senseless.

Our late Lord Mayor has gone through his year with a most universal applause. He has shewn himself to have the best understanding of any man in the city, and gained a character, which he wanted before, of courage and honesty. There is no doubt of his being chosen member of parliament for the city at the next election. He is something the poorer for his office; but the honour he has got by it makes him ample amends.

For God's sake, try to keep up your spirits. They have hitherto been greater than any man's I ever met, and it is better to preserve them, even with wine, than to let them sink. Divert yourself with Mrs Worral at backgammon. Find out some new country to travel in: Any thing to amuse. Nothing can contribute sooner than chearfulness to your recovery; which, that it may be very speedy, is sincerely the thing in the world most wished for by your ever obliged,
Ec.

LETTER

L E T T E R DLXXVI.

MRS PRATT TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Nov 10. 1733.

NOT many days ago I had the pleasure of your's by Mrs Barber, whose turn seems to confirm the good impression you give of her. I want not more than your recommendation to engage my wishes to serve her, and also my endeavours, if any opportunity falls in my way. Are there no hopes of seeing you on this side of the water? Cannot the great number of your friends, and the great variety of conversation abounding here, be some kind of inducement to your coming amongst us? Is not Mr Pope a temptation to one of your distinction, to draw you this way? Even the variety of people in this great city might contribute to the amusement of your mind, as a journey and exercise would to your bodily health. I would use every argument I could think of to invite you hither, and consequently to preserve a life so beneficial to the public, and so dear to all your friends. You have a spirit that should prevail against indolence, and bring you into a part of the world which calls aloud for your talents. This winter would furnish you with many opportunities of doing great good, as well as making a shining figure; which reflection gives me great hopes that you will think it a reasonable obligation; as in that case,
like

like Pitt's diamond, you would stand alone. I wish I had a house in some measure worthy to entertain a guest that should be so welcome to me. You surprise me greatly in telling me that my Lord Shelburne and you have not met, although he has been some time in Dublin, and to my knowledge is one of your great admirers. Why don't you send to my Lord Dunkerin, who undoubtedly wants only that encouragement to wait upon you. You see I want none to embrace the opportunity of assuring you, that I am, with great esteem, respect, and affection, your very obliged and most humble servant,

H. PRATT.

LETTER DLXXVII.

THE DUTCHESS OF ——— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Amesbury, Nov. 10. 1733.

I HAVE only staid to give time for my letter. There is some satisfaction in sitting down to write, now that I am something less in your debt; I mean by way of letter. To speak seriously, I must love contradiction more than ever woman did, if I did not obey your commands; for I do sincerely take great pleasure in conversing with you. If you have heard of my figure abroad, it is no more than I have done on both sides of my ears, as the saying is. I did not cut and curl my hair like a sheep's head, or wear

wear one of their travelling sacks; and yet, by not doing so, I did give some offence.

We have seen very many fine towns, and travelled through good roads and pleasant countries. I like Flanders in particular, because it is the likest to England. The inns were very unlike those at home, being much cleaner and better served: So that here I could not maintain my partiality with common justice. As to the civilizing any of that nation, it would employ more ill-spent time fruitlessly than any one has to spare; they are the only people I ever saw that were quite without a genius to be civil, when they had to be so. Will you eat? will you play at cards? are literally the tiptop well-bred phrases in use. The French people we met are quite of another turn, polite and easy; one is the natural consequence of the other, though a secret that few have discovered. I can bring you an Irish witness (if that be sufficient) that I have wished for you many times during this journey, particularly at Spaw, where I imagined you might have been mending every day as fast as I did; and you are a base man to say, that any such impediment, as you mentioned, thwarted your journey; for you were sure of a welcome share in every thing we had. It were unnecessary to say this now, if we had no thoughts of ever going again; but it is what I am strongly advised to, though I should not much want it, and I am not averse: Travelling agrees with me, and makes me good-humoured. At home I am generally

generally more nice than wise, but on the road nothing comes amiss. At Calais we were wind-bound four or five days, and I was very well contented: When the wind changed, I was delighted to go. As impatience is generally my reigning distemper, you may imagine how I must be alarmed at this sudden alteration, till I happily recollected two instances, where I was myself. The one at Breda, where the innkeeper let drop, if you mean to go, an hour and a half after we had told him, that positively we would go. The other at Amsterdam, where we met with a very incurious gentleman, who affirmed, there was nothing worth seeing; though besides the town, which far surpassed my imagination, there happened to be a famous fair. It is long since those two verses of Dryden's *Cimon* * are strictly applicable to me.

Her corn and cattle are her only care,
And her supreme delight a country-fair.

I shall forget to name my Irish friend. It is Mr Coote. He is, in all appearance, a modest, well-bred, spleenetic, good-natured man. I had then one of these qualifications more than was pleasant, and so we became acquainted. He has a very great regard for you, Sir; and there we agreed again. We were all highly pleased with him. He seems to have a better way of thinking than is common, and not to want for sense or good-humour. I tell you that I do use
exercise;

* The story of *Cimon* and *Iphigenia*, in his fable.

exercise; designedly, never eat or drink what can disagree with me, but am no more certain of my stomach, than of my mind; at some times proof against any thing, and at other times too easily shocked; but time and care can certainly make a strong defence. I will obey your commands, and so will his Grace, concerning Mrs Barber, as soon as we come to London, where we staid but three days. We are now at Ameshbury; but pray, direct for me at London. I doubt we can do her but little good; for as to my part, I have few acquaintance, and little interest. I will believe every thing you say of her, though I have hitherto had a natural aversion to a poets.

I am come almost to the end of my paper, before I have half done with you. It was a rule, I remember, with poor Mr Gay and me, never to exceed three pages. I long to hear from you, that I may have an excuse to write again; for I doubt it would be carrying the joke too far to trouble you too often. Adieu, dear Sir, health and happiness attend you ever. I fear I have written so very ill that I am quite unintelligible.

His Grace is very much your's.

L E T T E R DLXXVIII.

LATE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON [ALDERMAN BARBER] TO DR SWIFT.

London, Nov. 17. 1733.

AS I have now got rid of the plague of grandeur, and all its dependencies, I take this first opportunity to pay my respects to you, Sir, which I beg pardon for not doing sooner. The transition from Goldsmiths Hall to Queen's-Square, is hardly credible; for one in view, to imagine the constant hurry, noise, and impertinence I lay under from morning till night, in opposition to the peace, the quiet, and great tranquillity I feel in my little retirement, makes me pity your great men, who certainly must be strangers to the great pleasure I now enjoy.

Before I left my office I took care to do justice to Mr Pilkington, who has received more than I mentioned, and indeed more than any chaplain ever had before, viz.

Of the city		<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Salary	- - - - -	20	0	0
Gratuity	- - - - -	25	0	0
Gratuity extraordinary	-	21	0	0
		———— 66 0 0		
From my Lord Mayor	- - - - -	50	0	0
Five sermons preached before the Mayor		10	0	0
For a copy of one sermon printed	-	4	0	0
		————		
		£. 130 0 0		
		St		

St Paul's happened to be shut up in the summer for two months, when the Mayor went on Sundays to his own chapel at Guildhall, and his chaplain read prayers for eight Sunday mornings only; for which the Mayor got him from the Court of Aldermen twenty guineas.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I know your great punctuality in things of this nature, as well as to do myself justice. How much he may be a gainer by coming over, I can't tell; but if he had pleased to have lived near the Hall, as he might, in a lodging of ten or twelve pounds a-year, he need not have kept a man, (for I had more for show than business), nor given the extravagant sum of thirty pounds a-year for lodgings; he might have saved something in those articles. Had he lived in the city, I should now and then have had the favour of his company in an evening; but his living from me brought him into company, and among the rest into that of Mr Edward Walpole, from whom he has great dependencies.

I recommended him to Mr Alderman Champion, who got the Primate's wife's brother to write in his favour to the Primate. And he talks of the living of Colerain's being vacant; if it be, I will do him what service I can.

Thus, Sir, I have discharged myself of the duty you laid upon me in relation to that gentleman, which I hope will be to your satisfaction;

for I will never be ungrateful, though I have met with it frequently myself.

All your friends in town are well, and in high spirits. Lord Bolingbroke complains you don't write to him. Poor Mrs Barber has the gout, but is better. It was a great mortification to me that you did not come and eat some custard; but I hope your health will permit your coming next summer. We rejoice much at my brother French's success. I know you don't deal in news, so I send you none. Pray God continue your health, and believe me always, with the greatest sincerity, Sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

J. BARBER.

P. S. Why Mr Pilkington should send his wife home in the midst of winter, or why he should stay here an hour after her, are questions not easily answered. I am not of his council.

LETTER DLXXIX.

THE COUNTESS OF GRANVILLE * TO DR
SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Hawnes, Nov. 27. 1733.

I HAVE received the honour of your commands, and shall obey them; for I am very proud of your remembrance. I don't know we ever quarrelled;

* ‘Grace, widow and relict of George Lord Carteret, and daughter of John Granville Earl of Bath. She was created Viscountess Carteret, and Countess of Granville, 1st January 1714-15, with limitation of these honours to her son John, the late Earl.’

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quarrelled; but if we did, I am as good a Christian as you are, in perfect charity with you. My son, my daughter, and all our olive-branches salute you most tenderly. I never wished so much as I do now, that I were bright, and had a genius, which could entertain you, in return for the many excellent things that entertain me daily, which I read over and over with fresh delight. Will you never come into England, and make Hawnes * in your road? You will find nothing here to offend you; for I am a hermit, and live in my chimney-corner, and have no ambition, but that you'll believe I am the charming Dean's most obedient humble servant.

L E T T E R DLXXX.

MRS CONDUIT TO DR SWIFT †.

SIR,

George-street, Nov. 29. 1733.

MRS Barber did not deliver your letter till after the intended wedding brought me hither. She has as much a better title to the favour of her sex than poetry can give her, as truth is better than fiction; and shall have my best assistance. But the town has been so long invited into the subscription, that most people have already refused or accepted, and Mr Conduit has long since done the latter.

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* 'A seat of Lord Carteret, late Earl Granville, in Bedfordshire'

† Thus endorsed by the Doctor, "My old friend Mrs "Barton, now Mrs Conduit."

I should have guessed your holiness would rather have laid than called up the ghost of my departed friendship, which, since you are brave enough to face, you will find divested of every terror, but the remorse that you were abandoned to be an alien to your friends, your country, and yourself. Not to renew an acquaintance with one who can, twenty years after, remember a bare intention to serve him, would be to throw away a prize I am not now able to repurchase; therefore, when you return to England, I shall try to excel in, what I am very sorry you want, a nurse; in the mean time, I am exercising that gift to preserve one who is your devoted admirer.

Lord Harvey has written a bitter copy of verses upon Dr Sherwin, for publishing (as 'tis said) his Lordship's Epistle; which must have set your brother Pope's spirits all a-working.

Thomson is far advanced in a poem of 2000 lines, deducing Liberty from the patriarchs to the present times, which, if we may judge from the press, is now in full vigour. But I forget I am writing to one who has the power of the keys of Parnassus, and that the only merit my letter can have is brevity. Please, therefore, to place the profit I had in your long one, to your fund of charity, which carries no interest, and to add to your prayers and good wishes now and then a line to, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

C. CONDUIT.

Mrs

Mrs Barber, whom I had sent to dine with us, is in bed with the gout, and has not yet sent me her proposals.

L E T T E R DLXXXI.

CHARLES COOTE, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Dec. 13. 1733.

BEING indebted solely to you for a most valuable acquaintance with the Duke and Dutches of Queensberry, and some other of your friends, I ought to have acknowledged it before. It is a common stratagem of mine, and has always succeeded, to give hints in proper places of your allowing me to some degree of personal acquaintance with you, and I owe to it most of the agreeable hours I passed at Spaw this summer, where they were; I had strong temptations, especially at that distance, to give myself high airs this way; but finding the bare mention of my having been received by you in a most obliging manner, was enough to do my business, and it being a fact I could make oath of, I kept within due bounds. Her Grace, who would be the most agreeable woman in England, though she were not the handsomest, has honoured me with her compliments to you with a walking stick, the manufacture of Spaw, where she had it made for you, and I ought to have delivered it two months ago; accidents prevented my leaving this place,
and

and it is not certain when I can; so that I must send it to you by the first proper opportunity, but could no longer delay your pleasure in knowing it, and her's when you shall acknowledge it. If I can be of any sort of service to you on this side, your commands will find me at St James's Coffee-house. I am, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

CHARLES COOTE.

L E T T E R DLXXXII.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT*.

DEAR SIR,

Dec. 20. 1773.

YOUR'S I received, and if it *was* not that I have a good deal of company to sup at my house upon beef griskings, I would go and play a game of backgammon with Mr Worrall's tables, and be after winning some of Mrs Worrall's coin; I would not fear to win a crown-piece of her money by playing six-pence halfpenny a time. She is a very good body, and one that I have a great value for: I wish my spouse were but half as good, but of *this* I shall say nothing more till meeting. I hope my gossip Delany's spouse is upon the mending hand, for they tell me she has been lately much out of order. She is as good a woman as ever breathed, and it is a thousand pities that any thing

* Endorsed, "Dr Sheridan's insolence in presuming to answer my eloquent Hibernicisms."

thing should ail her. God Almighty wish her well; for I am sure if she went off, the doctor would not meet with her fellow. I hope nothing ails her but a bruise.

To-morrow I eat a bit with Mr and Mrs M'Gwyre: if you will make one, you will get as hearty a welcome as if you were their own father; for nobody speaks better of you than they. My humble service to all friends and to yourself, is the request of your's to command,

THADY O SULLIVAN.

I lodge hard by the *Shovel* in Francis-street.

L E T T E R DLXXXIII.

DR SWIFT TO MRS PILKINGTON.

MADAM,

1733.

YOU must shake off the leavings of your sex. If you cannot keep a secret and take a chiding, you will be quickly out of my sphere. Corrigible people are to be chid; those who are otherwise, may be very safe from any lectures of mine: I should rather chuse to indulge them in their follies, than attempt to set them right. I desire you may not inform your husband * of what has past, for a reason I shall give you when
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* This letter was occasioned by some accounts from London relative to Mr Pilkington, which Mrs Pilkington has given us at large.

I see you, which may be this evening, if you will. I am very sincerely your friend,

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R DLXXXIV.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

MY LORD,

Jan. 1733-4.

IT hath been my great misfortune, that, since your Grace's return to this kingdom, I have not been able to attend you, as my duty and gratitude for your favours, as well as the honour of having been so many years known to you, obliged me to do. I have been pursued by two old disorders, a giddiness and deafness, which used to leave me in three or four weeks, but now have continued four months. Thus I am put under a necessity to write what I would rather have chosen to say in your Grace's presence.

On Monday last week, towards evening, there came to the deanry one Mr Bettelworth; who being told by the servants that I was gone to a friend's house, went thither to inquire for me, and was admitted into the street-parlour. I left my company in the back-room, and went to him. He began with asking me, whether I were author of certain verses wherein he was reflected on *? The singularity of the man, in his countenance, manner, action, style, and tone of voice, made

* See these verses, Vol. IX. p. 111.

made me call to mind, that I had once seen him, about two or two or three years ago, at Mr Ludlow's country-house. But I could not recollect his name, and of what calling he might be I never heard. I therefore desired to know, who and what he was; said I had heard of some such verses, but knew no more. He then signified to me, that he was a serjeant at law, and a member of parliament. After which he repeated the lines that concerned him with great emphasis, said, I was mistaken in one thing, for he assured me he was no booby, but owned himself to be a coxcomb. However, that being a point of controversy wherein I had no concern, I let it drop. As to the verses, he insisted, that, by his taste and skill in poetry, he was as sure I writ them, as if he had seen them fall from my pen. But I found the chief weight of his argument lay upon two words that rhymed to his name, which he knew could come from none but me. He then told me, that since I would not own the verses, and that since he could not get satisfaction by any course of law, he would get it by his pen, and shew the world what a man I was. When he began to grow over-warm and eloquent, I called in the gentleman of the house from the room adjoining and the serjeant, going on with less turbulence, went away. He had a footman in the hall during all his talk, who was to have opened the door for one or more fellows, as he hath since reported; and likewise, that he had a sharp knife in his pocket ready to stab or maim me.

me. But the master and mistress of the house, who knew his character, and could hear every word from the room they were in, had prepared a sufficient defence in such a case, as they afterwards told me. He hath since related to five hundred persons of all ranks, above five hundred falsehoods of this conversation, of my fears and his own brutalities, against all probability as well as fact; and some of them, as I have been assured, even in the presence of your Grace. His meanings and his movements were indeed peevish enough, but his words were not. He threatened me with nothing but his pen, yet owned he had no pretence to wit. And indeed I am heartily glad, for his own sake, that he proceeded no further; for the least uproar would have called his nearest neighbours * first to my assistance, and next to the manifest danger of his life. And I would not willingly have even a dog killed upon my account. Ever since he hath amused himself with declaring, in all companies, especially before bishops, and lords, and members of parliament, his resolutions for vengeance, and the several manners by which he will put it in execution.

It is only to the advice of some judicious friends, that your Grace owes the trouble of this letter. For though I may be dispirited enough by sickness and years, yet I have little reason to apprehend

* Dr Swift was then at the Reverend Mr Worral's house, which happened to be within three or four doors of Mr Bettelworth's.

hend any danger from that man ; and those who seem to have most regard for my safety, are no more apprehensive than myself, especially such as best know his character. For his very enemies, and even his ridiculers, who are, of the two, by far the greater number, allow him to be a peaceable man in all things except his words, his rhetorical action, his looks, and his hatred to the clergy ; which however are all known, by abundance of experience, to be perfectly harmless, and particularly as to the clergy. I do not doubt, but, if he will be so good as to continue stedfast in his principles and practices, he may, at proper junctures, contribute very much to the honour and interests of that reverend body, as well as employ and improve the wit of many young gentlemen in the city, the university, and the rest of the kingdom.

What I have said to your Grace is only meant as a poor endeavour to preserve myself in your good opinion, and in the continuance of your favour. I am with the highest respect, &c.

L E T T E R DLXXV.

Jan. 6. 1734.

I NEVER think of you, and can never write to you now, without drawing many of those short sighs of which we have formerly talked. The reflection both of the friends we have been deprived of by death, and of those from whom

we are separated almost as eternally by absence, checks me to that degree, that it takes away, in a manner, the pleasure (which yet I feel very sensibly too) of thinking I am now conversing with you. You have been silent to me as to your works; whether those printed here are, or are not genuine. But one, I am sure, is your's; and your method of concealing yourself puts me in mind of the Indian bird I have read of, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers and tail stick out. You'll have immediately by several franks (even before it is here published) my epistle to Lord Cobham; part of my *Opus Magnum*, and the last Essay on Man; both which, I conclude, will be grateful to your bookseller, on whom you please to bestow them so early. There is a woman's war declared against me by a certain Lord; his weapons are the same which women and children use, a pin to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter. I writ a sort of answer; but was ashamed to enter the lists with him, and, after shewing it to some people, suppressed it: Otherwise it was such as was worthy of him, and worthy of me. I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborough; who rejoices in your doings, and always speaks with the greatest affection of you. I need not tell you who else do the same; you may be sure almost all those whom I ever see, or desire to see. I wonder not that B—— paid you no sort of civility while he was in Ireland: He is too much a half wit to love a true wit; and too much

much half honest, to esteem any entire merit. I hope and think he hates me too, and I will do my best to make him: He is so insupportably insolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place, that I must affront him to be rid of it. That strict neutrality as to public parties, which I have constantly observed in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack such men, as slander and belie my character in private, to those who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take, unless at the same time they are pests of private society, or mischievous members of the public: That is to say, unless they are enemies to all men, as well as to me. — Pray write to me when you can. If ever I can come to you, I will: If not, may Providence be our friend and our guard through this simple world, where nothing is valuable but sense and friendship. Adieu, dear Sir; may health attend your years, and then may many years be added to you.

P. S. I am just now told, a very curious lady intends to write to you to pump you about some poems said to be your's. Pray tell her, that you have not answered me on the same questions, and that I shall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have concealed from me.

L E T T E R DLXXXVI.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

March the 2d 1733-4.

I AM extreme glad to hear you are got well again; and I do assure you, it was no point of ceremony made me forbear writing, but the downright fear of being troublesome. If you have got rid of your deafness, that is a happiness I doubt poor Lady Suffolk will never have; for she does not mend, if she does not grow rather worse. But we ladies are famous for straining our voices upon the bad occasion of anger: And sure then it is hard, if it is not more agreeable to do it for the sake of friendship. By the histories I hear from Ireland, Bettessworth, in the midst of your illness, did not think your pen lay idle*; but this good you had from it, that such a troublesome fellow made your friends and neighbours shew they could exert themselves for your sake. Mrs Floyd has passed this winter rather better than the last;

* About this time an attempt was made to repeal the Test Act in Ireland; and the Dissenters, on this occasion, affected to call themselves Brother-Protestants, and Fellow-Christians, with the members of the established Church. This the Dean made the subject of a short copy of verses, in which there is a passage, that so provoked one Bettessworth, a lawyer, and member for the Irish parliament, that he swore to revenge himself, either by maiming, or murdering the author; and for this purpose he engaged his footman, with two ruffians, to secure the
Dean

last; but cold weather is an enemy to her; and when you see her, I fear you will find, that though the goodness of the composition will always hold, yet so many winters have taken the beauty of it entirely off. It grows now near the time that I have hopes you will soon part with my Duke and Dutchess. I always used to be her doctor; I wish you would allow me to be your's, and take my advice, and try how the change of air would mend your constitution; but I fear you will not. However, God bless you; and adieu.

L E T T E R DLXXXVII.

THE DUTCHESS OF ——— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, March 4. 1733-4.*

IF ever lying was necessary, I fear it is so at present; for no truth can furnish me with sufficient excuse for not having writ long ago; therefore I have been strongly tempted to disown having received any return to my letters, which I wrote to you since my return to these parts; but, upon more mature deliberation, I have convinced myself, that it is better rather to confess

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Dean where-ever he could be found. As soon as this oath and attempt of Bettsworth were known, thirty of the nobility and gentry of St Patrick's waited upon the Dean in form, and presented a paper, subscribed with their names; in which they solemnly engaged, in behalf of themselves and the rest of the liberty, to defend his person and fortune as the friend and benefactor of his country. See the verses, Vol. VII. Bat. edit. 1754, p. 251.

my fault, than to give you any handle to suspect my truth for the future. I wish every body was as timorous as myself, and then lying and deceit would never be so much in the fashion, as it has and will be for many ages past and to come. I remember you once told me, always to sit down to write when I was in good health and good humour; neither of them have been perfect of some time. The first has been interrupted by perpetual colds, and pains in my face and teeth. My temper by these trying truths which I am about to tell you, viz. a journey to Scotland, where we have been going every week, and every day since Christmas; the uncertainty of which, and being consequently unsettled, is even worse than the thing itself. This is not all; by these means I have been obliged to send a little boy (who has been my constant companion ever since he was born, and who is not seven years old till next July) to school, a full year before it was necessary or proper. The doing this, I own, has damped my spirits more than was reasonable, though it was by his own desire; and that I am persuaded he is well taken care of, both by the master and his own brother, who is fond of him, and so would you be, if you knew him; for he has more sense than above half the world. The other is a fine boy, and grown very strong and healthy. I am much obliged to you for reproving me, that I did not tell you so before. I am in great hopes to live to see them both men; therefore pray advise me what to do with them
after

after they have gone through the school; for I imagine that just then is the most difficult part of their education. Mr Locke, with whom I cannot help differing in some things, makes a full stop there; and I never heard of any other that ever mentioned or at least published, any helps for children at that time of life, which I apprehend to be the most material.

There is a good deal of impertinence in filling two sides of paper about me and mine; but I own, at present, my whole thoughts are so much employed on the latter, that I involuntarily think and talk of little else. To-morrow will be acted a new play of our friend Mr Gay's *; we stay on purpose now for that, and shall go on Thursday for Edinburgh, where the greatest good I can expect, or hope for, is a line from you. We shall depösite our guineas for Mrs Barber with Mr Pope, or my brother. I wish you all health and prosperity. I will not wish you devoid of all trouble and vexation, because I think a moderate share is a great encouragement to good spirits; but may you never meet with more than is absolutely necessary to be pleasant.

Adieu, Sir. If you will oblige me, you must do me the justice to believe I am your most faithful friend, &c.

LETTER

* 'It was intituled, Achilles, an Opera, and was represented at the theatre in Drury-lane; but without success. It was written in the manner of the Beggar's Opera, and contained a ludicrous representation of the discovery of Achilles by Ulysses.'

L E T T E R DLXXXVIII *.

DR SWIFT TO WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

SIR,

Dublin, March 8. 1734.

MR Stopford, going to England upon some particular affair, I gladly complied with his desire that I should do myself the honour of writing to you, because, as useless as I am, and although I shall never have the happiness to see you, yet my ambition to have some small place in your memory will live as long as myself.

I will do an unmannerly thing, which is, to bequeath you an epitaph for forty years hence in two words, *Ultimus Britannorum*. You never forsook your party. You might often have been as great as the court can make any man so; but you preserved your spirit of liberty, when your former colleagues had utterly sacrificed theirs; and if it shall ever begin to breathe in these days, it must entirely be owing to yourself and one or two friends. But it is altogether impossible for any nation to preserve its liberty long under a tenth part of the present luxury, infidelity, and a million of corruptions. We see the Gothic system of limited monarchy is extinguished in all the nations of Europe. It is utterly extirpated in this wretched kingdom, and your's must be the next. Such hath ever been human nature,

* This letter, and one dated May 12. 1735, were communicated to the editor by general Pulteney.

nature, that a single man, without any superior advantages, either of body or mind, but usually the direct contrary, is able to attack twenty millions, and drag them voluntarily at his chariot-wheels. But no more of this, I am as sick of the world as I am of age and disease, the last of which I am never wholly without. I live in a nation of slaves, who sell themselves for nothing. My revenues, though half sunk, are sufficient to support me in some decency. And I have a few friends of great worth, who, when I visit them, or they me, agree together in discover [discovering] our utter detestation of all proceedings both here and there. *Hæc est vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique.* I am under the displeasure of the court for fixing up a true Whig epitaph in my cathedral over the burying-place of old *Schomberg*, and for some other things of equal demerit or disaffection, wherewith I am charged; perhaps also for some verses laid to my charge, and published without my knowledge or consent, wherein you and another person are understood to be meant by initial letters.

I desire your pardon for the trouble I gave in recommending a gentleman to your protection, who hath an appeal before the House of Lords, wherein I was prevailed on by an eminent person in the law, who by a miracle was raised to the bench in these very times, although he be a man of virtue and learning in a great degree. Dear Sir, you have nothing to desire in this world but good health, good times, the prosperity of your family

family (wherein you have my constant prayers) and deserving friends. I have often said, that I never knew a more easy man to live with than yourself: and if you had only a poor forty thousand pounds a-year, I would command you to settle one thousand of it on me to live in your next neighbourhood; but as for our friends at Twickenham and Dawley, I have told them plainly that they are both too speculative and temperate for me to accept their invitation, and infinitely too philosophical. The bearer, Mr Stopford, hath such infinite obligations to you for your favours to him, and is in all respects so very deserving a gentleman, that I am sure you never repented the good office you have done him it [at] my recommendation. But he only attends you on perfect gratitude; for he knows very well you are what is now called a disaffected person. You are in the modern sense a friend to Popery, arbitrary power, and the Pretender; and therefore he has just politics enough not to trouble you with helping him by the hand to better preferment: And I pray God, while things continue as they are, that it may be never in your power to make a curate or an exciseman.

You will hear, perhaps, that one Faulkner hath printed four volumes, which are called my works; he hath only prefixed the first letters of my name; it was done utterly against my will; for there is no property in printers or booksellers here, and I was not able to hinder it. I did imagine, that, after my death, the several London

don bookfellers would agree among themselves to print what each of them had by common consent; but the man here hath prevented it, much to my vexation, for I would as willingly have it done even in Scotland. All this has vexed me not a little, as done in so obscure a place. I have never yet looked into them, nor I believe ever shall. You will find Mr Stopford the same modest, virtuous, learned man that you last saw him; but with a few more years, and a great deal more flesh, beside the blessing of a wife and children. I desire to present my humble service to *your*. I pray God bless and assist you in your glorious endeavours for the preservation of your country, and remain, with the truest respect,

Sir, your most obedient
and obliged humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

You will see, by the many blunders in words, syllables, and letters, what a condition my giddy head is in.

L E T T E R DLXXXIX.

MR GRANT TO DR SWIFT.

London, March 14. 1733-4.

VERY REVEREND SIR,

THOUGH I have long been an admirer of your wit and learning, I have not less valued and esteemed your public spirit and great affection

affection to your native country. These valuable ingredients in your character persuade me to propose to you what I apprehend may be for your country's benefit, and that you will excuse my taking the liberty to do it. As good principles dispose you, your real merit, happily united with them, gives you weight and influence to promote the public good; to which I am well assured your country owes not only the escaping many evils, but the establishment of many valuable articles for the increase of their wealth and strength. Though I am not a native of Ireland, I have always regarded it as so connected with this country, that the natives of both islands ought mutually to study and advance the advantage of each other. And it is in consequence of this principle that I offer to your consideration, that your countrymen should heartily engage in and pursue the white herring and cod-fishing. This is a branch of trade which Providence has given opportunity to follow in both countries; neither can they prejudice one another, as there may be consumption for all that may be caught on both islands. There is nothing that would so effectually employ your poor, and prevent their going abroad, considering the great variety of trades necessary in this undertaking; it would also increase the consumption of your home-manufactures, and increase the balance of your foreign trade.

The north and north-east parts of your island lie exceeding well, both for the cod and herring fishing, as will appear to you from their course,
which

which is described in the inclosed pamphlet, if you take the trouble to look upon it; but encouragements are necessary to support a new undertaking in its infancy, because they are always, at the beginning, liable to charges and inconveniencies, which discourage private adventurers, if not supported by the public. I have with great pleasure read, in the minutes of your parliament, of late years, several instances of their zeal for their country's good, which inclines me to believe they would readily receive and encourage a proposition of this nature, if properly introduced and recommended to them; and I should reckon it a particular good fortune, if I could suggest what would be acceptable to you and them. I have been desirous to establish and improve this valuable branch of commerce into Britain; for which reason I have applied myself to it several years last past, and examined it in all its shapes, from whence I flatter myself to have acquired a thorough knowledge in the matter; and I am, with other gentlemen, endeavouring to obtain the necessary encouragements for it here; but it being late before we moved in our application, and appearance of a short session, I am afraid we shall make little progress at this time. Not being sufficiently acquainted with your laws and constitutions, I cannot take upon me to say what may be proper encouragements in your country; yet I may freely venture to assert one proposition, to which every one must assent, that it is the interest of any nation to

grant premiums and bounties for the encouragement of any one branch of trade, which, in proportion to what is paid by the public, and when that is paid only to its own subjects, brings into the kingdom ten times the value. And I may, with equal safety, advance this other proposition, that no article of trade better deserves encouragement, from both Britain and Ireland, than the fishing does; or that might be made of so great consequence and general benefit to both: To which I believe I may add, that there is not any business more natural to either, or the establishment whereof would receive more universal approbation and applause.

These things, from my opinion of your character, I thought I might take the liberty to trouble you with; which I was the more readily induced to, as it furnished me an opportunity of declaring, that I am, with great esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

FRANCIS GRANT.

P. S. If you have any commands for me, or that you think I may be any ways useful in explaining or promoting this subject, I shall with pleasure obey you; in which case you may direct for me, merchant in London.

LETTER

L E T T E R D X C.

TO * * * * *, Esq.

SIR,

March 19. 1734.

I HAD, some days ago, a very long letter from a young gentleman whom I never saw ; but, by the name subscribed, I found it came from a younger son of your's, I suppose your second. He lays before me, in a very particular manner, the forlorn condition he is in, by the severities of you and your lady, his mother. He freely owns his boyish follies, when he was first brought up to town, at fourteen years old ; but he appeals to Dr Sheridan for the improvement he made in the Doctor's school, and to his tutor for his behaviour in the college, where he took his degree with particular credit, being made one of the moderators of his class ; by which it appears that he passed for one of the four best scholars in it. His letter contains four large pages in folio, and written in a very small hand ; where he gives a history of his life, from the age of fourteen to the present time. It is written with so much spirit, nature, and good sense, as well as appearance of truth, that, having first razed out the writer's name, I have shewn it to several gentlemen, my friends, of great worth, learning, and taste ; who all agree in my opinion of the letter, and think it a pity that so hopeful a youth should not have proper encouragement, unless

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he hath some very disagreeable faults, whereof they and I are ignorant. When I had written thus far, Dr Sheridan came to see me : I read your son's letter to him, and he was equally pleased with it, and justified the progress the young man had made in his school. I went this evening to visit a lady who hath a very great esteem and friendship for you and Mrs ***** : She told me that the young man's great fault was too much pertness, and conceit of himself, which he often shewed in your house, and even among company. Which, I own, is a very bad quality in any young man, and is not easily cured : Yet, I think, if I had a son who had understanding, wit, and humour, to write such a letter, I could not find it in my heart to cast him off, but try what good advice and maturer years would do towards amendment ; and, in the mean time, give him no cause to complain of wanting convenient food, lodging, and raiment. He lays the whole weight of his letter to me upon the truth of the facts, and is content to stand or fall by them. If he be a liar, he is into the bargain an unpardonable fool ; and his good natural, as well as acquired parts, shall be an aggravation to me to render him more odious. I hear he is turned of one and twenty years ; and what he alleges seems to be true, that he is not yet put into any way of living, either by law, physic, or divinity ; although, in his letter, he pretends to have studied the first, on your promise to send him to the Temple : But your mind altering, and you

you rather chusing to send him to Leyden, he applied himself to study physick, and made some progress in it; but for many months he hath heard nothing more from you; so that now he is in utter despair, loaden with the hatred of both his parents, and lodges in a garret in William-street, with only the liberty to dine at your house, and no further care taken of him.

Sir, although I have seldom been in your company, it is many years since I had the honour of being known to you; and I always thought, as well as heard, that you were a gentleman of great honour, truth, knowledge, modesty, good-nature, and candour. As to your lady, I never saw her but once, and then but for a few minutes: She hath the character of being a very polite and accomplished person; and therefore, very probably, her son's rough, over-weening, forward behaviour, among company with her, without that due deference which only can recommend youth, may be very disgustful to her. Your son desires me, in his letter, to apply to some friends who have most credit with you, that you will please to put him into some way of life; and he wishes that those friends would be so generous to join in contributing some allowance to support him at Leyden. I think it would have been well if he had been sent to sea in the proper time, or had now a commission in the army. Yet, if he were the original writer of that letter sent to me under his name, I confess myself so very partial, as to be extremely sorry if

he should not deserve and acquire the favour of you and your lady ; in which case, any parents might be forgiven for being proud of such a son. I have no acquaintance with his tutor, Dr King ; but if I can learn from those who have, I shall be glad to hear that he confirms the character of the young man's good parts and learning, as Dr Sheridan hath done.

I intreat your pardon for this long letter, and for offering to interfere in a domestic point, where I have no information but from one side : But I can faithfully assure you, that my regard is altogether for the service and ease of you and your lady and family. I have always thought that a happy genius is seldom without some bent towards virtue, and therefore deserves some indulgence. Most of the great villains I have known (which were not a small number) have been brutes in their understandings as well as their actions.

But I have already run out my paper, as well as your patience. I shall therefore conclude with the sincere profession of being, with great esteem and truth,

SIR,

Your most obedient, and
most humble servant.

LETTER

L E T T E R. DXCI.

LORD BOLINGBOKE TO DR SWIFT.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

April 12. 1734.

I HAVE received your's of the 16th of February very lately; but have not yet seen the person who brought it, nor am I likely to see him, unless he finds me out in my retreat. Our friend Pope is in town, and to him I send this letter; for he tells me, he can forward it to you by the hands of one of our common friends. If I can do Mr Faulkner any service, I shall certainly do it, because I shall catch at any opportunity of pleasing you; but my help, in a project of subscription, will, I fear, avail him little. I live much out of the world, and I do not blush to own, that I am out of fashion in it. My wife, who is extremely obliged to you for your kind remembrance of her, and who desires me to say all the fond things from her to you which I know she thinks, enjoys a precarious health, easily shook, and sometimes interrupted by fits of severe pain; but, upon the whole, much better than it has been these five years. I walk downhill easily and leisurely enough, except when a strong disposition to the jaundice (that I have long carried about me) gives me a shove. I guard against it as well as I can; the censors say, not as well as I might. Too sedentary a life hurts me, and yet I do not care to lead any other; for sauntering about my grounds is not exercise.

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I say, I will be very active this summer, and I will try to keep my word. Riding is your *panacea*; and Bathurst is younger than his sons by observing the same regimen. If I can keep where I am a few years longer, I shall be satisfied; for I have something, and not much, to do before I die. I know by experience one cannot serve the present age. About posterity one may flatter one's self, and I have a mind to write to the next age. You have seen, I doubt not, the Ethic Epistles; and though they go a little into metaphysics, I persuade myself you both understand and approve them: The first book being finished, the others will soon follow; for many of them are writ, or crayoned out. What are you doing?—Good, I am sure. But of what kind? Pray, Mr Dean, be a little more cautious in your recommendations. I took care, a year ago, to remove some obstacles that might have hindered the success of one of your recommendations, and I have heartily repented of it since. The fellow wants morals, and, as I hear, decency, sometimes. You have had accounts, I presume, which will not leave you at a loss to guess whom I mean. Is there no hope left of seeing you once more in this island? I often wish myself out of it; and I shall wish so much more, if it is impossible *de voisiner* (I know no English word to say the same thing) with you. Adieu, dear Sir; no man living preserves a higher esteem, or a more warm and sincere friendship for you than I do.

LETTER

CORRESPONDENCE. 129

L E T T E R D X C H.

LORD C—— TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Jermyn-street, April 13. 1734-

I HAD the honour of your letter, which gave me a considerable pleasure to see that I am not so much out of your thoughts, but that you can take notice of events that happen in my family. I need not say, that these alliances * are very agreeable to me ; but that they are so to my friends, adds much to the satisfaction I receive from them. They certainly enable me to contract my desires, which is no inconsiderable step towards being happy. As to the other things, I go on as well as I can ; and now and then observe that I have more friends than I had when I was in a situation to do them service. This may be a delusion : However, it is a pleasing one. And I have more reason to believe a man, now I can do him no good, than I had when I could do him favours, which the greatest philosophers are sometimes tempted to solicit their friends about. I shall continue to serve Mrs Barber, by recommending her, as occasion shall offer, where it is necessary ; but you have done that so effectually, that nothing need be said to those to whom you have said any thing

* His Lordship's third daughter, Georgina-Carolina, was married, 14th Feb. 1733-4, to the Honourable John Spencer.

thing in her behalf. I hope Dr Delany is, as he always used to be, chearful in himself, and agreeable to all that know him; and that he, by this time, is convinced, that the world is not worthy of so much speculation as he has bestowed upon some matters. Lady Worsley, my wife, and daughters, to whom I have shewn your letter, not forgetting my mother, present their humble service to you. And I desire to recommend the whole family, as well as myself, to the continuance of your favour. I am, Sir, with the greatest respect, your most humble and most obedient servant,

C.

L E T T E R DXCIII.

TO MISS HOADLEY*.

MADAM,

June 4. 1734.

WHEN I lived in England, once every year I issued out an edict, commanding that all ladies of wit, sense, merit, and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, should make the first advances at their peril; which edict, you may believe, was universally obeyed. When (much against my will) I came to live in this kingdom, I published the same edict; only the harvest here being not altogether so

* Daughter of Dr John Hoadley, Archbishop of Dublin.

so plentiful, I confined myself to a smaller compass. This made me often wonder how you came so long to neglect your duty; for if you pretend ignorance, I may produce legal witnesses against you.

I have heard of a judge bribed with a pig, but it was discovered by the squeaking; and therefore you have been so politic as to send me a dead one, which can tell no tales. Your present of butter was made with the same design, as a known court-practice, to grease my fist that I might keep silence. These are great offences, contrived on purpose to corrupt my integrity. And besides, I apprehend that if I should wait on you to return my thanks, you will deny that the pig and butter were any advances at all on your side, and give out that I made them first; by which I may endanger the fundamental privilege that I have kept so many years in two kingdoms, at least make it a point of controversy. However, I have two ways to be revenged: First, I will let all the ladies of my acquaintance know, that you, the sole daughter and child to his Grace of Dublin, are so mean as to descend to understand housewifery, which every girl of this town, who can afford sixpence a-month for a chair, would scorn to be thought to have the least knowledge in: And this will give you as ill a reputation as if you had been caught in the fact of reading a history, or handling a needle, or walking in a field at Tallagh. My other revenge shall be this: When my Lord's gentleman
delivered

delivered his message, after I put him some questions, he drew out a paper containing your directions, and in your hand: I said it properly belonged to me; and when I had read it, I put it in my pocket, and am ready to swear, when lawfully called, that it is written in a fair hand, rightly spelt, and good plain sense. You now may see I have you at mercy; for, upon the least offence given, I will shew the paper to every female scrawler I meet, who will soon spread about the town, that your writing and spelling are ungenteel and unfashionable, more like a parson than a lady.

I suppose, by this time, you are willing to submit; and therefore I desire you may stint me to two china-bowls of butter a-week; for my breakfast is that of a sickly man, rice-gruel, and I am wholly a stranger to tea and coffee, the companions of bread and butter. I received my third bowl last night, and I think my second is almost entire. I hope and believe my Lord Archbishop will teach his neighbouring tenants and farmers a little English country-management: And I lay it upon you, Madam, to bring housewifery in fashion among our ladies, that, by your example, they may no longer pride themselves on their natural or affected ignorance. I am, with the truest respect and esteem,

MADAM,

Your most obedient and obliged, &c.

I desire to present my most, &c. to his Grace and the ladies.

LETTER

L E T T E R DXCIV.

THE BISHOP OF CLOGHER * TO DR SWIFT.

MR DEAN,

Clogher, June 25. 1734.

I HAVE a letter of your's of a very long date †, and should, it may be, out of good manners, have answered it long since; but I thought it would be better to delay the answer I was then able to make, to our first private meeting, which I thought might be soon; and for the same reason that delayed me then, I shall put off my defence till I have the pleasure of half an hour's private conversation with you, when I think I shall be able to clear myself from the heavy charges you bring against me; and therefore, not to take any farther notice of that letter, I shall, in answer to your last, which I received by last post, return you my thanks for your having taken the same care about the sixty pounds, which, at your request, I lent Joe Beaumont, whose circumstances at that time I was pretty much a stranger to, as you have taken about the money you lent him on the same occasion; and as this shall serve for a full discharge of all demands I have on Joe's

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M

execution,

* Dr Sterne.

† That letter of Dr Swift's was dated in July 1733, and printed by Johnston in 1765, No. 57. As I have had occasion to refer to this collection of letters, I shall embrace this opportunity of acknowledging an erratum which escaped my observation in the hurry of transcribing them for the press. The second paragraph, No 69, begins thus, "Lord Bath, &c. read, Lord Bathurst, &c."

execution *, so I shall take it as a favour, if you will take on you the trouble of disposing of that sum of fifty pounds, as an augmentation to your own charitable fund, or to any other charitable use you shall judge proper, and that I desire may be without any mention of my name.

If you desire an acquittance in any other form, be pleased to draw one, and I will sign it. I shall be proud of a visit in this mountainous country, being, notwithstanding any coolness or misunderstanding that has happened between us, as much as ever your affectionate friend and servant,

JOHN CLOGHER.

LETTER DXCV.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

From my farm, June 27. 1734.

I THANK you, my dear Dean; or to use a name to me more sacred, I thank you, my friend, for your letter of the 23d of May, which came to me by post. I answer it by the same conveyance; and provided the diligent inspection of private mens correspondence do not stop our letters, they have my leave to do, what they will do without it, to open and read them. If they expect to find any thing which may do us hurt,

* This execution was against the heirs or representatives of Mr Beaumont, who had died several years before the date of this letter.

hurt, or them good; their disappointment will give me pleasure, and in the proportion, I shall imagine it gives them pain. I should have another pleasure, of higher relish, if our epistles were to be perused by persons of higher rank. And who knows, considering the mighty importance we are of, whether that may not happen? How would these persons stare, to see such a thing as sincere cordial friendship subsist, inviolate, and grow and strengthen from year to year, in spite of distance, absence, and mutual inutility!

But enough on this. Let us turn to other subjects. I have read, in the golden verses of Pythagoras, or in some other collection of wise apophthegms of the ancients, that a man of business may talk of philosophy, a man who has none may practise it. What do you think of this maxim? Is it exact? I have a strange distrust of maxims. We make as many observations as our time, our knowledge, and the other means we have, give us the opportunity of making on a physical matter. We find that they all correspond, and that one general proposition may be affirmed as the result of them. This we affirm; and, in consequence, this becomes a maxim among our followers, if we have any. Thus the King of Siam affirmed that water was always in a fluid state; and I doubt not but the Talapoins, do they not call them so? held this maxim. Neither he, or they, had ever climbed the neighbouring mountains of Ava; their ob-

servations were confined to the burning climate they inhabited. It is much the same in moral maxims, founded on observations of the conduct of men; for there are other moral maxims of universal truth, as there are moral duties of eternal obligation. We see what the conduct is, and we guess what the motives are, of great numbers of men; but then we see often at too great a distance, or through a faulty medium: We guess with much uncertainty from a thousand reasons concerning a thing as various, as changing, as inconsistent as the heart of man. And even when we see right, and guess right, we build our maxims on a small number of observations (for such they are comparatively, how numerous soever they may be, taken by themselves) which our own age and our own country chiefly have presented to us.

You and I have known one man in particular, who affected business he often hindered, and never did; who had the honour among some, and the blame among others, of bringing about great revolutions in his own country, and in the general affairs of Europe; and who was, at the same time, the idlest creature living; who was never more copious than in expressing, when that was the theme of the day, his indifference to power, and his contempt of what we call honours, such as titles, ribbands, &c. who should, to have been consistent, have had this indifference, and have felt this contempt, since he knew neither how to use power, nor how to wear honours,
and

and yet who was jealous of one, and fond of the other, even to ridicule. This character seems singular enough, and yet I have known some resembling it very much in general, and many exactly like it, in the strongest marks it bore.

Now let us suppose, that some Rochfaucault, or other some Anthroponomical sage, should discover a multitude of similar instances, and not stumble upon any one repugnant; you and I should not, however, receive for a maxim, that he who affects business never does it: Nor this, that he who brings about great revolutions, is always idle: Nor this, that he who expresses indifference to power, and contempt of honours, is jealous of one, and fond of the others.

Proceed we now, dear Doctor, to the application. A man in business, and a man who is out of it, may equally talk of philosophy; that is certain. The question is, whether the man in business may not practise it, as well as the man out of business? I think he may, in this sense, as easily; but sure I am, he may, in this sense, as usefully. If we look into the world, our part of it I mean, we shall find, I believe, few philosophers in business, or out of business, the greatest part of the men I have seen in business, perhaps all of them, have been so far from acting on philosophical principles, that is, on principles of reason and virtue, that they have not acted even on the highest principles of vice. I have not known a man of real ambition; a man who sacrificed all his passions, or made

them all subservient to that one; but I have known many, whose vanity and whose avarice mimicked ambition. The greatest part of the men I have seen out of business have been so far from practising philosophy, that they have lived in the world arrant triflers; or, retiring from it, have fallen into stupid indolence, and deserved such an inscription as Seneca mentions, in one of his letters to Lucilius, to have been put over the door of one Vattia: *Hic situs est Vattia*. But, for all this, I think that a man in business may practise philosophy as austere to himself, and more beneficially to mankind, than a man out of it. The Stoics were an affected, pedantical sect; but I have always approved that rule of the Postique, that a philosopher was not to except himself from the duties of society, neither in the community to which he particularly belonged, nor in the great community of mankind. Mencius, and his master Confucius, were strange metaphysicians, but they were good moralists, and they divided their doctrines into three parts; the duties of a man; of an individual, as a member of a family; and as a member of a state. In short, a man may be, many men have been, and some are, I believe, philosophers in business; he that can be so out of it, can be so in it.

But it is impossible to talk so much of philosophy, and forget to speak of Pope. He is actually rambling from one friend's house to another. He is now at Cirencester; he came thither

ther from my Lord Cobham's; he came to my Lord Cobham's from Mr Dormer's; to Mr Dormer's from London; to London from Chiswick; to Chiswick from my farm; to my farm from his own garden; and he goes soon from Lord Bathurst's to Lord Peterborow's; after which, he returns to my farm again. The dæmon of verse sticks close to him. He has been imitating the satire of Horace, which begins *Ambubaiarum Collegia pharmacopola*, &c. and has chose rather to weaken the images, than to hurt chaste ears overmuch. He has sent it me; but I shall keep his secret as he desires, and shall not, I think, return him the copy; for the rogue has fixed a ridicule upon me, which some events of my life, would seem perhaps to justify him in doing. I am glad you approve his Moral Essays. They will do more good than the sermons and writings of some, who had a mind to find a great fault with them. And if the doctrines taught, hinted at, and implied in them, and the trains of consequences deducible from these doctrines, were to be disputed in prose, I think he would have no reason to apprehend either the Freethinkers on one hand, or the narrow Dogmatists on the other. Some few things may be expressed a little hardly; but none are, I believe, unintelligible. I will let him know your complaints of his silence; which I wonder at the more, because he has often spoke in such a manner, as made me conclude you heard from him pretty regularly. Your compliments shall be paid likewise to the other friends you mention.

You

You complain of the vast alteration which the last seven years have made in you ; and do you believe that they have not made proportionable alterations in us ? Satisfy yourself they have. We all go the same road, and keep much the same stages. Let this consideration, therefore, not hinder you from coming amongst us. You shall ride, walk, trifle, meddle, chide, and be as ill-bred as you please ; and the indulgence you receive on those heads you shall return on these or others. Adieu.

I will speak to you about books next time I write, if I can recollect what I intend to say upon a passage in your letter ; or if any thing else, worth saying, comes into my head. Adieu, my friend.

L E T T E R DXCVI.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DE ARMIS TER DE AN,

June 28. 1734.

I EXPECTURE anser an da fullone abo ut mi monito de. Times a re veri de ad nota do it oras hi lingat almi e state. Mire se ver cannas vel res ad e villas a peni. Cursim I se fora prime minis ter. Cantu res a Sum at ab an cursu de an. Atri do. Uno mi de arde annuo me a gro at. Itis hi time tot hinc ope in it. I ama non est manicæ, ac nave is mi averfio ni de clare.

Ad unis at mi do ore fora Sum io on da nat
urnæ,

urnæ, ab umbelicum in at his ars, as redi as ac at is at amo use, ora rati se, orabat.

Iambicum as mutas a Statu; as lænas ara que; as de a fas an ad aris; as hæ a vi as an affis; as quær as a duc; ast emas alam; as de ad as ado or na ilis; as insipidas de ad vi negaries; ora potato in me. I re membri vas o na time as qui casa fleat a lædis belli; as meri as a Philli; as fullo pleas ac id; as fullo meretrix as ac it en is, oras ab a bodi na capis. I rite si miles use e; cantu ritum. Udi ne at urse de at mi o use. I vah belli fullo meato en ter tenus fit fora nil ordinis equi page. Uva stomachi me ope. Here is ab illo fare. Ago use. A paro dux. Sum sis his, as a paro soles. A paro places. A pud in. A fri casei. Arabit astu in. Neu pes. Neu beans. Alam pij fit fora minis ter o state. Acus tardis ast it ab it as at artis. Afri teris mi de lite. Mi liquor istoc que, it costus api Stola quarti a verrit. A quartos ac. Margo use claret as fine as a rubi. Graves. Lac rima Christi. Hoc. Cote rotæ. Sum Cyprus. As fine Sidera se ver Id runcat at averne.

Præbe specus a Superaturus. Sum mas par a gusto eat. Sum colli flo ures, ac ab age lætis fora Sal ad. Invita lædito ac cum pani ure vrens, nota præter, nota coquet. A grave matronis pro per fora grave de an, an da doctor, as das cole mas ter.

I ritu a verse o na molli o mi ne,
Asta lassâ me pole, a lædis o fine,

I ne ver neu at niso ne a in mi ni is,
 A manat a glans ora fito fer diis,
 De armo lis abuti hos face an hos nos is,
 As fer a fal illi, as reddas aro fis,
 Ac is o mi molli is almi de lite,
 Illo verbi de, an illo verbi nite.

I figo imus te cato tum an dumus trans ac ure
 pense exceptive illuc. I fi ple in gestitis fora
 negat eas ter. Notabit fora cardami, norabit
 fora di se i, as migranum has sed forti times.

I nono nues offa ni momento ritu buttabata
 ilis o ver at Dans sic. In Itali an in Germani
 merce nari es de fertum everi de. O ne gener
 alis de ad ac an non bul lit huc offis hæ ad. A
 fle et is præ par in for a se fite. Me ni Si
 eges ara carri in o nat his time.

Mi Magis as meri as an apis. Hæ do es se a
 quæ cur a quæ cur a cur. Hæ is caper in in ac
 age me do Sali. Abit ob re ad is gener ali his
 super ora livor offa lambis.

Miser visto alat o me, excuse mi has te; Fore
 ver an de ver ures.

TOMAS SER ID AN.

Afri de at en ac locat mi Studij.

LETTER

L E T T E R DXCVII.

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO DR SWIFT.

GOOD MR DEAN, *Dover-street, Aug. 1. 1734.*

IT is now so long since I have troubled you with a letter, that I am almost quite ashamed to do it now; but the truth of the case is this, I cannot be longer easy any further to defer my making my due acknowledgments to you in the best manner I can, for the many kind remembrances I have received from under your own hand, and your obliging notice of me in your letters to Mr Pope, &c. It was an extreme great pleasure to me to find that I still maintained a share in your thoughts that I was still worthy to receive your commands. I did my best; I did all that lay in my power to obey them; I wish there had been better success. I assure you this, that there is no person (I speak without excepting one) whose commands I would more readily obey than your's; I hope you will be so good as to indulge me, and make use of your power often: I value myself not a little upon this score, and you see here how easy it is for you to make one happy, which is more than can be said of —

I shall now take the liberty to talk to you a little upon family-affairs; and my encouragement to do it proceeds from this, that ever since I have been so fortunate to be acquainted with you, you have in the kindest manner always taken

ken a part in whatever fortune befel me or my family.

Indulge therefore the fondness of a father to detain you so long as to give a sincere friend some account of the completing a great work, the disposal of an only daughter in marriage, and in these times.

The whole affair was conducted with as much care and consideration as we were capable of: When we looked over and weighed the many offers that had been proposed to us, and what sort of creatures they were composed of, this person we have now chosen had the fairest and most unexceptionable character, and as his composition is the most unlike the generality of the young gentlemen of this age which you will think was no small ingredient towards our approbation of him; as I hope and long much to see you in England, I believe when you see the Duke * you will be pleased with him, and you will not disapprove of our choice; as he is free from the prevailing qualifications of the present set of young people of quality, such as gaming, sharpening, pilfering, lying, &c. &c. so on the contrary, he is endowed with qualifications they are strangers to; such as justice, honour, excellent temper both of mind and body, affability, living well with his own family; and the manner in which he proposed himself was what became a gentleman and a man of honour. Thus you see I have have given you a long account of this

* The late Duke of Portland.

this affair, and the reasons which induced us to consent to this match. I flatter myself that you will not be displeased with the account I have given you of the gentleman to whom we have given our daughter.

My wife and my daughter desire your acceptance of their humble service, with many wishes for the enjoyment of your health, and would be very glad to see you over here.

Mr Pope has been upon the ramble above these two months: he is now with my Lord Peterborough near Southampton, where he proposes to stay some time. This morning died Willis Bishop of Winchester; and is to be succeeded by Hoadley, and further I cannot say.

Pray, has Mr Jebb got any preferment? I was very glad to hear that he had a share in your good opinion: I hope he has done nothing to forfeit it. What has prevented Mr Faulkner from sending over your works? He promised to send them over the end of last May, at the farthest. I am, with true regard and esteem, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

OXFORD.

LETTER DXCVIII.

LADY HOWTH TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Kilfane, near Kilkenny, Aug. 15. 1734.*

TO shew you how much I covet your correspondence, I would not even give myself time to rest; for gratitude obliges me to return you thanks for all your favours, in particular your last, which quite cured me of my cold. I can, as yet, give you no account of this country, but that I have been mightily hurried, settling my little family. We all got safe here on Monday night; and this day was the fair of Bennet's Bridge, where I had two gentlemen on purpose to look out for a pad for you, but there was not one to be got; but if there be any such thing to be had as a good trotter, such a one as I know you like, I will have it. I don't know whether you will be as free in writing as you are in speaking; but I am sure, were I at your elbow when you read this, you would bid me go to a writing-school and a spelling-book. My lord joins me in begging you will accept of our best wishes; and hope you will believe me to be, what I really am, your affectionate friend, and humble servant,

LUCY HOWTH.

LETTER

L E T T E R DXCIX.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DR DAY AN,

Aug. 16. 1734.

EYE mash aimed off knott wry tin two yew
 bee four Butt may knee bees knees sees
 hind red sow Inn trick Kate eye cud knot. Ewer
 Ink ly nation Eye no two wards ewer fry ends
 Toby o therwife. Ha! view spoak a knee Prop
 hofe awl too Dock tore Cocks cymb Eye may
 Ann White comb a bout they Dean a wry off
 Kill mower a shit. I few heave, right two Their
 ever end Dock tore She rid Ann Inn cast ell Ham
 ill tunn knee are Kill ice and draw inn they
 Count eye Caw van. Eye a mag owing two Bell
 turbet two meet they ten Ants off Drum lean
 too race heave mow knee butt Eye fare Ice hall
 me taw a par sell off M T Pock heats. Cap tinn
 Ham ill tunn mad dumb Ham ill tunn Ann dye
 ware a beau tinn, Ann dye Ned inn a gaze ay
 beau a pun a past Eye maid off any Sun. Oui
 mun See your Ann very tea—Cant you right all
 a mode a France hay?

The upper part of this letter must be read by my mistress to you, who has a key for it, I mean her tongue; but you must have patience with her, for she cannot see well without spectacles; and when she has them on she cannot read well; and when she does read, she cannot speak well, as having an impediment in her speech, which

was occasioned by a fright in the nursery. A little before I go to Dublin I intend to kill a buck, and send you some of it. Mr Hamilton has promised me that favour. He has the best and fattest venison I ever tasted; the finest boat, and the finest situation, and the finest house, and the finest hall, and the finest wife and children, and the finest way of living, I ever met. You live in Dublin among a parcel of rabble; I live at Castle-Hamilton among gentlemen and ladies: You live upon chafed mutton, I live upon venison: You drink Benicarlo wine, I drink right French Margoux: You hear nothing but noise; with ravishing music my ears are delighted. If you were here you would never go back again. I fancy that I never shall; and that I shall be able soon to keep my coach, and to bring you down into this elysium, which is both my taste and my choice.

Pouvoir choisir, et choisir le meilleur, ce sont deu avantages qu'a le bon gout. C'est donc un des plus grands dons du ciel d'être né homme de bon choix. And to give you a sample of my good choice, I chuse to end with this French maxim, having no more to write, but my love to my mistress, and service to all friends. Eye am ewers to the day of judgment,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER

L E T T E R D C.

TO THE DUKE OF CHANDOIS.

MY LORD,

Aug. 31. 1734.

ALTHOUGH I have long ago had the honour to be an old humble servant to your Grace, yet I do not remember to have ever written you a letter, at least since her Majesty's death. - For this reason, your Grace will reasonably wonder to find a man, wholly forgotten, begin a commerce by making a request. For which I can offer no other excuse, than that frequent application to me, by many worthy and learned persons of this city and kingdom; who having heard that I was not unknown to you, seldom failed any opportunity of pressing me to solicit your Grace, of whose generous nature fame has well informed them, to make a present of those ancient records, in paper or parchment, which relate to this kingdom, that were formerly collected, as we have heard, by the late Earl of Clarendon, during his government here, and are now in your Grace's possession. They can be of no use in England, and the sight of them will be of little value to foreign virtuosi; and they naturally belong to this poor kingdom. I could wish they were of great intrinsic value, so as to be sold on the Exchange for 1000 l. because you would then part with them at the first hint, merely to gratify your darling passion of genero-

fity and munificence: And yet, since they are only valuable in the place of their birth, like the rest of our natives, I hope you will be prevailed on to part with them, at the humble request of many very deserving persons in this city and university. In return for which bounty, the memory of it shall be preserved in that honourable manner, which so generous a patron of learning as your Grace will certainly be pleased with. And, at their request alone, I desire your compliance, without the least mention of myself as any way instrumental.

I intreat your Grace's pardon for this interruption, and remain, with the greatest respect,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's, &c.

LETTER DCI.

MRS PENDARVES TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Little Brook-street, Sept. 9. 1734.

I FIND your correspondence is like the singing of the nightingale; no birds sing so sweetly, but the pleasure is quickly past; a month or two of harmony, and then we lose it till next spring: I wish your favours may as certainly return. I am at this time, not only deprived of your letters, but of all other means of inquiring after your health, your friends and my correspondents being dispersed to their summer-quarters, and

and know as little of you as I do. I have not forgot one mortifying article on this occasion ; and if your design in neglecting me was to humble me, it has taken effect : Could I find out the means of being revenged, I would most certainly put it in execution ; but I have only the malice of an incensed neglected woman, without the power of returning it. The last letter I writ to you was from Gloucester, about a twelvemonth ago ; after that I went to Long-Leat to my Lady Weymouth ; came to town in January, where I have remained ever since, except a few weeks I spent at Sir John Stanley's at North-end, the Delville of this part of the world. I hope Naboth's Vineyard flourishes : It always has my good wishes, though I am not near enough to partake of its fruits. The town is now empty, and, by most people, called dull : To me it is just agreeable, for I have most of my particular friends in town, and my superfluous acquaintance I can very well spare. My Lord Carteret is at Hawnes ; my Lady Carteret is in town, nursing my Lady Dyfart, who is brought to-bed of a very fine son, and in hopes of my Lady Weymouth's being soon under the same circumstances. I have not seen my Lord Bathurst since I was at his house in Gloucestershire ; that's a mischief I believe you have produced ; for as long as I could entertain him with an account of his friend the Dean, he was glad to see me ; but lately we have been great strangers. Mrs Donnellan sometimes talks of making a winter's visit

visit to Dublin, and has vanity enough to think you are one of those that will treat her kindly: Her loss to me will be irreparable, besides the mortification it will be to me to have her go to a place where I should so gladly accompany her. I know she will be just, and tell the reasons why I could not, this year, take such a progress. After having forced myself into your company, it will be impertinent to make you a longer visit, and destroy the intention of it; which was only to assure you of my being, Sir, your most faithful, and obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

L E T T E R DCH.

PICKLE-HERRING TO MR FAULKNER *.

SIRHA †,

AREN'T you the rascal that makes so free with my family? — Had you once recollected that, graceless and despised as he is, that same serjeant Kite ‡ was my brother, and however marr'd in the making, was born to be as great a man as myself. Had you thought with what

* Endorsed by Dr Swift, "An excellent droll paper."

† This humorous letter, although addressed to Mr Faulkner, was ultimately designed for the entertainment of Dr Swift.

‡ Bettlesworth, serjeant at law, whose character is well known for the assault he made upon Dr Swift in the year 1733, was frequently persecuted by the young poets, under the name of Serjeant Kite.

what vengeance a man in my high station can espouse any one's quarrel, and especially that of a sinking brother, durst you presume to run these lengths? — Mark what I am going to say; bitter is the sorrow, hot, sour, and cutting is the sauce you are to taste after your merry conceits on my poor brother; and what mortal can expect better that meddles with the very worst of the family of the Pickles? — Recollect at last, and tremble! Whom hast thou offended and stirred up to wrath, thou little pitiful swad? — More would I say to thee, but that I take thee right, I look upon thee only as the foul pipe through which the filth and nastiness of a whole nation is squirted in the teeth of my unfortunate brother, the unlucky graceless dog, that has brought all this on himself; but alas, my brother! — But, however provoked, are your scribbling spit-fires never to be satisfied? One should think that, by this time, if the poor soul had not enough, they certainly had: Is it not sufficient for them to see a man of learning and law, and a man of singular inimitable eloquence, a man of unparell'd graceful action, a man of unspeakable, inconceivable, truth, justice, and sincerity, exemplary religion, strict virtue, nice honour, and sterling worth in general, past finding out? I say, is it not sufficient to see a luminary like this now shining in meridian lustre, but anon set for ever in a puddly cloud? Is it not sufficient to see him so unmasked and stigmatized, that he can be no longer a tool even for a court-sharper,

sharper, and (what's worst of all for him) no longer to be in pay with them! Is it not sufficient to see his poor skull (God help it!) incurably bumped and bulged by that damnable bounce of his against the pulpit-cornish? Is it not sufficient to see with what pain and shame he wriggles along by that confounded splinter of the bar, he lately got thrust into his a——, and which has left him a running sore to his dying day? Is it not sufficient to see him, all the last term, walk about in merry sadness an idle spectator in the courts, where he was not retained even for his most noted talent of dirt-flinger?——O you swarms of green counsels and attorneys! I wonder not to see you posted about Idler's Corner, looking sharp, as dinnerless men, for a lucky pop on a client; but why, oh! why should this ever be the case of my hapless brother! O Fortune, Fortune, cruel are thy sports!——Is it not sufficient to see him doubly tormented in putting a good countenance on treatment, which is inwardly gnawing and consuming him? In which state his whole comfort is, that, for half a score years at least, his conscience could never upbraid him: Oh the comfort of an easy conscience!——Is it not sufficient to see him at Ballyspellan, and every where he goes, the common butt of gibe, wink, and titter? Is it not sufficient, that after what has been flying about since he left it, he knows not how to shew his face in town, nor how to stand the infinite mortifications he is to meet with this winter?

winter? Is it not sufficient that, as his case stands, it is the serjeant-against all the world, and all the world against the serjeant? Wretched case, when a creature has not even the cheap relief of common pity! And is not all this sufficient? No, the virulent crew tell me, that as long as the terrible tumour in his breast continues hard, the caustick and corrosive must be ply'd, and that none but injudicious quacks would talk of emollients and lenitives, until some at least of the corrupt and foetid matter is discharged. In short, they tell me, that as long as the cause remains, and the world likes the operations, the cure must go on the same way. Well, go on, ye scoundrels, go on! and make him as wretched and contemptible as you can! and when you have done your worst, I'll make a provision for him that shall alarm you all; shall make some burst with envy, and others to look on him with a merry face, whom so long they beheld with hatred and derision.

To keep neither him nor the world longer in suspense, know ye, that I will take him home to myself, and after a little of my tutoring, not a turn in his intellects, expression, or action, (which now are the subjects of satire), that shall not soon become matter of high panegyric. O ye dogs you, I'll set him over all your heads! I'll advance him to a place of performance, which he was born for, and which (however he thought of it all the while) he was not ill-bred to: And there he is sure to meet with the honour and applause

plause he might in vain expect on any other stage.——

As for your part, little pert whipper-snapper, Faulkner, is it base fear, or is it unsufferable vanity in you to talk of correction from the hands of my brother? Had you been any thing above the sorry remnant of a man, you might perhaps come in for the honour of a gentle drubbing; but a little rascal, that has already one leg in the grave, what satisfaction or credit would it be to him to beat thee abominably, or even slay thee outright? No, but, Sirrah, if our brother Dr Anthony * were alive,——rot you, in spite of your rascally Keven-Bail, and your scribbling janniffaries, he should set up his wheel just before your door, and on his pole, thrust up your fundament, he should twirl you about till your brains tumbled down into the hollow of your wooden shin-bone, and till all the bones in your skin rattled and snapped like pipe-stoppers in a bladder. Take that from your sworn and mortal enemy,
PICKLE-HERRING.

LETTER

* A whimsical odd kind of a man, who had abundance of low humour, and frequently used to entertain the school-boys and populace with his harangues and pleasantries, mounted upon a ladder in some corner of a street. He died about eight or ten years before the date of this letter.

L E T T E R DCIII.

SIR WILLIAM FOWNES TO DR SWIFT *.

SIR,

THERE are a sort of gentlemen, who, after great labour and cost, have at last found out, that two dishes of meat will not cost half so much as five or six, and yet answer the end of filling the bellies of as many as usually fed upon the five or six.

I have considered that a like sort of reduction in other articles may have the like proportion of good effect: As for instance, when any one bespeaks a pair of shoes, a pair of stockings, or a pair of gloves, they should bespeak a pair and a half of each, and make use of these turn about: I am very confident they will answer the end of two pair; by which good management a quarter part of the expence in those articles may be saved. Perhaps it may be objected, that this is a spoiling of trade; to which I answer, that when the makers of those sorts of ware shall reduce their rates a quarter part (instead of enhancing them, as has been done in some late years unreasonably) and now ought to be reduced, according to the rates of wool and leather;

Then it may be reasonable to bespeak two pair instead of a pair and a half.

VOL. XVII.

O

Another

* Endorsed, "A humorous project."

Another objection may be started as to gloves, with a query, which of the hands shall be obliged with two gloves? To this I answer, That generally the left hand is used but seldom, and not exposed, as the other, to many offices; one of which, in particular, is the handing of ladies. For these reasons, two gloves ought to be granted to the right hand.

There are many other frugal improvements, which, as soon as I have discoursed Thomas Turner the Quaker, who is now upon finding out the longitude, and farther improving the latitude, I shall be able to demonstrate what sort of meat, and the joints, will best answer this frugal scheme, as likewise in cloathing, and other parts of good œconomy; and they shall be communicated to you by, Sir, your most humble servant,

PHILOMÆ.

From my observatory in the Parliament-house, }
Oct. 18. 1734.

L E T T E R DCIV.

Sept. 15. 1734.

I HAVE ever thought you as sensible, as any man I knew, of all the delicacies of friendship; and yet I fear (from what Lord B. tells me you said in your last letter) that you did not quite understand the reason of my late silence. I assure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindness

ness I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it; and you are now the man in all the world I am most troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left whom I am most grieved about. Death has not done worse to me in separating poor Gay, or any other, than disease and absence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do; since most accounts I have give me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would see you; and yet, if I found you in that very condition of deafness, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing often, I should find great relief, could we write freely; and yet when I have done so, you seem, by not answering in a very long time, to feel either the same uneasiness as I do, or to abstain, from some prudential reason. Yet I am sure, nothing that you and I would say to each other, (though our whole souls were to be laid open to the clerks of the post-office), could hurt either of us so much, in the opinion of any honest man or good subject, as the intervening, officious impertinence of those goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name; and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of justifying you against these friends, especially those who know all you think and write, and repeat your slighter verses. It is

generally on such little scraps that wittlings feed; and 'tis hard the world should judge of our house-keeping from what we fling to our dogs; yet this is often the consequence. But they treat you still worse, mix their own with your's, print them to get money, and and lay them at your door. This I am satisfied was the case in the epistle to a lady. It was just the same hand (if I have any judgment in style) which printed your life and character before, which you so strongly disavowed in your letters to Lord Carteret, myself, and others. I was very well informed of another fact, which convinced me yet more: The same person who gave this to be printed, offered to a bookseller a piece in prose as your's, and as commissioned by you, which has since appeared, and been owned to be his own. I think (I say once more) that I know your hand, though you did not mine in the Essay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I should, had you been in England: But no secret can cross your Irish sea, and every clerk in the post-office had known it. I fancy, though you lost sight of me in the first of those essays, you saw me in the second. The design of concealing myself was good, and had its full effect. I was thought a divine, a philosopher, and what not; and my doctrine had a sanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the same grave march like Lucretius, or must descend to the gaieties of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either: But be the future as it will, I shall

shall collect all the past in one fair quarto this winter, and send it to you, where you will find frequent mention of yourself. I was glad you suffered your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland; I wish it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others: Your's are beauties that can never be too finely drest, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you: Do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a philosopher, till I pull it off, and make a jest of it myself. It is just what my Lord B. is doing with metaphysics. I hope you will live to see and stare at the learned figure he will make on the same shelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You see how I talk to you, (for this is not writing). If you like I should do so, why not tell me so? If it be the least pleasure to you, I will write once a-week most gladly: But can you abstract the letters from the person who writes them, so far as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our separation, and those misfortunes which occasion it, than satisfaction in the nothings he can express? If you can, really and from my heart I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray, however, tell me, is it a satisfaction? That will make it one to me; and we will think alive, as friends ought, and you shall hear from me punctually just when you will.

P. S. Our friend, who has just returned from

a progress of three months, and is setting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will stay till towards the middle of October, left this letter with me yesterday, and I cannot seal and dispatch it, till I have scribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompously on my metaphysics, and places them in a very honourable station. It is true, I have writ six letters and an half to him on subjects of that kind; and I propose a letter and an half more, which would swell the whole up to a considerable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the name of an author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends, have seen them, *satis magnum theatrum mihi estis*, I shall not have the itch of making them more public*. I know how little regard you pay to writings of this kind. But I imagine, that if you can like any such, it must be those that strip metaphysics of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well-constituted eye, and never bewilder themselves whilst they pretend to guide the reason of others. I writ to you a long letter some time ago, and sent it by the post. Did it come to your hands? or did the inspectors of private correspondence stop it, to revenge themselves of the ill said of them in it? *Vale, et me ama.*

LETTER

* As Lord B. (Let. 49.) tells us, they shew that all our metaphysical theology is ridiculous and abominable.

L E T T E R DCV.

DR ABUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT.

Hampstead, Oct. 4. 1734.

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,

YOU have no reason to put me amongst the rest of your forgetful friends ; for I wrote two long letters to you, to which I never received one word of answer. The first was about your health ; the last I sent a great while ago, by one De La Mar. I can assure you, with great truth, that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart towards you than myself. I am going out of this troublesome world, and you, amongst the rest of my friends, shall have my last prayers, and good wishes.

The young man whom you recommended came to this place, and I promised to do him what service my ill state of health would permit. I came out to this place so reduced by a dropfy and an asthma, that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, or move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride, (which I had forborn for some years, because of bloody water), I recovered my strength to a pretty considerable degree, slept, and had my stomach again ; but I expect the return of my symptoms upon my return to London, and the return of the winter. I am not in circumstances
to

to live an idle country-life; and no man, at my age, ever recovered of such a disease, further than by an abatement of the symptoms. What I did, I can assure you, was not for life, but ease. For I am, at present, in the case of a man that was almost in harbour, and then blown back to sea; who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place, and an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular disgust at the world; for I have as great comfort in my own family, and from the kindness of my friends, as any man; but the world, in the main, displeaseth me; and I have too true a presentiment of calamities, that are like to befall my country. However, if I should have the happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual chearfulness. I cannot imagine why you are frightened from a journey to England. The reasons you assign, I am sure, are not sufficient; the journey, I am sure, will do you good. In general, I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

My family give you their love and service. The great loss I sustained in one of them, gave me my first shock; and the trouble I have with the rest, to bring them to a good temper, to bear the loss of a father who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world.

I shall, to the last moment *, preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour for all that is in the world. This world is not worth the least deviation from that way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes; for none can be with more sincerity than I am, my dear friend, your most faithful friend and humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

L E T T E R DCVI.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Nov. 1. 1734.

I HAVE your's with my Lord B——'s postscript, of Sept. 15. It was long on its way; and for some weeks after the date, I was very ill with my two inveterate disorders, giddiness and deafness. The latter is pretty well off; but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much dispirits me. But I continue to ride and walk; both of which, although they be no cures; are at least amusements. I did never imagine you to be either inconstant, or to want right notions of friendship: But I apprehend your want of health; and it hath been a frequent wonder to me, how you have been able to entertain the world so long, so frequently, so happily, under so many
bodily

* Dr Arbuthnott died in March, 1734-5.

bodily disorders. My Lord B. says you have been three months rambling, which is the best thing you can possibly do in a summer-season; and when the winter recalls you, we will, for our own interests, leave you to your speculations. God be thanked, I have done with every thing, and of every kind that requires writing, except now and then a letter; or, like a true old man, scribbling trifles only fit for children or school-boys of the lowest class at best, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and burn to-morrow. Yet, what is singular, I never am without some great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the most vigorous healthy man; altho' I am convinced, that I shall never be able to finish three treatises that have lain by me several years, and want nothing but correction. My Lord B. said in his postscript that you would go to Bath in three days. We since heard that you were dangerously ill there, and that the new-mongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath, assured me he left you well; and so did some others, whom I have forgot. I am sorry at my heart, that you are pestered with people who come in my name; and I profess to you, it is without my knowledge. I am confident I shall hardly ever have occasion again to recommend; for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the freehold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your Essay on Man; and I would lay any odds, that I would
never

never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below, or beside yourself, on purpose. I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science, from any one head. I confess in some few places I was forced to read twice. I believe I told you before what the Duke of D—— said to me on that occasion, how a judge here, who knows you, told him, that, on the first reading those essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark: On the second most of them cleared up, and his pleasure increased: On the third he had no doubt remained; and then he admired the whole. My Lord B——'s attempt of reducing metaphysics to intelligible sense and usefulness, will be a glorious undertaking; and as I never knew him fail in any thing he attempted, if he had the sole management, so I am confident he will succeed in this. I desire you will allow that I write to you both at present; and so I shall while I live. It saves your money and my time; and he being your genius, no matter to which it is addressed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwise, between the weakness of my eyes, and the thickness of my hearing, I should lose the greatest pleasure that is left me. Pray command my Lord B—— to follow that example, if I live to read his metaphysics. Pray God bless you both. I had a melancholy account
from

from the Doctor of his health. I will answer his letter as soon as I can. I am ever entirely your's.

L E T T E R DCVII.

THE REV. MARMADUKE PHILIPS TO DR
SWIFT.

SIR, *Marston, in Somersetshire, Nov. 2. 1734.*

YOU may be assured that I should not have denied myself so long the pleasure of that great privilege and favour you allowed me at our parting, of corresponding with you whilst I staid in England, but that I waited to give some account of the success of your kindly and friendly negociations for me in the letter that you were so good to give me to Lord Orrery, and that I could not do before this week; for though I delivered my credentials to his Lordship near a month ago, yet we did not talk over the affair till very lately; for as I thought it my duty to wait his time and leisure, I did not press him for an answer; and as I have all the reason in the world to imagine, from the many friendly offices you have done me, that you would rejoice at any good that may befall me; so I can at length tell you, that it was as favourable as I could well wish for, considering every thing and circumstance attending that affair; for it seems the scheme in relation to Mr Taylor's giving my mother

ther and me so much money for our good will in the lease, can never take place, for many very good reasons his Lordship gave me, which are too tedious now to trouble you with ; and therefore he only told me in general terms, that as he thought our case a little hard and severe, somewhat or other at the expiration of the lease must be done for me, but in what manner it was not possible for him yet to say ; which surely was as much as any conscionable and reasonable man (and God forbid that I should ever prove otherwise) could expect : In short, his kind reception of me at Marston, and the handsome manner he has behaved himself towards me in every particular since I came to him, has been like Lord Orery himself : And now to whom must I attribute all this, not to any merit or conduct of my own, for I am conscious of none, but to the worthy Dean of St Patrick's, who takes delight in doing all the good he can to those who have the invaluable happiness and honour of being acquainted with him ; and therefore what a monster of ingratitude should I be not to acknowledge the channel, through which this intended bounty of his Lordship is to flow to me, let it be more or less ? No ; *agnosco fontem* ; for, without controversy, you have been the means of bringing all this about : For which I shall say no more, (being but bitter bad at making speeches), but the Lord reward you, and to assure you, good Sir, that this your act of friendship *manet et manebit alta mente repositum*. His Lordship told me that

he would answer your letter very soon; and as his pen and head infinitely transcend mine, it is likely you will have then a clear and better account of this matter than I can possibly give you.

I have been under an unspeakable concern at an account I lately saw from Ireland of a return of your old disorders of giddiness and deafness; but I still flatter myself that it is not so bad with you as my fears have represented it, which makes me long impatiently to hear how you really are; but I am in hopes your usual *medicina gymnastica* will carry it all off; if it does not, more the pity say I; and so will all say, I am confident, that know you; but surely ten thousand times more pity is it that you are not like one of Gulliver's Struldbrugs, immortal: But alas! that cannot be, such is the condition of miserable man; which puts me often in mind of the following lines I have somewhere or other met with, which I apply now and then to myself, by way of cordial.

What's past we know, and what's to come
must be,

Or good or bad, is much the same to me;

Since death must end my joy or misery,

Fix'd be my thoughts on immortality.

But hold! I believe I begin to preach; and 'tis well if you don't think by this time that I imagine myself in Rathenny * pulpit instead of writing

* Mr Philips's benefice about three miles from Dublin.

writing a letter to the Dean; and therefore I forbear.

I know writing in your present circumstances must be so very troublesome and uneasy to you, that I am not quite so unreasonable as to expect it from you; but whenever your health permits you, it will be an infinite pleasure and satisfaction to me to hear from you; and the safest way of sending a letter to me will be under cover to Lord Orrery, at Marston, near Froome in Somersetshire. I shall trouble you, Sir, with my compliments to my very good friends and neighbours Lady Acheson and her mother, for whom I have a very real esteem and value, and also to Dr Hefsham and his Lady, and with my very affectionate love and service to all my Sunday companions at the deanry *.

I have no novelties to entertain you with from hence; for here we lead a very retired and perfectly rural life: but when I get to London, (which I believe will not be till after Christmas, because as I am within ten or a dozen miles of Bath, I have some thoughts of making a trip thither, and try what good those waters will do me), you may depend upon having an account of what passes in the political and learned world that is possible for me to come at and convey to you, and I hope to be then honoured with all

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your

† It was customary for the Doctor's friends and acquaintance to visit him on Sunday afternoons, and spend the evening with him; so that every one, who was at leisure to go there, was sure of meeting variety of good company.

your commissions and commands in that place ;
for I wish for nothing more than an opportunity of shewing with how much gratitude and true esteem for all your favours, I am, Sir, your most obedient and much obliged humble servant,

MARMADUKE PHILIPS.

I have seen your friend Mr Cope at Bath, and she desired me to send her compliments to you.

L E T T E R DCVIII.

LADY B ——— G ——— TO DR SWIFT.

London, Nov 7. 1734.

DON'T accuse me of forsaking you : Indeed it is not the least in my thoughts ; but I heard you were ill, and I had no letter from you, so doubted being troublesome. I was, about two months ago, at my own house, and had my Duke and Dutchess with me. The rest of my time was divided between Lord President * and Knoles. I have now left their Graces in the country, where I hope they will not stay long ; for she has been very ill, though now recovered.

I am always more frightful when my friends are sick there, because there is neither physician nor physician that's good for any thing. Indeed, I cannot answer whether your Lord Lieutenant will be the same or not. All that I can say is, that if he asks my consent for it, he shall not have

* Spencer Earl of Wilmington.

have it. I have no acquaintance with the Duke of Chandois, nor I believe has the Duke of Dorset much. And to be sure it would be to no purpose to ask him for those records * again, because, if he would have parted with them, he would have done it on your asking. And whether it be useful, or not just to him, yet few people would care to part with what must enhance the value of their libraries; but if he succeeds the Duke of Dorset, then for certain he will be easily persuaded to make a compliment of them to the kingdom. Your friend Dr Arbuthnott, I hear, is out of order again. I have not seen him lately, and I fear he is in a very declining way. I fancy it would be prodigiously good for your health to come to England, which would be a great pleasure to your most sincere old friend and humble servant.

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LETTER

* These records were manuscripts relating to the history of Ireland, which had been collected by Sir James Ware, before, after, and during the troubles of 1641. When Lord Clarendon was Lord Lieutenant, in 1686, he got these manuscripts from the heir of Sir James, and brought them into England. After Lord Clarendon's death, they were sold to the Duke of Chandois. The catalogue of them was printed in 1697, in the large folio catalogue of all the libraries both in England and Ireland; and the Dean having read that account of them, was very desirous to procure them for public use. See a letter written by the Dean to the Duke of Chandois, soliciting his Grace to present them to the public library at Dublin, in the volumes published by Mr Deane Swift.

LETTER DCIX.

MRS PENDARVES TO DR SWIFT.

St Mary's-Square, Glocester, Nov. 20. 1734.

SIR,

I AM truly concerned at your having been so much out of order: I most heartily wish you constant health and happiness, though that's of little use to you, and only serves to do honour to myself, by shewing I know how to prize what is valuable.

I should have returned you thanks much sooner for the favour of your last letter; but when I received it I was preparing for my journey hither, and have ever since had so great a disorder in one of my eyes, that till this moment I have not been able to make my acknowledgments to you. I wonder you should be at a loss for a reason for my writing to you; we all love honour and pleasure: Were your letters dull, do you imagine my vanity would not be fond of corresponding with the Dean of St Patrick's? But the last reason you give I like best, and will stick by, which is, that I am a more constant nymph than all your goddesses of much longer acquaintance; and furthermore, I venture to promise you are in no danger of receiving a Boutade, if that depends on my will. As for those fasting days
you

you talk of *, they are, I confess, alluring baits; and I should certainly have been with you in three packets, according to your commands, could I either fly or swim: But I am a heavy lump, destined for a few years to this earthly element, and can't move about, without the concurrent assistance of several animals that are very expensive.

Now for business: As soon as I received your letter, I went to your brother Lansdown, and spoke to him about the Duke of Chandos. He desired me to make his compliments to you, and to tell you he was very sorry he could be of no service to you in that affair; but he has had no manner of correspondence, or even acquaintance, with the Duke these fifteen years. I have put it however into hands that will peruse it diligently, and I hope to obtain for you what you desire; if they do not succeed, you must not call me negligent; for whatever lies in my power to serve you, is of too much consequence for me to neglect.

I have left my good friend, and your humble servant, Mrs Donnellan, behind me in London, where she meets with little entertainment suitable to her understanding; and she is a much fitter companion for the Dublin Thursday Society than for the trifling company she is now engaged in; and I wish you had her with you, (since I can't have her), because I know she would
be

* *i. e.* Dining upon two or three dishes at the deanry; which, in comparison of magnificent tables, the Doctor used to call fasting.

be happier than where she is; and my wish I think no bad one for you. Neither my eyes nor paper will hold out any longer. I am, Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all your friends.

LETTER DCX.

MR JARVIS * TO DR SWIFT.

Hampton, Nov. 24. 1734.

DEAR MR DEAN,

YOU can hardly imagine how rejoiced I am at finding my old friend the Bishop of Worcester †, so hale at 83-4! No complaint; he does but begin to stoop, and I am forced myself, every now and then, to awaken myself to walk tolerably upright, famous as I was lately for a wight of uncommon vigour, and, consequently, spirits to spare. If ever I see Dublin again, and your Teague escapes hanging so long, I will myself truce him for non-admittance, when you were in a conversable condition. I am sure the Lady will send you Mr Connolly's picture with pleasure, when I tell her you expect it. Our friend Pope is off and on, here and there, every where and no where, *a son ordinaire*; and therefore as well as we can hope, for a carcass
so

* A celebrated painter, and contemporary with Sir Godfrey Kneller.

† Dr John Hough, Bishop of Worcester.

so crazy. He assures me, he has done his duty in writing frequently to the Dean, because he is sure it gives you some amusement, as he is rejoiced at all your's; therefore you must write away. Upon inquiry, I learn that exercise is the best medicine for giddiness. Penny made Mrs Pendarves happy with a print of your's, and I do not fail to distribute them to all your well-wishers. I am, dear Dean, your's most affectionately,

CHA. JARVIS.

I held out bravely the three weeks fog, &c. and am very well.

L E T T E R DCXI.

Twickenham, Dec. 19. 1734.

I AM truly sorry for any complaint you have; and it is in regard to the weakness of your eyes that I write (as well as print) in folio. You'll think, (I know you will, for you have all the candour of a good understanding), that the thing, which men of our age feel the most, is the friendship of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects those who are steep a few years before us, cannot but sensibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory; and if I am in any part of my constitution younger than you, it will be in my remembering every thing that has pleased me in you,

you, longer than perhaps you will. The two summers we passed together dwell always on my mind, like a vision which gave me a glimpse of a better life and better company, than this world otherwise afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will, if the wretched carcass I am annexed to did not hinder me. I rambled, by very easy journeys, this year to Lord Bathurst and Lord Peterborow, who, upon every occasion, commemorate, love, and wish for you. I now pass my days between Doyley, London, and this place; not studious nor idle, rather polishing old works than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that hath been abandoned several years; and of this sort you'll soon see one, which I inscribe to our old friend Arbuthnott.

Thus far I had written; and thinking to finish my letter the same evening, was prevented by company; and the next morning found myself in a fever, highly disordered, and so continued in bed for five days, and in my chamber till now; but so well recovered as to hope to go abroad to-morrow, even by the advice of Dr Arbuthnott. He himself, poor man, is much broke, though not worse than for these two last months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wish to God we could once meet again, before that separation, which yet, I would be glad to believe, shall re-unite us. But he who made us, not for ours, but his purposes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worse, that the affections

affections of this life should, or should not continue into the other: And doubtless it is as it should be. Yet I am sure, that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I shall be imperfect without the communication of such friends as you. You are to me like a limb lost, and buried in another country. Though we seem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me. I always consider you so much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much; but it is as much as I would desire you would do to me. However, if I could inspirit you to bestow correction upon those three treatises, which you say are so near completed, I should think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almost at the end of my morals, as I have been long ago of my wit. My system is a short one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits; and that is a sphere in which you may move on to eternity: But where one is confined to truth, (or, to speak more like a human creature, to the appearances of truth), we soon find the shortness of our tether. Indeed, by the help of a metaphysical chain of ideas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progress beyond the point to which Providence has pinned us. But this does not satisfy me, who would rather say a little to no purpose, than a great deal. Lord B. is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to destroy volumes. I shall not live, I fear, to see that work
printed.

printed. He is so taken up still (in spite of the monitory hint given in the first line of my essay) with particular men, that he neglects mankind, and is still a creature of this world, not of the universe; this world, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the court, to the castle, and so diminishing till it comes to our own affairs, and to our own persons. When you write either to him or to me, (for we accept it all as one), rebuke him for it; as divine, if you like it; or as a badineur, if you think that more effectual.

What I write will shew that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath, but I did not know him; and every body that comes from Ireland pretends to be a friend of the Dean's. I am always glad to see any that are truly so; and therefore do not mistake any thing I said, so as to discourage your sending any such to me. Adieu.

L E T T E R DCXII.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SOAR,

Dec. 25. 1734.

EYE ray mice elf too May jor Par rots yes
 stair day morn in Two mete they ten ants
 off Drum lean, two pea me sum Mow knee dew
 of Michael Mafs and March Gale. Eye sup hofe
 Eye shall race have a bout to hun dread pounds,

or

or they raw bouts. Eye am fore Eye two here ewer health is knot bet her. Eye wood heave yew take fum ray maid Eyes first, and then go in ash hays two week low, where Eye do you will bee as well come as a knee i * in ire land. Yew no eye promiss said too right yew a Nun inn tell liege eye bell Let her. He writ is. Eye main als crop off it.

Duglidge gravelfon meltronimon bagaron re-sonsa fore monra pe nos fatas epronfa car filomen fezindo crapenter forami dansa prezina mentre foga ni son im contra ferez imilo fsik mitigan nastico dna cisa melifnot dlora calica doen ap fagen gefonda refilo namis fendo.

I suppose by this time those last six lines have given you amusement enough; and to put you from farther labour, I tell you honestly, that they have no meaning at all. So let them pass for a Christmas trick—But I desire that Doctor Hellsam, and some other friends may take a turn at them; for it is not reasonable that you should be at all the trouble.

Mr Hamilton is glad the venison got safe to you; it was carried by a County-Cavan man in the 75th year of his age, who went off on Wednesday morning, was back with us on Saturday night, in all 104 miles.—He was much affronted that a young fellow was proposed for the expedition.—There's a County-Cavan man for you.

As for myself, I am grown thirty years young-

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er,

* i. e. One.

er, by no other method than eating, drinking, and breathing freely in this Elysium of the universe. Happy will it be for you (if I misjudge not, and very seldom I do, as you yourself can witness, who have known me above sixteen years, and I believe a little more, if my memory fails me not, as I have no reason to think it does; for I do not find it in the least impaired) to convey yourself into the finest apartment of our Elysium, I mean to Castle-Hamilton, where you will find a most hearty welcome, and all the delights this world can give.—But you must take me along with you.——

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to hear that your innocent subjects of the Keven-Bayl * escaped the gallows, in spite of Bettisworth † and all his add hayrents.—If he were to make them a holiday, it should make one for me and my boys likewise.

Sunday we had a very hard frost—Yesterday morning fair—The afternoon, all night, and this morning to ten, was rain—Now fair again, but lowering.

We are just now going to dinner at Captain Perotts, where your health is never omitted, both as Dean and Drapier—I forgot to tell you that

* Dr Swift used to call the people who lived in the liberty of St Patricks his subjects: and without dispute they would have fought up to their knees in blood for him.

† The right spelling of this name is Bettisworth, constantly pronounced as a word of two syllables, until some poems had come out against him, and then Bettisworth affected to pronounce it as three syllables, to which this spelling by Dr Sheridan alludes.

that there is a Drapier's Club fixt in Caven of about thirty good fighting fellows : from whence I remark you have the heart of Ireland. Vid. Grierfon's new map—There is another Caven-Bayl for you.

I have no more to trouble you with, but my good wishes for your long health and happiness. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

If you go out of town before I return, leave the key of your strong box with Jane *, that I may put my money among your's.

L E T T E R DCXIII.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

MY LORD,

January 14. 1734-5.

I AM assured that your Grace will have several representations of an affair relating to the university here, from some very considerable persons in this kingdom. However, I could not refuse the application made me by a very worthy person of that Society, who was commissioned by some principal members of the body, to desire my good offices to your Grace ; because they believed you thought me an honest man, and be-

Q 2

cause

* Dr Swift's cook-maid.

cause I had the honour to be known to you from your early youth. The matter of their request related wholly to a dreaded apprehension they lie under, of Dr Whitcomb's endeavour to procure a dispensation for holding his fellowship along with that church-preferment bestowed on him by your Grace. The person sent to me on this message, gave me a written paper, containing the reasons why they hope your Grace will not be prevailed upon to grant such a dispensation. I presume to send you an abstract of these reasons; because I may boldly assure your Grace, that party or faction have not the least concern in the whole affair; and as to myself, it happens that I am an entire stranger to Dr Whitcomb.

It is alledged that this preferment given to the Doctor consists of a very large parish, worth near six hundred pounds a-year, in a very fine country, thirty miles from Dublin: That it abounds very much with Papists, and consequently a most important cure, requiring the Rector's residence, besides some other assistant; which, being so rich, it might well afford.

That as to such dispensations, they find in their college-books but three or four instances since the Revolution, and these in cases very different from the present. For those few livings, which had dispensations to be held with a fellowship, were sinecures of small value, not sufficient to induce a fellow to leave his college; and in the body of those dispensations is inserted a reason for granting them. That they were such livings

as

as could be no hindrance in the discharge of a fellow's duty.

That dispensations are very hurtful to their society, because they put a stop to the succession of fellowships, and thereby give a check to that emulation, industry, and improvement in learning, which the hopes of gaining a fellowship will best incite young students with.

That if this dispensation should take place, it may prove a precedent for the like practice in future times ; which will be very injurious to the society, by encouraging fellows to apply for dispensations, when they have interest enough to get preferments, by which the senior fellows will be settled in the college for life ; and thus, for want of a succession any other way than by death or marriage, all encouragement to young diligent students will be wholly lost.

That a junior fellowship is of very small value, and to arrive at it requires good sense, as well as long and close study ; to which young students are only encouraged by hopes of succeeding, in a reasonable time, to be one of the seven seniors ; which hopes will be quite cut off, when those seniors are perpetuated by dispensations.

That the fellows, at their admittance into their fellowships, take a solemn oath never to accept of any church-preferment above a certain value and distance from Dublin, as long as they continue fellows : To which oath the accepting of a dispensation by Dr Whitcomb is directly con-

trary, in both particulars of value and distance.

That at this time there is a set of very hopeful young men in long and close study, to stand for the first vacant fellowship, who will be altogether discouraged, and drop their endeavours in the pursuit of learning, by being disappointed in their hopes of Dr Whitcomb's leaving the college, and opening a way for one of them to succeed in a fellowship.

These, my Lord, are the sum of the reasons brought me by a very worthy person, a fellow of that college, and recommended by some of the most deserving in that body; and I have shortened them as much as I could.

I shall only trouble your Grace with one or two of my own remarks upon this subject.

The university, and in some sense the whole kingdom, are full of acknowledgment for the honour your Grace hath done them, in trusting the care of one of your sons to be educated in the college of Dublin, which hopes to be always in your Grace's favour; and by your influence, while you govern here, as well as the credit you will always deserve at Court, will ever desire to be protected in their rights.

Your Grace will please to know, that a fellowship in this university differs much in some very important circumstances from most of those in either of the universities in England.

My Lord George will tell your Grace, that a fellowship here is obtained with great difficulty, by the number of candidates, the strict examination

nation in many branches of learning, and the regularity of life and manners. It is also disposed of with much solemnity: The examiners take an oath at the altar to give their vote according to their consciences.

The university is patron of some church-preferments, which are offered to the several fellows downwards to the lowest in holy orders.

I beg your Grace to consider, that there being very little trade here, there is no encouragement for gentlemen to breed their sons to merchandise: That not many great employments in church or law fall to the share of persons born here: That the last resource of younger sons is to the church; where, if well befriended, they may chance to rise to some reasonable spiritual maintenance; although we do not want instances of some clergymen, well born and of good reputation, who have been, and still are, curates for thirty years; which hath been a great discouragement to others, who have no other means left to provide for their children.

Your Grace will not want opportunities, while you continue in this government, and by your most deserved favour with his Majesty, to make Dr Whitcomb easier in his preferment, by some addition that no person or society can have the least pretence to complain of. And I humbly beg your Grace, out of the high veneration I bear to your person and virtues, that you will please to let Dr Whitcomb content himself for a while with that rich preferment, (one of the
best

best in the kingdom), until it shall lie in your way further to promote him to his own content. If, upon his admittance to his fellowship, he took an oath never to accept a church-living thus circumstantiated, and hold it with his fellowship, it will be thought hardly reconcileable to conscience to receive a dispensation.

I humbly intreat your Grace to forgive this long trouble I have given you, wherein I have no sort of interest, except that which proceeds from an earnest desire, that your Grace may continue, as you have begun from your youth, without incurring the least censure from the world, or giving the least cause of discontent to any deserving person. I am, &c.

L E T T E R DCXIII.

MRS DONNELLAN TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Jan. 19. 1734-5.

MY brother tells me you are so good to inquire after me, and to speak in a very kind manner of me, which as it gives me the greatest pleasure, so it raises in me the highest gratitude. I find I have a great advantage in being very inconsiderable; I dare believe people sincere when they profess themselves my friends; I consider I am not a wit, a beauty, nor a fortune; then why should I be flattered? I have but two or three qualities that I value myself upon,
and

and those are so much out of fashion, that I make no parade of them: I am very sincere, I endeavour to be grateful, and I have just sense enough to discern superior merit, and to be delighted with the least approbation from it. My brother, some time ago, gave me hopes of receiving a letter from you; but he now tells me your ill state of health has made writing uneasy to you. I grieve much at my loss, but more at the occasion of it; and I write now only to return my best thanks for your good opinion and designs, not to solicit new favours, or give you the trouble of answering this. I hope next summer to be in Ireland, where I shall expect to receive your answer in person, when the sun, with its usual blessings, shall give us this additional one, of restoring you to that state of health, that all those, who have the happiness of either knowing you as a friend and companion, or lover of your country, must with the greatest earnestness desire. You will laugh perhaps, Sir, at my saying I hope to see Ireland this year; indeed the generality of our country-folks, who spend a little time here, and get into any tolerable acquaintance, seem to forget they have any other country, till a knavish receiver, or their breaking tenants, put them in mind of it; but I assure you I have so little of the fine lady in me, that I prefer a sociable evening in Dublin to all the diversions of London, and the conversation of an ingenious friend, though in a black gown, to all the powdered toupees at St James's. What has
kept

kept me seven years in London, is the duty I owe a very good mother, of giving her my company since she desires it, and the conveniency I enjoy with her of a house, coach, and servants, at my command. I suppose, Sir, you know that Mrs Pendarves has been for some time at Gloucester: She has preferred a pious visit to a sick mother in a dull country-town to London in its gayest dress; she tells me she designs next month to return to us; the only uneasiness I shall have in leaving London, is the parting with so valuable and tender a friend; but as she promises me, that if I stay in Ireland she will make it another visit, I think, for the good of my country, I must leave her. But whilst I am indulging myself in telling you my thoughts and designs, I should consider I am perhaps making you a troublesome or unreasonable visit; if so, use me as all impertinent things should be used; take no notice of me: All I designed in writing to you, was to let you know the high sense I have of all your favours, and that I am, with the greatest gratitude and esteem, Sir, your most obliged obedient humble servant.

H. DONNELLAN.

I beg you will be so good to give my best wishes and services to Dr Delany and Dr Hellsham.

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L E T T E R DCXV.

FROM SOME UNKNOWN GENTLEMAN TO DR.
SWIFT *.

REV. SIR,

Jan. 21. 1734.

THIS letter is not to return your country thanks for your royal bounty to the army of Parnassus. Every body knows that Louis the XIV. built and endowed the noblest foundation in the world for his invalids; we, in imitation, have our Greenwich, Chelsea, and Kilmainham; and 'twas but fit that the king of poets should provide for his jingling subjects, that are so maimed and wounded in reputation, they have no other way of subsistence†. The occasion of this is as follows: This evening two learned gentlemen (for aught I know) laid a wager on the matter following, and referred it to you to decide; *viz.* Whether Homer or Tacitus deserves most praise on the following account? Homer makes Helen give a character of the men of gallantry and courage upon the wall; but, as if it were not a fine lady's province to describe wisdom in Ulysses, the hero of his second poem, he makes Antenor, the wisest of all Troy, interrupt her. The passage in Tacitus is as follows, *viz.* On this year died Junia, being the sixtieth after the Philippi

* This letter is endorsed, 'Whimsical, and little in it.'

† The writer seems to allude to Swift's then designed hospital for idiots and lunatics.

Philippi battle, wife to Cassius, sister to Brutus, niece to Cato; the images of twenty houses were carried before her, &c. *Sed præfulgebant Brutus et Cassius, eo ipso quod imagines eorum non visebantur.* These gentlemen beg they may not have apartments assigned them in your observatory. Your most obedient humble servant.

T. L. P.

Be pleased to direct to the Reverend Mr Birch at Roscrea.

L E T T E R DCXVI.

LORD B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

Feb. the 13th, 1734-5.

YOU are a fine gentleman indeed, to teach his Grace of Dorset such saucy words; and we have quarrelled so much about it, that I don't know but I shall oblige him to meet me behind Montague-house *. He says it is some time ago that he commanded me to write to you, to assure you he thought himself very much obliged to you for your letter, and that he takes it as a proof of your friendship and good-will to him: So far I own is true; he did humbly beg the favour of me to write you this a great while ago; but I understood he had something else more to say, so I cannot but own I have seen him pretty often

* Where duels were frequently fought.

often since; but yet (at the times I could speak to him) my idle head constantly forgot to ask him what he had to say. So now he says he will do his own business, and write to you soon himself.

The Countess * has quitted the court, because, after a long illness at Bath, she did not meet with a reception that she liked; though her mistress appeared excessively concerned, and expressed great uneasiness at parting with her; and my opinion is, that not only her master and mistress, but her very enemies, will have reason to repent the part they have acted by her.

Now I have answered all I can tell you, that you want to know, I bid my dear Dean adieu.

L E T T E R DCXVI.

THE EARL OF STAFFORD † TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Feb. 18. 1734-5.

TO honour, and esteem, and admire you, is general to all that know or have heard of you; but to be pleased with your commands, and glad and diligent to obey them, is peculiar to your true friends, of which number I am very desirous to be reckoned. On receiving your letter by Mr Skerret, I immediately undertook to do him the

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best

* The Countess of Suffolk.

† He had been ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General, during the treaty for the peace of Utrecht.

best service I could, and thought myself happy in having advanced his affair so far, as to get his petition to the House of Lords read and agreed to, and a peremptory day agreed to for his being (as this day) heard *ex parte*, if the other party did not put in their answer before. I likewise got several Lords to attend; but, on printing his case, our new Lord Chancellor * (who at present has a great party in the house) found out, that the petition I had presented for Mr Skerret, had not fully explained matters to the House; because, upon comparing dates, the petition of appeal last year was presented late in the sessions; and that though there was then an order for the respondents to put in their answer in five weeks, (the usual time for causes in Ireland), yet the parliament did not sit above a fortnight after; so that it was impossible for the respondent's answer to be put in by that time. That the parliament being dissolved, the respondents in Ireland might expect to have been served with a new order this session, which it did not appear was done: And that though in the courts below, if answers were not put in, they proceeded to hear causes *ex parte*; yet there was this difference, that there they always allowed a time for the defendant to have his cause reheard; but in the House of Lords our decrees are final, and it would be hard for any, by surprise, to be absolutely cut out from making his defence. The whole house seeming to be of the same mind, they put off the cause to Thursday

* Talbot.

day five weeks, and ordered the respondents, in the mean time, to be served with an order to put in their answer; and if they did not answer by that time, the house would proceed absolutely to hear the cause *ex parte*. I must own to you, the Chancellor proposed to put it off only for a month; and it was I alone desired it might be for five weeks, giving for a reason, that since the appellant was disappointed once, after having been at the expence of seeing his counsel, he might not be so a second time: And since his adversaries were ready to make all the chicane possible, they might not have the pretence for another, by saying, as the usual time was five weeks, and this order but for a month, they expected they were to be allowed the usual time; so I thought it was better giving them a week more, than leaving them any room for further chicane.—As I have not seen your friend Mr Skerret since this order, I do not know how he takes it: But I was resolved to give you this account of what happened but a few hours ago, that you might be convinced of my diligence to gratify you in every thing, you desire of, Sir, your most sincere faithful humble servant.

As the House of Commons were but yesterday on the practice of opening letters, you will not wonder if I expect this to be opened.

L E T T E R DCXVIII.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

*Feb. 25. 1734-5.**Fy brew Harry 25. 1734-5.*

RAVE E'ER DAY ANN,

EYE fan see they Rake order is a deel a tory
 jant ill man, bee cause he mite heave
 scent his o pin eye on beef o'er this. Yew no eye
 heave sum mow knee too pay miss tear Hen a wry,
 Ann damn inn hay east to bring Matt Eys twack
 on clue shun. Eye maid a nap point mean too
 Bee at they Dean a wry tun eye't, but am pray
 vent head buy a ten an ant in Jew red buy Ann
 at Ur ni, buy home eye must and. Eye am ewer
 mow stob ay dy ant Ann dumb bell serve aunt,
 Tom afs She rid Ann.

L E T T E R DCXIX.

LORD C—— TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Jermyn-street, March 6. 1734-5.

I HAD the honour of your letter, and attended
 the cause yesterday, and the day before: It
 went for your friend upon the justest principle,
 and that unanimously. He did not only carry
 his cause before the House, but his future cause,
 springing out of this, is mended by the decree.
 The Chancellor said, the respondent had more
 reason

reason to appeal than the appellant. Mr Lindsay, who informed you right in all the matters you mentioned to me, will inform you, on perusing our decree, of the reason of the Chancellor's expression. I have a partiality for Captain Rowley in every thing but judicature; and in that capacity, if Judge Lindsay and I sat together, I fancy, by what I know of him, that we should seldom disagree.

I thank you for taking notice of the prosperous events that have happened to my family. If alliance and the thoughts of prosperity can bind a man to the interest of his country, I am certainly bound to stand by liberty; and when you see me forgetful of that, may you treat me like * Traulus and Pistorides. I am impatient for four volumes, said to be your works, for which my wife and I have subscribed; and we expected a dozen of copies from Mr Tickell last packet.

I intend these works shall be the first foundation of the libraries of my three grandsons. In the mean time, they will be studied by my sons and sons-in-law.

I desire you will condescend to make my compliments to Dr Delany, for whom I have a most hearty esteem, though I know he thinks me not serious enough upon certain arduous points of antiquity.

SIR,

That you may enjoy the continuance of all
R 3 happiness,

* Joshua, Lord Allen, a privy counsellor, and Richard Tighe, Esq;

happinefs, is my wifh : As for futurity, I know your name will be remembered, when the names of kings, lords, lieutenants, archbifhops, and parliament-politicians, will be forgotten ; at laft, you yourfelf muft fall into oblivion ; which may happen in lefs than a thoufand years, though the term may be uncertain, and will depend on the progrefs that barbarity and ignorance may make, notwithstanding the fedulous endeavours to the contrary of the great prelates in this and fucceeding ages. My wife, my mother, my mother-in-law, my, &c. &c. &c. all join with me in good wifhes to you ; and I hope you will continue to believe that I am with the greateft refpect, Sir, your moft humble and moft obedient fervant.

L E T T E R DCXX.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, March 11. 1734-5.*

I HAVE often defired our friend Pope, when he wrote to you, to allow me a corner of his letter, to affure you of my moft humble fervice ; but the little man never remembered it, and it was not worth troubling you with a letter of my own on fo insignificant an occafion.

Your recommending Mr Lorinan to me, gives me great pleafure and fatisfaction, as it is an inftance of your kind remembrance and friendfhip

I

I promise you, whoever at any time comes to me from you, shall be sure of meeting with the utmost of my endeavours to serve them. I am glad I can acquaint you Mr Lorinan has all the success he could expect or wish for: His cause was a good one, and he had the honour of having it greatly attended. When it was over, he asked me, (but in a very modest way) whether it was possible to get him made receiver of the new Bishop of Derry's rents? I told him I would try; I did so; but found it would not succeed, and so dropped it immediately.

What do you say to the bustle made here to prevent the * man from being an English bishop, and afterwards allowing him to be a good Christian enough for an Irish one? Sure the opposition or the acquiescence must have been most abominably scandalous. By what I can learn of Dr Rundle's character, (for I am not in the least acquainted with him myself), he is far from being the great and learned man his friends would have the world believe him; and much farther yet, from the bad man his enemies represent him. Our right reverend brethren continue to dwell together

† Dr Thomas Rundle was promoted to the rich see of Derry in Ireland, in February 1734-5, after being prevented from getting the see of Gloucester, in England, which had been intended for him in November 1734; but he was then, as is said, charged with Arianism, and also with denying the truth of Abraham's offering up his son. The dispute concerning his promotion to the see of Gloucester, was between the Chancellor and the Bishop of London. The Chancellor was his friend, and the Bishop his enemy.

ther in the strictest political unity; whether it be like the dew of Hermon upon the hill of Sion, or like the ointment that ran down into Aaron's beard, and to the skirts of his cloathing, I cannot say; but I am sure it is a good joyful thing for the ministers to behold. This has enabled them to prevent any enquiry into the scandalous method of nominating, instead of electing the sixteen Scotch peers: And these, and they together, make a most dreadful body in that house. We are not quite so bad in ours; but I own to you, that I am heartily tired of struggling, to no purpose, against the corruption that does prevail, and I see always will prevail there. Poor Arbuthnott, who grieved to see the wickedness of mankind, and was particularly esteemed of his own countrymen *, is dead. He lived the last six months in a bad state of health, and hoping every night would be his last; not that he endured any bodily pain, but as he was quite weary of the world, and tired with so much bad company †. What I have said of the Doctor, may perhaps deter you from coming among us; but
if

* 'He was a native of Scotland.'

† This, admitting the fact, is very remarkable of a man of Arbuthnott's turn; a man of humour, whose mind seemed to be always pregnant with comic ideas, and turned chiefly, if not only, to that which is ridiculous even in vice itself. That to such a man, to whose fancy almost every character, and every event furnished a comedy, death should be welcome, because life was insipid, is a melancholy and striking proof, that even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; or that those, who are
best

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if you had any thoughts of visiting England this summer, I can assure you of some friends, who wish to live with you, and know how to value and esteem you. Among them, there is none that does so, more sincerely than, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

Mrs Pulteney is very much your humble servant, and joins in inviting you here next summer.

L E T T E R DCXXI.

MRS PRATT TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

London, April 4. 1735.

I THINK you know me sufficiently not to doubt of a letter any way coming from you being acceptable; therefore any omission but that cannot fail of an excuse from me, whose friendship is pleasingly gratified by the honour of having it returned from one of your distinguishing talents and merit, whose life I wish to preserve, but wish

best qualified to make others merry, are not always merry themselves; that their mirth is not an effusion of hilarity that overflows their own breasts, but often the mere effect of a painful effort, exerted chiefly for the gratification of vanity, the sad concomitant of vexation of spirit. See the Doctor's own account of himself, which seems not perfectly to agree with what is here said of him in his letter, dated October 4th 1734.

wish more to make it agreeable to you by the full enjoyment of health, friends, fortune, and situation; and my next desire should be, that I had a power to contribute to your attainment of any of these comforts.

Your kind inquiries in relation to myself, only justify taking up your time with so insignificant a subject, which I shall be particular upon, merely in obedience to your commands.

I have no obligations to the court, nor am likely to have any; I have to my Lord Shelburne, whose house in London is my settled habitation; though I am afraid two years will put an end to my good fortune, the lease of the house, which is an old one, being then expired; and so perhaps may be that of my life, which I have been long tired of. Added to my Lord Shelburne's favours, I have great and many, more than I can express here, to the Dutchess of Buckingham, whose table is my constant one, and her coach much oftener mine than I ask for it; besides fetching me every day, and bringing me home, makes me share in public amusements without expence; and in summer the variety of change of air, which her station impowers her to take, and more her inclination, to impart to her friends the benefit of, who cannot fail of being so to her, if they have merit enough to be capable of being obliged by the most agreeable sincere manner, to engage approbation and gratitude: Then I hope you think I have enough to do justice, both in my thoughts and actions, to one so worthy

thy of it. I am, Sir, your sincerely obliged and affectionate humble servant,

H. PRATT.

L E T T E R DCXXII.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

April 5. 1735.

AMONG all the rest of Mrs Sheridan's diabolical proceedings, she is at this juncture carrying on an intrigue of marriage between her daughter—and a finical thorough fop * * * For Heaven's sake, as you have been my best friend, talk to the monster upon this occasion, (for it is the town talk), she will not know how you came to know it; and among other questions desire her to produce her daughter's work for these two years past, and you will find not the fourth part of a poor spider's day labour. This I have been from time to time pressing for to no purpose, because prevented out of spite to me; yet every b——h in town are advocates against me, as I cannot drink mountain, snivel, complain, and out-lie the father of lies, I beg you will only observe her damnable hypocritical countenance when you charge her with this, and if you do not see it transformed into a mask in one instant, I will forfeit all title to your friendship. Thus have I been linked to the devil for twenty-four years, with a coal in my heart,

heart, which was kindled in the first week I married her, and could never by all my industry be extinguished since. For this cause I have often been charged with peevishness and absence among my best friends. When my soul was uneasy, every little thing hurt it, and therefore I could not help such wrong behaviour. You were the only one who had an indulgence for me. And now I earnestly ask this last friendship; (for I shall be ashamed to ask any more) that you will interpose your authority to prevent what may prove a greater affliction, if possible, than my marriage. Mrs — was so charitable as to give me a hint of this affair, and at the same time her advice to hurry away that girl as soon as I possibly could. I did not know what method to take before this instant that Mrs Perrott has invited my two eldest daughters to her house till such time as I may be settled at Cavan. She is a lady the best housewife in Ireland, and of the best temper I ever knew. Her daughters are formed by her example, so that it is impossible to place them where they will have a better opportunity of learning what may be hereafter of real advantage to them. Dear Sir, I shall impatiently wait your advice; for my affairs here require a longer attendance than I expected. You will be so good as to let me know from Mr Lingen whether the Duke of Dorset's letter be come in answer to the Lords Justices, that I may hurry to Dublin; for people are here impatient at having their children so long idle. I am

am apt to believe that if you put this matter in what light you think proper to the Lord Chancellor, he will not insist upon a punctilio, which may prove a great loss to me. The Bishop of Killmore can produce a letter I think sufficient to justify their Excellencies the Lords Justices in granting us patents.

I wish you long health and happiness, and shall, dear Sir, ever have a grateful sense of your friendship, and be with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

L E T T E R DCXXIII.

LADY B——G—— TO DR SWIFT.

April the 5th, 1735.

PART the first, you order me to give up my secretaryship; and part the second, called postscript, you employ me about Dr Sheridan's exchange, when the letters for it must have been at Dublin long before your's came away. I was just thinking, that you was a little upon the dear joy; but, to be sure, you were in the right, for what signified my secretaryship when I had no business?

The Countess of Suffolk did not give up the first employment at court, for she had no other than mistress of the robes, being 400 l. a-year, which the Dutchess of Dorset quitted to her,

there being no lady of the bed-chamber's place vacant, and it not being quite proper for a Countess to continue bed-chamber-woman. As to her part about Gay, that I cleared to you long ago: for, to my certain knowledge, no woman was ever a better friend than she by many ways proved herself to him. As to what you hint about yourself, as I am wholly ignorant what it is you mean, I can say nothing upon it. And as to the question, whether you should congratulate or condole? I believe, you may do either or both, and not be in the wrong: for I truly think she was heartily sorry to be obliged, by ill usage, to quit a master and mistress that she had served so justly and loved so well. However, she has now much more ease and liberty, and accordingly her health better.

Mrs Floyd has a cough every winter, and generally so bad that she often frightens me for the consequences. My faucy niece * presents her service to Parson Swift. The Dutchess of Dorset is gone to Bath with Lady Lambert, for her health; she has not been long enough there yet to find the good effects of the waters, but, as they always did agree with her, I have great hopes they will now quite cure her colick.

In all likelihood, you are weary by this time
of

* Mary, eldest daughter, and one of the co-heirs of Thomas Chambers of Hanworth in Middlesex, Esq; by Lady Mary Berkeley, sister to Earl Berkeley, and to Lady B — G —. She married in April 1736, Lord Vere Beauclerc, now Lord Vere.

of reading, and I am of writing such a long letter; so adieu, my dear Dean.

L E T T E R DCXXIV.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Cashell, April 7. 1735.

I SUPPOSE by this time you have been informed, that Mr * Dunkin was ordained here last Thursday, and that your recommendations got the better of my prejudices to his unhappy genius; which I hope will in some degree convince you, that your power over me is not yet quite worn out.

It is one of the greatest evils that attends those whom fortune has forsaken, that their friends forsake them too; and let me tell you, that your not seeing me the whole winter I was last in Dublin, was not a less mortification to me, than all the hard sayings of the great parliament-orators. However, I must own your taking any occasion to write to me at all, has made some amends: for though you seem designedly to cover it, I think I perceive some little marks of that former kindness, which I once pleased myself to have had a share in with your lawyer-friends. When I conversed with politicians, I learned that it was not prudent to seem fond of what

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* The Reverend Mr Dunkin, the author of several poetical pieces that have been well received.

one most desires : for which reason, I won't tell you, that if this accident of your poetical friend should open a way to our frequent meeting together again, and being put upon the old foot, as when I was your subject at St Patrick's, I should think myself the happiest man in the world ; but this I will say, that if it falls out so, this last heavy period of my life will be much more tolerable than it is at present.

I am now wholly employed in digging up rocks, and making the way easier to my church ; which if I can succeed in, I design to repair a very venerable old fabric, that was built here in the time of our ignorant (as we are pleased to call them) ancestors. I wish this age had a little of their piety, though we gave up, instead of it, some of our immense erudition. What if you spent a fortnight here this summer ? I have laid aside all my country-politics, sheriffs elections, feasts, &c. And I fancy it would not be disagreeable to you, to see King Cormack's chapel, his bed-chamber, &c. all built, beyond controversy, above eight hundred years ago, when he was the King, as well as Archbishop. I really intend to lay out a thousand pounds to preserve this old church ; and I am sure you would be of service to posterity, if you assisted me in the doing it ; at least, if you approved the design, you would give the greatest pleasure, I assure you, to your most affectionate and faithful humble servant,

THEO. CASHELL.
LETTER

L E T T E R DCXXV.

ALDERMAN BARBER TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Queen-square, April 22. 1735.*

IT was with great pleasure I had the favour of your most obliging letter by the hands of Mr Richardson, agent to the Irish society; for as I am always proud to receive your commands, he may depend upon any service I can do him that is in my power: When I say this, I make you no great compliment; for as that gentleman's merit has raised him to the post he now enjoys under the society, it is hardly to be doubted but that his integrity, and good conduct for the future, will easily preserve his interest in that body.

I am very sorry to hear that your old complaints from your head continue; and the more so, because they have deprived your friends here of the great pleasure and satisfaction of seeing you among them, which is a sensible mortification to them indeed; but I am very much pleased with the account you give of your way of living, because I am a living instance how the œconomy you are under must necessarily preserve your life many years. I have the gout sometimes, the asthma very much, and of late frequent pains in my bowels; and yet, by keeping in a constant regular way, I battle them all, and am in much better health than I was twelve years ago, when

four top physicians pronounced me a dead man, and sent me abroad to die. I ride when I can, but not in winter; for the fogs and mists, and cold weather, murder me. I drink a pint of claret at dinner (none at night) and have a good stomach, with a bad digestion: But I have good spirits, and am chearful, I thank God.

I beg pardon for entertaining you so long with my infirmities, which I would humbly apply, that if my being regular, with so many distempers, preserves me to almost a miracle, what must the same method produce in you?

About ten days ago I saw Mr Pope, who is very well; so is the Lord of Dawley*.

It is a melancholy reflection you make, how many friends you have lost since good Queen Anne's time. Many indeed! for there are very few left. The loss of a friend is the loss of a limb, not to be restored. Poor Lady Masham among the rest. Our friend the Dr †, I am afraid, did not take the care he ought to have done. I am told he was a great epicure, and denied himself nothing. Possibly he might think the play not worth the candle. You may remember Doctor Garth said he was glad when he was dying; for he was weary of having his shoes pulled off and on. As for my part, I am resolved to make the remains of my life as easy as I can, and submit myself entirely to the will of God.

You will give me leave, Sir, just to congratulate you on your public spirit (and for which all mankind

* Bolingbroke.

† Arbuthnot.

mankind applaud you) in erecting an hospital for the unhappy. It is truly worthy of your great soul, and for which the present and the future age must honour and revere your memory! I dare say no more on this head for fear of offending.

That God Almighty would please to restore your health, and preserve you many years for the good of mankind, is the hearty prayer of, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

J. BARBER.

My service to Mr Delany.

L E T T E R DCXXVI.

MRS PRATT TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

London, April 22. 1735.

I WROTE in such haste that I forgot to make my Lady Saville's acknowledgments, which, before she left this, she engaged me to do in a particular manner from her, by assuring you that she is your obliged humble servant, and wishes you all happiness, as many more do amongst your friends here. Her number of children is three, two girls and a boy; who, thank God, seem promising.

My Lord Shelburne, who is just come to town for two or three days, desires his sincere compliments to you, invites you next June to an
empty

empty-town house, and wishes that accommodation of removing you from the inconveniencies of a lodging, may tempt you to a change of air, and to come amongst your friends. I wish I could tempt you to come hither, as I long to have the pleasure of assuring you in person, how sincerely I am, Sir, your ever obliged and most faithful humble servant,

H. PRATT.

L E T T E R DCXXVII.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

London, April 29. 1735.

I AM obliged to you for your letter by Dr Stopford; to which I am sorry I can so soon, by him, return you an answer. I have scarce had any opportunity of seeing him. One day, believing we should have had no business in parliament, I desired him to dine with me; but unluckily a debate arose, which kept us till nine at night before we sat down to dinner. We have had a very fatiguing session, more from the severe attendance on elections, than any other public business. The ministers have been defeated in their expectations of weeding the house; and, upon the whole, we stand stronger in numbers than we did at first setting out. I have sent you the copy of a bill, now depending in our House, for the encouragement of learning,

as

(as the title bears *), but I think it is rather of advantage to booksellers than authors. Whether it will pass or not this session, I cannot say, but, if it should not, I should be glad of your thoughts upon it against another session. It seems to me to be extremely imperfect at present. I hope you have many more writings to oblige the world with, than those which have been so scandalously stolen from you. And when a bill of this nature passes in England, (as I hope it will next year), you may then secure the property to any friend, or any charitable use you think fit.

I thank you for the many kind expressions of friendship in your letter. If my public conduct has recommended me to your esteem, I am extremely proud of the reward, and value it more than those do, who attain foolish ribbons, or foolish titles, *vilia servitutis premia* †. Pray therefore continue me your friendship, and believe me, with the greatest sincerity and regard, dear Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

W. PULTENEY.

Lord Bolingbroke is going to France with Lord Berkeley; but, I believe, will return again in a few months.

I will take a proper opportunity of recommending Dr Stopford to the Duke of Dorset; but

* 'The title of it was, An Act for the better Encouragement of Learning.'

† This was before he attained the title of Earl of Bath.

but I think it is not yet quite certain that he will continue Lord Lieutenant. I mean, that if he perceives that he is to be turned out soon after his return from Ireland, possibly he may desire not to go.

L E T T E R DCXXVIII.

DR SWIFT TO LADY B—— G——.

MADAM,

May 5. 1735.

I FIND your Ladyship seems not very much pleased with your office of Secretary; which, however, you must be obliged to hold during the Duke's government, if I happen to outlive it, which, for your comfort, considering my health, is not very likely. I have not been a troublesome petitioner to his Grace, and intend to be less; and, as I have always done, will principally consider my Lord Duke's honour. I have very few friends in want. I have kindred enough, but not a grain of merit among them, except one female, who is the only cousin I suffer to see me. When I had credit for some years at court, I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of which not one was a relation. I have neither followers, nor fosterers, nor dependers; so that if I lived now among the great, they might be sure I would never be a solicitor, out of any regard but merit and virtue; and in that case, I would reckon I

was

was doing them the best service in my power : And if they were good for any thing, I would expect their thanks ; for they want nothing so much as an honest judicious recommender, which, in perfect modesty, I take myself to be. Dr Sheridan is gone to his school in the country, and was only delayed so long on account of some very unnecessary forms, contrived by his Grace's most cautious deputies.

My letter is but just begun ; the larger half remains : And your Ladyship is to make a fresh use of your secretary employment. The Countess of Kerry, my long friend and mistress, commanded me to attend her yesterday : She told me that Mr Deering, late deputy-clerk of the council, being dead, she had thoughts of soliciting the same office for her younger son, Mr John Fitzmaurice. Her eldest son, Lord Fitzmaurice, hath for some years been plagued with a wife and no wife *. The case hath been tried in both kingdoms, and he stands excommunicated and forced to live abroad, which is a very great misfortune to the Earl of Kerry and his lady ; and they have nothing left to comfort them but their younger son, who hath lately married honestly and

* When the woman died, who claimed a marriage with this young nobleman, he married Lady Gertrude Lambert, eldest daughter to Richard Earl of Cavan, 29th June 1738, by whom he had the present Earl of Kerry. The Honourable John Fitzmaurice, here recommended by Dr Swift for small employments, afterwards succeeded his uncle, Henry Earl of Shelburn, in his honours and an immense estate both real and personal. The present Earl of Shelburn is his son.

and indisputably. He is a young gentleman of great regularity, very well educated, but hath no employment; therefore his parents would be very desirous he should have one, and this, of deputy-clerk of the council here, would be a very proper introduction to business. It is understood here, that the purchase of the deputy-clerk's office is the usual perquisite of the chief clerk, with the consent of the chief governor, with which my Lord and Lady Kerry would very readily and thankfully fall in. And as the Earl of Kerry's is one of the most ancient and noble families of the kingdom, his younger son might well pretend to succeed in so small an office, upon an equal foot with any other person. I own this proposal of mine is more suitable to the corruption of the times, than to my own speculative notions of virtue; but I must give some allowance to the degeneracy of mankind, and the passion I have to my Lady Kerry, &c.

L E T T E R DCXXIX.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Cashell, May the 6th, 1735.*

I HAVE been so unfortunate in all my contests of late, that I am resolved to have no more, especially where I am like to be over-matched: And as I have some reason to hope what is past will be forgotten, I confess I did endeavour in my

my last to put the best colour I could think of upon a very bad cause. My friends judge right of my idleness, but in reality it has hitherto proceeded from a hurry and confusion, arising from a thousand unlucky unforeseen accidents, rather than mere sloth.

I have but one troublesome affair now upon my hands, which by the help of the prime serjeant I hope soon to get rid of; and then you shall see me a true Irish bishop. Sir James Ware has made a very useful collection of the memorable actions of all my predecessors. He tells us they were born in such a town of England or Ireland; were consecrated such a year, and if not translated, were buried in their cathedral church, either on the north or south side. From whence I conclude, that a good bishop has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die; which laudable example I propose for the remainder of my life to follow: For, to tell you the truth, I have for these four or five years past met with so much treachery, baseness, and ingratitude among mankind, that I can hardly think it incumbent upon any man to endeavour to do good to preserve a generation.

I am truly concerned at the account you give me of your health. Without doubt a southern ramble will prove the best remedy you can take to recover your flesh; and I don't know, except in one stage, where you can chuse a road so suited to your circumstances, as from Dublin hither. You have to Kilkenny a turnpike and good inns,

at every ten or twelve miles end. From Kilkenny hither is twenty long miles, bad road, and no inn at all: But I have an expedient for you. At the foot of a very high hill, just mid-way, there lives, in a neat thatched cabin, a parson, who is not poor; his wife is allowed to be the best little woman in the world. His chickens are the fattest, and his ale the best in all the country. Besides, the parson has a little cellar of his own, of which he keeps the key, where he always has a hogthead of the best wine that can be got, in bottles well corked, upon their side; and he cleans, and pulls out the cork better, I think, than Robin. Here I design to meet you with a coach: If you be tired, you shall stay all night; if not, after dinner, we will set out about four, and be at Cashell by nine; and by going through fields and by-ways, which the parson will shew us, we shall escape all the rocky and stony roads that lie between this place and that. I hope you will be so kind as to let me know, a post or two before you set out, the very day that you will be at Kilkenny, that I may have all things prepared for you. It may be, if you ask him, Cope will come: He will do nothing for me. Therefore, depending upon your positive promise, I shall add no more arguments to persuade you; and am, with the greatest truth, your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

THEO. CASHELL.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCXXX.

MRS DONNELLAN TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

May 10. 1735.

I SHOULD before this have returned you thanks for the favour of your letter, but that I feared too quick a correspondence might be troublesome to you. When I receive a very great honour and favour, I think it ungenerous immediately to sue for another, though I have the highest sense of the obligation.

You say you want me to assert your right over our sex; and your letter is so powerful a bribe, that I fear I shall give them up to you, though I am a great asserter of their rights and privileges. As to the employments you assign me, I readily undertake them all, though I know myself very unfit for some of them; but I have such high examples on my side, that I am not at all ashamed of pretending to more than I can do. I think I can be a very good nurse; you shall teach me to be your companion; and, for a housekeeper, I will assure you I know, to a farthing, the lowest price of every thing, though I am ever so ignorant of the matter.

Mrs Pendarves hath, as you say, forsaken us: By my Lord Lansdown's death, her brother, Mr Granville, is become possessor of eight hundred pounds a-year, and twenty thousand pounds in money; which was so settled that my Lord Lanf-

down could not touch it. Mr Granville is a man of great worth, and a very kind brother, and has it now in his power to provide for their sister, Miss Granville, whom Mrs Pendarves is extremely fond of: This, you may imagine, has been a cordial to her for Lord Lansdown's death, though she had a great regard for him. I tell her when she has married and settled her brother and sister, if she does not settle herself, she must think of her friends in Ireland; and she promises me she will.

It is so much my interest, Sir, to believe you sincere, that I will not doubt it: I will rather think you want judgment, (which is very hard for me to do), or why should not I (which is still more pleasing) believe I have really those good qualities you ascribe to me? It will only make me vain; and who can be humble when praised by you?

I think your indignation against our absenters very just, though some of my family suffer by it; but we are resolved to be no longer of the number, and propose leaving London this month. Poor Mrs Barber has been confined with the gout these three months; and I fear we shall leave her so: Her poems are generally greatly liked: There are, indeed, a few severe critics (who think that judgment is only shewn in finding faults) that say they are not poetic; and a few fine ladies, who are not commended in them, that complain they are dull.

I am very sorry Dr Delany has given up his house in Dublin; for one cannot, as often as
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one may wish it, command time and a coach to visit him at Delville. I hope though to be admitted into the new apartment, and to have the happiness of seeing you there.

My brother is highly honoured in the character you give him, which, though he is my brother, I must say I think a very just one: He will deliver you this letter, and with it my best thanks for all your favours; being, Sir, with the highest gratitude, your most obliged obedient servant,

H. DONNELLAN.

My best respects attend Dr Delany and Dr Hefsham.

L E T T E R DCXXXI.

FROM DR SWIFT.

May 12. 1735.

YOUR letter was sent me yesterday by Mr Stopford, who landed the same day, but I have not yet seen him. As to my silence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domestic affairs are in great confusion, by the villainy of agents, and the miseries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had. Nor am I unconcerned to see all things tending towards absolute power in both nations *, (it is here in perfection already),

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* The Dean was frequently troubled, he tells us, with a giddiness in his head. *Warb.*

already), although I shall not live to see it established. This condition of things, both public, and personal to myself, hath given me such a kind of despondency, that I am almost unqualified for any company, diversion, or amusement. The death of Mr Gay and the Doctor * hath been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke. To shew in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight since I heard of the death of my Lady Masham, my constant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I should expect you to make a voyage that would in the least affect your health. But in the mean time how unhappy am I, that my best friend should have perhaps the only kind of disorder for which a sea-voyage is not in some degree a remedy? The old Duke of Ormond said, he would not change his dead son (Ossory) for the best living son in Europe. Neither would I change you, my absent friend, for the best present friend round the globe.

I have lately read a book imputed to Lord B. called, A Dissertation upon Parties. I think it very masterly written.

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers. I believe your prayers will do me more good than those of all the prelates in both kingdoms,

or

* Arbuthnott. He died Feb. 27. 1734-5.

or any prelates in Europe, except the Bishop of Marseilles *. And God preserve you for contributing more to mend the world than the whole pack of (modern) parsons in a lump.

I am ever entirely your's.

L E T T E R DCXXXII.

DR SWIFT TO WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

SIR,

Dublin, May 12. 1735.

MR Stopford landed yesterday, and sent me the letter which you were pleased to honour me with. I have not yet seen him; for he called when I was not at home. The reason why I ventured to recommend him to your protection, was your being his old patron, to whom he is obliged for all the preferment he got in the church. He is one of the most deserving gentlemen in the country, and hath a tolerable provision, much more than persons, of so much merit, can in these times pretend to, in either kingdom. I love the Duke of Dorset very well, having known him from his youth, and he hath treated me with great civility since he came into this government. It is true, his original principles, as well as his instructions from your side of the water, make him act the usual part in managing

* Who continued there with his flock all the time a dreadful pestilence desolated that city, in 1720. He sold all his plate, &c. for the relief of the poor.

naging this nation, for which he must be excused: yet I wish he would a little more consider, that people here might have some small share in employments civil and ecclesiastic, wherein my Lord Carteret acted a more popular part. The folks here, whom they call a parliament, will imitate yours in every thing,, after the same manner as a monkey doth a human creature. If my health were not so bad, although my years be many, I fear I might outlive liberty in England. It hath continued longer than in any other monarchy, and must end as all others have done which were established by the Goths, and is now falling in the same manner that the rest have done. It is very natural for every king to desire unlimited power; it is as proper an object to their appetites as a wench to an abandoned young fellow, or wine to a drunkard. But what puzzles me is, to know how a man of birth, title, and fortune can find his account in making himself and his posterity slaves. They are paid for it; the court will restore what their luxury hath destroyed: I have nothing to object. But let me suppose a chief minister, from a scanty fortune, almost eaten up with debt, acquiring by all methods a monstrous overgrown estate, why he will still go on to endeavour making his master absolute, and thereby in the power of seizing all his possessions at his pleasure, and hanging or banishing him into the bargain. Therefore, if I were such a minister, I would act like a prudent gamester, and cut, as the sharpers call it,

it, before luck began to change. What if such a minister, when he had got two or three millions, would pretend conviction, seem to dread attempts upon liberty, and bring over all his forces to the country side? As to the lust of absolute power, I despair it can ever be cooled, unless princes had capacity to read the history of the Roman emperors, how many of them were murdered by their own army; and the same may be said of the Ottomans by their janissaries; and many other examples are easy to be found. If I were such a minister, I would go farther, and endeavour to be king myself. Such feats have happened among the petty tyrants of old Greece, and the worst that happened was only their being murdered for their pains.

I believe in my conscience that you have some mercenary end in all your endeavours to preserve the liberty of your country at the expence of your quiet, and of making all the villains in England your enemies. For you almost stand alone, and therefore are sure, if you succeed, to engross the whole glory of recovering a desperate constitution, given over by all its other physicians. May God work a miracle, by changing the hearts of an abandoned people, whose hearts are waxen gross, whose ears are dull of hearing, and whose eyes have been closed; and may he continue you as his chief instrument, by whom this miracle is to be wrought.

I send this letter in a packet to Mr Pope, and by a private hand. I pray God protect you against

gainst all your enemies; I mean those of your country; for you can have no other; and as you will never be weary of well-doing, so may God give you long life and health the better to support you.

You are pleased to mention some volumes of what are called my works. I have looked on them very little. It is a great mortification to me, although I should not have been dissatisfied if such a thing had been done in England by booksellers agreeing among themselves. I never got a farthing by any thing I writ, except one about eight years ago, and that was by Mr Pope's prudent management from [for] me. Here the printers and booksellers have no property in their copies. The printer applied to my friends, and got many things from England. The man was civil and humble, but I had no dealings with him; and therefore he consulted some friends, who were readier to direct him than I desired they should. I saw one poem on you and a great minister, and was not sorry to find it there.

I fear you are tired; I cannot help it; nor could avoid the convenience of writing, when I might be in no danger of post-officers. I am, Sir, with the truest respect and esteem,

Your most obedient,
and obliged humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

I desire to present my most humble respects
to Mrs Pulteney.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCXXXIII.

MRS PENDARVES TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

May 16. 1735.

YOU have never yet put it in my power to accuse you of want of civility; for, since my acquaintance with you, you have always paid me more than I expected: But I may sometimes tax you with want of kindness; which, to tell you the truth, I did for a month at least. At last I was informed your not writing to me was occasioned by your ill state of health; that changed my discontent, but did not lessen it; and I have not yet quite determined it in my mind, whether I would have you sick or negligent of me: They are both great evils, and hard to chuse out of: I heartily wish neither may happen. You call yourself by a great many ugly names, which I take ill; for I never could bear to hear a person I value abused. I, for that reason, must desire you to be more upon your guard when you speak of yourself again: I much easier forgive your calling me knave and fool. I am infinitely obliged to you for the concern you express for the weakness of my eyes: They are now very well. I have had a much greater affliction on my spirits, which prevented my writing sooner to you. My sister (the only one I have, and an extraordinary darling) has been extremely indisposed this whole winter.

ter. I have had all the anxiety imaginable on her account; but she is now in a better way, and I hope past all danger. I would rather tell you somewhat that is pleasant; but how can I? I am just going to lose Mrs Donnellan, and that is enough to damp the liveliest imagination: It is not easy to express what one feels on such an occasion: The loss of an agreeable, sensible, useful companion, gives a pain at the heart not to be described. You happy Hibernians, that are to reap the benefit of my distress, will hardly think of any thing but your own joy, and not afford me one grain of pity. Thus things are carried in this world, the rich forget the poor. I am sorry the sociable Thursdays, that used to bring together so many agreeable friends at Dr Delany's, are broke up: Though Delville has its beauties, it is more out of the way than Stafford-street. I believe you have had a quiet winter in Dublin; not so has it been with us in London. Hurry, wrangling, extravagance, and matrimony, have reigned with great impetuosity. The news-papers I suppose have mentioned the number of great fortunes that are going to be married. Our operas have given much cause of dissension. Men and women have been deeply engaged; and no debate in the House of Commons has been urged with more warmth: The dispute of the merits of the composers and singers is carried to so great a height, that it is much feared, by all true lovers of music, that operas will be quite overturned. I own I think
we

we make a very silly figure about it. I am obliged to you for the two Latin lines in your last letter : It gave me a fair pretence of shewing the letter to have them explained ; and I have gained no small honour by that. I hope, Sir, though you threaten me with not writing, that you will change your mind : The season of the year will give you spirits, and I shall be glad to share the good effects of them. I am, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

When you see Mrs Donnellan, she will entertain you with a second edition of Fauser, too tedious for a letter. I have made a thousand blunders, which I am ashamed of.

L E T T E R DCXXXIV.

LADY BETTY BROWNLOWE TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

May 19. 1735.

I HAVE the honour to send you the inclosed letter, and the cover, as it came to Mr Brownlowe. I hope your frugal correspondence has not, at your expence, incurred the proverb of being penny wise, &c. and thereby occasioned your being a sufferer by any delay or business. I should beg pardon for not having obeyed your commands in writing sooner, but that

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I am the only sufferer by it, by being deprived of the satisfaction of hearing of your health. The extreme cold weather we have had this month, has made the country much less agreeable than usual at this time of year; but this having been a fine morning, I have been amused, very much to my satisfaction, with laying out what I think a very pretty design in my garden. I like my gardener mightily, and found every thing in his care in perfect good order; but the coldness of the season makes every thing very backward: The cucumbers are not larger than guerkins. I beg, if you honour me with a line, you will let me know how both Lady Acheson and Mrs Acheson do, for I have a sincere concern for both their welfares. We go next week to make a visit to our friends at Seaford, where we propose staying about a fortnight. I heard yesterday you had thoughts of going to Cashell: If it were possible for me to have the happiness to be present at your's and the Archbishop's conversation, I am certain I should retrieve my character, and that you would allow me to be a good listener, which, through other peoples faults, you do not know; for I assure you I have too great a desire to be informed and improved, to occasion any interruption in your conversation, except when I find you purposely let yourself down to such capacities as mine, with an intention, as I suppose, to give us the pleasure of babbling. Mr Brownlowe
desires

desires you will accept of his compliments; and
I am, Sir, with great respect, your truly affectionate humble servant,

ELIZABETH BROWNLOWE.

L E T T E R DCXXXV.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DRDN,

May 26. 1735.

YEW mare aim Ember, a bout Ann our Ah
go, Ire it Sum Ann glow Ann Glee, I
nim it ay shun off Ewers. Butt if here they rare
mist eaks. I few fine day nigh, Eye may Kit
mire eak quest Tom end dumb. They'll aid
Eyes Name Lee Mad damn Harry Son, White
Whey, Sigh Cadn air ray dye Two join new,
Sow add Yew Too Ale even, Ewer Mow Stum-
ble add my rare,

THOUGH MASS SHE RID ANN.

Meath ay two went he Sick'st,
Wan thou Sand Say vain Hun dread, &c.

Tooth ay Revere End Dock tore Jo Nathan
Dray Peer, Gull Liver, Inn They Dane a
wry.

LETTER DCXXXVI.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAINE.

MADAM,

June 8. 1735.

I TROUBLE you sooner than usual, in acknowledging your letter of May 27th, because there are some passages in it that seem to require a quick answer. If I forget the date of mine, you must impute it to my ill head; and if I live two years longer, I shall first forget my own name, and last your Ladyship's. I gave my Lady Kerry an account of what you said in relation to her son, with which she is fully satisfied. I detest the House of Lords for their indulgence to such a profligate prostitute villain as Curll; but am at a loss how he could procure any letters written to Mr Pope, although, by the vanity or indiscretion of correspondents, the rogue might have pickt up some that went from him. Those letters have not yet been sent hither, therefore I can form no judgment on them. When I was leaving England, upon the Queen's death, I burnt all the letters I could find, that I had received from ministers for several years before. But as to the letters I receive from your Ladyship, I neither ever did, or ever will burn any of them, take it as you please: For I never burn a letter that is entertaining, and consequently will give me new pleasure when it is forgotten. It is true, I have kept some letters merely out of friendship,

friendship, although they sometimes wanted true spelling and good sense, and some others, whose writers are dead. For I live like a monk, and hate to forget my departed friends. Yet I am sometimes too nice; for I burnt all my Lord * * * *s letters, upon receiving one where he used these words to me, "All I pretend to is a great deal of sincerity:" Which indeed was the chief virtue he wanted. Of those from my Lord * * * *, I burnt all but one, which I kept as a most admirable original of court promises and professions. I confess also that I have read some passages in many of your letters to a friend, but without naming you, only that the writer was a lady, which had such marks of good sense, that often the hearers would not believe me. And yet I never had a letter of mine printed, nor of any others to me.

Your Ladyship very much surprises me with one passage in your letter, which however I do not in the least understand; where you say, you have been honoured in print by amorous, satirical, and gallant letters, where there was no word but your bare name mentioned. I can assure you, this is to me altogether a riddle, and what I never heard the least syllable of; and wish you would explain it. No, Madam, I will never forgive your insolent niece, without a most humble submission under her own hands; which if she will not comply with, I shall draw up letters between us, and send them to Curl.

I will tell your Ladyship a cause I have of

complaint against the Duke of Dorset. I have written to him about four times since he was lieutenant, and three of my letters were upon subjects that concerned him much more than it did any friend of mine, and not at all myself; but he was never pleased to return me an answer. Which omission (for I disdain to call it contempt) I can account for only by some of the following reasons. He is either extremely busy in affairs of the highest importance; or he is a Duke with a garter; or he is a lieutenant of Ireland; or he is of a very ancient noble extraction, or so obscure a man as I am is not worth his remembrance; or like the Duke of Chandos, he is an utter stranger to me: And it would grieve me to the soul to put them together upon any one article. The last letter I writ to his Grace was upon an affair relating to one of the favourite party, and yet a very honest gentleman; which last circumstance, with submission to your Ladyship, is what I seldom grant; and the matter desired was a trifle. The letter before that related to a request made him by a senior fellow of this university, upon which I was earnestly pressed to write by some considerable members of the same body, which it highly concerned, as well as his Grace's honour; the demand being directly contrary to their statutes, and of the most pernicious consequence, not only to the university, but the kingdom: And for that reason, it is thought his Grace hath chosen to let it fall, I suppose by much better causes of conviction than mine.

mine. I do assure you, Madam, that I have not been troublesome to my Lord Duke in any particular: Since he hath been governor, my letters have been at most but one a-year, and my personal requests not so many; nor any one of them for the least interest that regarded myself. And although it be true that I do not much approve the conduct of affairs in either kingdom, wherein I agree with vast numbers of both parties; yet I have utterly waved intermeddling even in this enslaved kingdom, where perhaps I might have some influence to be troublesome; yet I have long quitted all such thoughts, out of perfect despair: Although I have sometimes wished, that the true loyal Whigs here might be a little more considered in the disposition of employments, notwithstanding their misfortune of being born on this side the channel; which would gain abundance of hearts both to the crown and his Grace. My paper is so full, that I have not room to excuse its length. I remain

Your Ladyship's

most obedient humble servant.

L E T T E R DCXXXVII.

TO SIR CHARLES WOGAN, IN SPAIN.

HONOURED SIR,

1735.

I THINK you are the only person alive who can justly charge me with ingratitude: Because, although I were utterly unknown to you,
and

and become an obscure exile in a most obscure and enslaved country; you were at the pains to find me out, and send me your very agreeable writings, with which I have often entertained some very ingenious friends, as well as myself; I mean not only your poetry, in Latin and English, but your poetical history in prose of your own life and actions, inscribed to me; which I often wished it were safe to print here, or in England, under the madness of universal party now reigning: I mean particularly in this kingdom, to which I would prefer living among the Hottentots, if it were in my power*.

I have been often told, that you have a brother† and some near relations in this country, and have often employed my friends in vain to learn when any of them came to this town. But I suppose, on account of their religion, they are so prudent to live in privacy: Although the court hath thought it better in point of politics, and, to keep the good will of Cardinal Fleury, hath thought it proper to make the Catholics here much more easy than their ill-willers, of no religion, approve of in their hearts. And I can assure you, that those wretches here, who call themselves a parliament, abhor the clergy of our church more than those of your's, and have
made

* These writings are at present in the hands of the editor of these volumes, all of them under Sir Charles Wogan's own hand.

† Mr Wogan of Rathcofee.

made an universal association to defraud us of our undoubted dues.

I have further thanks to give you for your generous present of excellent Spanish wine, whereof I have been so choice, that my butler tells me there are still some bottles left *. I did very often ask some merchants here, who trade with Spain, whether this country could not afford something that might be acceptable in Spain, but could not get any satisfaction. The price, I am sure, would be but a trifle. And I am told by one of them, that he heard you were informed of my desire: To which you answered, in a disinterested manner, That you only desired my works. It is true indeed that a printer † here, about a year ago, did collect all that was printed in London which passed for mine, as well as several single papers in verse and prose, that he could get from my friends, and desired my leave to publish them in four volumes. He reasoned, That printers here had no property in their copies: That mine would fall into worse hands: That he would submit to me and my friends what to publish or omit. On the whole, I would not concern myself; and so they have appeared abroad, as you will see them in those I make bold to send you. I must now return to mention wine. The last season for it was very bad in France, upon which our merchants

* Dr Swift, in grateful remembrance of Sir Charles Wogan, used to call this Spanish wine his Hero wine.

† Mr Faulkner.

chants have raised the price twenty *per cent.* already, and the present weather is not like to mend it. Upon this I have told some merchants my opinion, or perhaps my fancy: That, when the warmth of summer happens to fail in the several wine countries, Spain and Portugal wines, and those in the South of Italy, will at least be as ripe as those of France in a good year. If there be any truth in this conceit, I would desire our merchants to deal this year in those warmer climates: Because I hear that in Spain French vines are often planted, and the wine is more mellow; although, perhaps, the natural Spanish grape may fail for want of its usual share of sun. In this point I would have your opinion; wherein, if you agree, I will make Mr Hall, an honest Catholic merchant here, who deals in Spanish wine, to bring me over as large a cargo as I can afford, of wines as like French claret as he can get. For my disorders, with the help of years, make wine absolutely necessary to support me. And if you were not a person of too considerable a rank, (and now become half a Spaniard), I would try to make you descend so low, as to order some merchants there to consign to some of ours, directed to me, some good quantity of wine that you approve of; such as our claret drinkers here will be content with. For when I give them a pale wine, (called by Mr Hall Caffalia), they say it will do for one glass, and then (to speak in their language) call for Honest Claret.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCXXXVIII.

LORD OXFORD TO DR SWIFT.

Dover-street, June 19. 1735.

GOOD MR DEAN,

I COULD not suffer Mr Jebb to pass into Ireland without giving you the trouble of reading a few lines from your humble servant, to inquire how you do, and to return you many thanks for your kind remembrances of me in your letters to my good friend Mr Pope. I am much concerned for the account you give, in your late letter to him, of the state of your own health. I should think that the change of air, and seeing some of your remaining friends you have left in this island, would be of service to you, at least to entertain and amuse you: As for any other agreeable view, I cannot pretend to flatter you so far as that you must expect any; that is over, as I believe you know very well; but as I know you to be a truly good-natured man, I hope you will come over; for I assure you it will be an infinite satisfaction and pleasure to your friends to embrace you here. If this motive will not do, I do not know what argument to make use of.

I troubled you last year with an account of the disposal of my daughter: It has in every point answered our expectations and wishes. I was in hopes I should have been able to have given
you

you an account that my daughter was safely brought to-bed; we expect it every day. My wife is pretty well: desires your acceptance of her humble service: She, among others, would be very glad to see you here. My uncle, the auditor, is in a very ill state of health; I am afraid he cannot last very long: His son has, this spring, put to Westminster school two sons; he has three more, and a daughter. Mr Thomas Harley has had the gout; but he is better, and is at his seat in Herefordshire. The Duke of Leeds is returned from his travels a fine gentleman, and has imported none of the fopperies and fooleries of the countries he has past through. My nephew Robert Hay travelled with the Duke, and is come home untainted, but much improved: He is returned to Oxford to follow his studies: He designs for holy orders. My two youngest nephews are still at Westminster school. Lord Dupplin has not yet got an employment; but lives upon hopes and promises. My sister lives in Yorkshire with her daughters, as well as she can, considering the times, &c. &c. Now I ask your pardon, dear Sir, for saying so much of family-affairs; but as you are a good man, and have always wished my family well, I have ventured to be thus impertinent to give you the state of it. Mr Pope is pretty well: He is under persecution from Curll, who has by some means (wicked ones most certainly) got hold of some of Pope's private letters, which he has printed, and threatens more. We are in so free

a state, that there is no remedy against these evils.

It is now time to release you from this dull paper; but I must assure you, what I hope you know already, that I am with true respect and esteem, Sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant.

OXFORD.

Please be so good as to make my compliments to Lord Orrery.

L E T T E R DCXXXIX.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

SIR,

June, 1735.

I SUPPOSE you are now angle *ling* with your tack *ling* in a pur *ling* stream, or pad *ling* and say *ling* in a boat, or sad *ling* your stum *ling* horse with a sap *ling* in your hands, and snare *ling* at your groom, or fet *ling* your affairs, or trick *ling* your cat, or tat *ling* with your neighbour Price; not always Toy *ling* in your school. This Dryes *ling* weather we in Dub *ling* are glad of a Dump *ling*, and Bab *ling* is our dare *ling*. Pray do not look as cow *ling* at me when I come, but get a fat *ling* for my dinner, or go a fow *ling* for fill *ling* my belly. I hope none of your towns-folks are Bub *ling* you: Have you a Bow *ling* Green at Cavan? I have been ill of my old Ay *ling*,

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X

and

and yet you see I am now a scrib *ling*. Can you buy me an am *ling* Nag? I am bat *ling* for health, and just crawl *ling* out. My breakfast is cut *ling* and sugar to cure the Curd *ling* of my blood. My new Summer coat is cock *ling* already, and I am call *ling* for my old one. I am cob *ling* my riding shoes * and cur *ling* my riding periwig. My maid's hens keep such a Cack *ling*, and Chuck *ling*, that I scarce know what I write. My mare is just foe *ling*, for which my Groom is Grum *ling* and grow *ling*, while the other servants are gob *ling* and gut *ling*, and the maids Gigg *ling*, and the dogs, how *ling*. My Bung *ling* Taylor was tip *ling* from morning till night. Do you know Drive *ling* Doll with her Drab *ling* tail, and drag *ling* petticoat, and gog *ling* eyes; always gag *ling* like a goose, and hob *ling* to the ale-house, hand *ling* a Mug and quar *ling* and squab *ling* with porters, or row *ling* in the kennel? I bought her a muzzle *ling* Pinner, Mr Wall walks the streets with his strip *ling* boy, in his sham *ling* gait, as cuff *ling* for the wall, and just *ling* all he meets. I saw his wife with her pop *ling* gown; Pil *ling* oranges, and pick *ling* cucumbers. Her eyes are no longer Spark *ling*, you may find her twat *ling* with her neighbours, her nose trick *ling*, and spawl *ling* the floor, and then smug *ling* her husband.

A

* As Dr Swift was, on all occasions, fond of walking, he always wore strong Jack-spatterdashes, which he could slip off as soon as he alighted from his horse; and, to match these spatterdashes, he had shoes strong in proportion to bear the dirt and weather; but he never wore boots.

A lady whose understanding was *ling ling* me out as a Wit *ling* or rather a suck *ling*, as if she were tick *ling* my fancy, tang *ling* me with questions, tell *ling* me many stories, her tongue toe *ling* like a clapper; says she, an old man's dare *ling* is better than a young man's war *ling*. I liked her dad *ling* and plain deal *ling*: She was as wise as a goes *ling* or a duck *ling*, yet she counted upon gull *ling* and grave *ling* me. Her maid was hack *ling* flax and humm *ling* her mistress, and how *ling* in the Irish manner: I was fool *ling* and fiddle *ling* and fade *ling* an hour with them. We hear Tisdall is puss *ling* the Curates, or mud *ling* in an ale-house, or muss *ling* his chops, or rump *ling* his band, or mum-*ling* songs, though he be but a mid *ling* vesifyer at best, while his wife in her Mac *ling* lace is mull *ling* claret, to make her husband Maud *ling*, or mill *ling* chocolate for her breakfast, or rust *ling* in her silks, or net *ling* her spouse, or nurse *ling* and swill *ling* her grand children and a year *ling* calf, or oyl *ling* her pimple *ling* face, or set *ling* her head-dress, or stif *ling* a f— to a fizz *ling*, or boy *ling* sowins for supper, or pew *ling* for the death of her kit *ling*, or over rue *ling* the poor Doctor. As to Madame votre femme, I find she has been coup *ling* her daughters; I wish she were to live upon a Cod *ling* or a Chit or *ling*: She has as mile *ling* countenance, which is yet better than as well *ling* belly: I wish she were to go a bull *ling* and begin with a bill *ling*, and then go to hick *ling*. She hath been long as cram *ling* for power, and would fain be a fond

ling, and delights in a Fop *ling*, when she should be fur *ling* her sails, and fil *ling* her belly, or game *ling* about Cavan, or Gall *ling* her company. Why do not you fet her a truck *ling* witha vengeance, and use her like an under *ling*, and stop her ray *ling*, rat *ling*, rang *ling* behaviour? I would cure her ram *ling* and rum *ling*; but you are spy *ling* all, by rig *ling* into her favour, and are afraid of ruff *ling* her. I hear you are fell *ling* your timber at Quilca: You love to have a fee *ling* of money, which is a grove *ling* temper in you, and you are for shove *ling* it up like a Lord *ling*, or rather like a Star *ling*. I suppose now you are vail *ling* your bonnet to every Squire. I wish you would grow a world *ling*, and not be strow *ling* abroad nor always shake *ling* yourself at home. Can I have stabe *ling* with you for my horse? Pray keep plain wholesome table *ling* for your boys, and employ your maids in teaz *ling* cloth and reel *ling* yarn, and unravle *ling* thread without stay *ling* it. Set the boys a race *ling* for diversion; fet the scullion a rid *ling* the cinders without rise *ling* them. Get some scrub to teach the young boys their spell *ling*, and the cow-boy to draw small-beer without spill *ling* or pall *ling* it: Have no more pifs to *ling* lads: Employ yourself in nay *ling* your broken stools. Whip all the libel *ling* rogues who are loll *ling* out their tongues, and kind *ling* quarrels, and rave eye *ling* their school-fellows, and stick *ling* with their seniors, and snuff *ling* in a Jeer, and scraw *ling* on the school-walls, and scut *ling* to the pye-house,

house, and yawl *ling* and yell *ling* to frighten little children, and fowl *ling* the house for mischief sake, and grapple *ling* with the girls. Pray take care of spy *ling* your younger daughters, or fly *ling* them *pets* *.

L E T T E R DCXL.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

Ah Miss cell a nee.

DEAR SIR,

Cavan, June 23. 1735.

I RECEIVED your letter with the formidable accounts of your *lings*, no less than 160 in ash hole, enough to bear down awe hale. What a change *ling* was I to prove oak yew by grove *ling* in the dark as I did? I should rather have minded the cop *ling* of timber for an old house, which I am two reap air. I am now dale *ling* with a march aunt for boards, a droll *ling* logg or he add. His nay miss *Φως* ter, It hink. Buy these aim to ken his toll a fat *ling* lamb from our butt chair. This sent hence I feris ad I fi culti an dume me quit o ut buy awl it ell studji. Now fora new e fi style. *Ἐὐ νω ἰνω εὐγ μινiv αs το*
stand

Dye a blefs Inn Fern ale, bee cause French.
eye

A very good name for sue chaw help meet.

X 3

Mice

* The term *Pet*, which is a contradiction of the French *Petite*, signifies a favourite. It is here marked with a note of reprobation.

Mice cool encreases and wood faster, butt that eye will not abait of my rates. Eye heave Ralph used a bove as core all ray dye. I do not yet here of Master Lucas from Castle Shane, for whom I have agreed, and have kept a room. If you see Dr Coghill, perhaps he may resolve you what I have to depend upon, that I may not refuse another in his place. I wish with all my soul you were here before my chickens and ducks outgrow the proper season; as for the geese, they have ceased to be green, and are now old enough to see the world, which they do as far our river will let them sail commodiously.

Our mutton is the best I ever tasted, so is our beef, our trouts, our pheasants, particularly the eels. Dear Sir, I am almost persuaded that the journey hither will not only remove your disorder, but the good air will also get you a stomach, and of consequence new flesh, and good health. Your little starts to the country from Dublin only make your lungs play quicker, to draw in more of your city-poison; whereas being here with me in the midst of Arabia Felix, you draw in nothing but balsamick aromattick air, the meanest odour of which is that of our bean-blossom and lily of the valley. Every one swears who looks on my face, that I am grown already ten years younger; and this I am almost persuaded to believe, because I labour more than ever, drink less, see fewer company, and have abundantly more spirits. Mrs Sheridan began her athletic gambols by cuffing and kicking one
of

of the maids ; for which I gave the wench money before her mistress, with instructions to kick and cuff again ; which had the effect intended. We have been quiet ever since.

I have almost finished a walk of half a mile for you, and now it is ready for a coat of coarse gravel ; for I cannot afford a rolling-stone ; so that my garden-walks will require a strong pair of German shoes. To my great grief, I hear that my Lord Orrery is landed, and I fear will not be in Dublin at my August vacation. You are too happy while he is in Dublin for me to inveigle you from thence with all the charms of our Elysium. What would I give that some necromancer would set you both down at Cavan upon an easy cloud, while my good wine lasts ? If you would think it proper to let five dozen of my Mullan's wine come down for yourself, I do not think it would be amiss ; for I have a good cool cellar for it. I beseech you to let me know the day you intend to set out, that I may meet you at Virginia ; and be pleased be there on a Saturday.

You give me a great deal of good advice in your letter, for which I return you my hearty thanks, and I wish with all my soul I could take it as easily as you give it ; but alas ! I must say, as Tasso did in a letter to his friend Antonio. Constantini, *Il consiglio di V. S. é ottimo ; ma io conosco grandissima difficoltà nell' eseguire lo.*

Doctor —— was a fool to trouble himself about his rampant daughter ; for he may be assured,

red, although he secures her from the present lover, since the love-fit is upon her, she will try either his butler or coachman. And poor sprig of *A/b* I pity. He may now mourn in sackcloth and *A/bes*. I suppose he is so much *A/b* aimed, that he is worn away to *A/b* add dough: Vesey, it seems, was *A/b* Harper, and played him *A/b* bitten trick. He must have been *A/b* allow fellow, to lose that beautiful Trollop so easily; I beg pardon, I should have said so Veasily. If he had been *A/b* hay rid Ann, he would not have lost her so easily.

It is the fashion here, among all manner of parties, to drink the Drapier's health. The reason I give you this cawshun is, that you may not Ralph use it, when you come among us.

Ibis see itch yew tom eak my come Plea meant to Mrs Whiteway, and tell her no one in Ireland shall be more welcome to my house; do not fail to hawl her down with you. I can billet her at a relation's house; and she can live and joke with us the best of the day. Pray let me know her resolution, that I may settle my mind accordingly.

My next to you shall be in verse, and what you little think of; nor is it to be wondered, because I declare solemnly, I am an utter stranger to what I intend, either as to measure, rhyme, diction, or thought. May all happiness attend you. I am, dear Sir, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCXLI.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

July 5. 1735.

I RECEIVED your two receipts, *i. e.* race eats, or ray seats, and as soon as I can hear of Higingbothom, he shall get you the money. The Bishop of Killmore has ordered him to get up all he can for him in the first place; for you must know that the Bishop has my bond for the rent due to him, together with the fine, when I renewed with him the last February. This made me two hundred and eighty pounds in his debt. —The moment I can raise the devil among the tenants, I will secure your poor money. At present I have not a soure but a guinea and a half, till some bird of passage brings me some. You must know that I have lately been be-Sheridan'd. A damnable rogue, one William Sheridan, cousin to counsellor Sheridan, has run away threescore and six pounds in my debt. He was tenant to Drumcor and Bleny-cup, part of the lands which I sold you. I writ to counsellor Callaghan about him, and he tells me that I must eject him legally before I can set to another, although I have no distress on the land, but two acres of growing wheat. The villain keeps within six miles of this place, and will not give up his articles. One Smyth, a rich grafter, would pay most of his arrear to get into the lands now. I
sent

sent to Mr Hale for an ejectment and a writ, but hear nothing of it. I beseech you to let him have Sheridan's article, and Carter's bond, which you have among the papers I gave you, that he may shew them to counsellor Robert Callaghan; for it was to him I writ. Be pleased to send me a letter of attorney to receive your rents of Marahills, Drumcor, and Bleny-cup; and to set the two latter at forty two pounds a-year, which was the rent payable by that run-away villain. You cannot lose, but I must be content to lose forty-six pounds. Now a pox of all losses. — To business more material.

Eye rage hoise X C Dingley tuff Hind mile
Order or Eyes top Afs awe inter inn Dubb Line
ann damn well play said two fine dimn inn afs
teat off Mire he meant: All afs Ice he knot afs
mile inn knack wart her These Quires he rare
sow stow eye call. Ann they par Suns sow dam
nab lye inn sup port able Eye cann knot bay rum.
O'er ay Rum (Sea dye two wan) ay rue awe vye
car, O raw pray bend Harry, O rack Yew rat.
Know sea see, butt adge, use't is sack woe rum.
Ho! Rum! Hah! Rum! Ho! Rum! say dye.

I have no news from our parts, but that my man Pat (upon desiring him to silence our dog) said, by my soul, Sir, he would bark if his head were cut off. He presents his humble service to your Joe. For God sake come as soon as you can possibly, while our weather and every thing is good. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCXLII.

LORD HOWTH TO DR SWIFT.

Killfane, July 6. 1735

I AM very much obliged to my good Dean of St Patrick's for the honour he did me in sitting for his picture; and have wrote to Dr Grattan to give Mr Bindon strick charge in the finishing of it: And when that is done, to bring it to his house, for fear I should get a copy instead of the original. I am very much concerned at the account you gave me of your health, but don't in the least doubt but the change of air would be of service to you, and a most hearty welcome you may be sure of. The Archbishop of Cashel told me he would wait on you the day after he went to Dublin; and does mightily admire he has not seen you oftener. I have taken your advice, and kept very good hours since I came last here. Every second day I am out six or seven hours at otter-hunting. As to reading and working, my wife observes your directions: And could wish she would do the same as to exercise. She desires me to tell you that the liking she has to the Baboon * is out of the true regard she has for you, he being one of your greatest

* The Bishop of Ossory so called.

Could you see his grim, for a pound to a penny,
You'd swear it must be the Baboon of Kilkenny.

Vid. Swift's poem on the Bishops.

greatest favourites. Your giant † will use her endeavours to make Lord Bacon a liar, and instead of adding two inches to her height, would be very well satisfied to part with four. I am very sorry Mrs Acheson is too much out of order: She is one I have a great regard for; and shall desire the favour of you to give my wife's service and mine to her, and Lady Acheson, when you see them. I thank God my family and I are very well. Some time this summer I design drinking Ballispelling waters for a month. As for news we have no such thing here; only the Baboon has done his visitation; that is, he goes into the churches and looks about, then asks the tumbler Sikes how long they have been coming? So long says Sikes. Aye, replies the Baboon, and we shall be as long going back; so mounts his horse and away. Who durst say the church is in danger when we have so good bishops? My wife and all here join in their kind service to the Drapier. I am, good Mr Dean, your most assured and affectionate humble servant,

HOWTH.

LETTER

† Miss Rice, an exceeding tall young Lady, and niece to my Lord Howth.

L E T T E R DCXLIII.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

London, July the 12th. 1735.

I HAVE not answered your's of the 15th of June so soon as I should ; but the Duke of Dorset had answered all your's e'er your letter came to my hands. So I hope all causes of complaint are at an end, and that he has shewed himself, as he is, much your friend and humble servant, though he wears a garter, and had his original from Normandy, if heralds don't lie, or his grannums did not play false ; and whilst he is Lord Lieutenant (which I heartily wish may not be much longer) I dare say will be very glad of an opportunity to do what you recommend to him. Thus far will I answer for his Grace, though he is now in the country, and cannot subscribe to it himself.

Now to quite another affair. The Countess of Suffolk (whom you know I have long had a great esteem and value for) has been so good and gracious as to take my brother George Berkeley for better for worse ; though I hope in God the last will not happen, because I think he is an honest good-natured man. The town is surprised ; and the town talks, as the town loves to do, upon these ordinary extraordinary occasions. She is indeed four or five years older than he, and no more ; but for all that, he hath

appeared to all the world, as well as me, to have long had (that is, ever since she hath been a widow, so pray don't mistake me) a most violent passion for her, as well as esteem and value for her numberless good qualities. These things well considered, I do not think they have above ten to one against their being very happy: And if they should not be so, I shall heartily wish him hanged, because I am sure it will be wholly his fault. As to her fortune, though she has been twenty years a court-favourite, yet I doubt she has been too disinterested to enlarge it, as others would have done. And Sir Robert *, her greatest enemy, does not tax her with getting quite forty thousand pounds. I wish—but fear it is not near that sum. But what she has she never told me, nor have I asked; but whatever it is, they must live accordingly; and he had of his own wherewithal to live by himself easily and genteely. In this hurry of matrimony I had like to forget to answer that part of your letter, where you say, you never heard of our being in print together. I believe it was about twenty years ago, Mr Curll set forth letters amorous, satirical, and gallant, between Dr Swift, Lady Mary Chamber, Lady Betty Germain, and Mrs Anne Long, and several other persons. I am afraid some of my people used them according to their desert; for they have not appeared above ground this great while. And now to the addition of writing the brave large hand you make

* Walpole, afterwards Earl of Oxford.

make me do for you, I have bruised my fingers prodigiously, and can say no more, but adieu.

L E T T E R DCXLIV.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DE ARMIS TER DE AN, *July 15. 1735.*

URIT tome sum time ago an diam redito anfer it thus. A lac a de mi illinc, ducis in it, is notabit fit fora de an; it is more fit for a puppi. I lusit toti. Irritato ripam flet an Diçti toral e ver ibit. Dic is abest Dic is a serpenti se. Dic is a turdi se. Dic is a fartor. Dic is pisti se. Dic is a vix en. Dic is as qui ter in nasti fusti musti cur. Dic is arantur. Dic is ab a boni se. Sed Ito Diçti cantu cum in as a dans in mas ter an dans ab ori ora minuet. Da me I fido sed Dic. Quis mi ars se diu puppi, Ure as turdi rufi an fed I. Ure a tori villa in fed Dic. Ure fit fora gallus fed I; an dume dia dans in. Ure aras calli cur fed Dic. Diçti fed I ure regis a farto me.

Tanti vi fed I tanti vi

Hi fora Dic in apri vi.

Ime Dic as te mas amo use foralis angor. I re collecta piper, fed I, an dat rumpetur, an da sume cur, an ad rumor, an das qui re, an ab lac a more in ure cum pani, an da de al more me ac in a gesto uti. It is ali ad a me fed Dic, as furas istinc. Sensu cæso I cæno more.

I cum here formo ni. Itis apparent I canta ve

mi mærent, mi tenentis tardi. I cursum e veri
 de nota peni cani res. I ambit. Mi stomachis
 a cor morante ver re ad ito digesta me ale in a
 minute. I eat nolam, noram, no dux, I gene-
 rali eat a quale carbone dedat super an da qualis
 as fine abit as arabit. I es ter de I eat atro ut
 at abit. De vilis in mi a petite. A crustis mi
 de lite. (I neu Eumenides ago eat tuent times
 more). As unde I eat off buccas fatas mi arsis.
 O nam unde I eat sum pes. A tu es de I eat a-
 pud in migra num edit. A venis de I eat sum
 pasti. Post de notabit. Afri de abit ab re ad.
 A Satur de sum tripes.

Luis is mus tr in ter in an armi an de fines
 carri in et as far as I tail, sum se germani. I do
 es alarum mus; De vel partum. I fani nucs is
 fito rito me directo me at cava ni Virgini a. Mi-
 ser vice tomi de ter an, Capta in pari, Doctor de
 lanij, Major Folli ut; an mi complemento mi de
 armis tresses, e speciali WRLL.

I am at ure verens his cervice

fore ver an de ver.

L E T T E R DCXLV.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

July 16. 1735.

I RECEIVED your twenty pounds from Lord
 Lanesborough's agent yesterday, and it tra-
 vels to you from this on Saturday next, by one
 John

John Donaldson, one of our nobility. You will get it I believe on Monday. You have nothing to say to the 280 l. you mention. That is, I told you the fine and rent of Drumlane, which I owe the Bishop, and which will be paid him August 26th. I cleared off the rent which I owed him for your purchase the other day, or I should have sent your poor money, poor as I am, before this. Now are you satisfied that I am not negligent or giddy; But what, in the name of God, is the matter with you to delay so long? Can I oversee my workmen and a school too? If you will not come and take your charge in hand, I must employ some body else. There is a long walk begun; stones a-drawing home for an addition to my house: The school-house repaired at the charge of the country: A gravel-walk from the market-cross to my house, at the town's expence: *Item*, a gravel-walk by the river, which will all require your attendance. As you were a good and faithful overseer of my improvements at Quilca, I am willing to employ you rather than another; therefore I expect your answer immediately, for the summer is flying off apace. My Lord Orrery writ to me, that he would come from Munster to see me soon; if you will but have the prudence to be here, you may have a fair opportunity of recommending yourself to him; and I shall perhaps give you the character of a vigilant overseer, if I find you be not altered since you were last in my service.

Now to be serious. I shall send you some ve-

nison soon. You shall know next Monday when it sets out; and you are to dispose of it thus:

To Dr Hellsham, four cuts.

Dr Delany, four.

Mrs Hellsham, one and a half.

Mrs Whiteway, ditto.

Lady Acheson, because of her good stomach, three scruples.

Mr Warrel a pound and a quarter.

Pray let them be all wrapt up in clean paper, and sent to the several above-mentioned persons. Dine upon the rest with your own company.

I have got you a mare, a very easy trotter: She shall go up with the venison. Whether she will be shy at your city objects, I know not: Here she is not in the least. Your best way will be to let your servant ride her. She is one of my own rearing, sprung of a good-natured family.

If you like, she costs you nothing but a low bow when you come to Cavan. I have a chaise just finished to the lining in Dublin, made by a man so much in my debt: It will be your best way to come down in it. I tell you a project I have, which I believe will do: My scholars are to club and build me a little library in my garden. The lime and stones (freestone) are in my own fields, and building is dog-cheap here.

I beseech you let me know how soon you will be here, that all things may be to your heart's desire: Such venison! such mutton! such small beer! such chickens! such butter! such trouts! such pouts! such ducks! such beef! such fish!
such

fuch eels ! fuch turkies ! fuch fields ! fuch groves !
fuch lakes ! fuch ladies ! fuch fruit ! fuch pota-
toes ! fuch rasp-berries ! fuch bilberries ! and fuch
a boat as Mr Hamilton's, were never yet feen in
any one country yet !

Owe for tune a toes keen me 'um bone gnaw
figh shoe awa knower in't Cave Ann eye.

God Almighty blefs you, and fend you fafe to
our Elyfium. My fervice to Mrs Whiteway,
and every body in Dublin, man, woman, and
child. I am, with all refpect, your moft obedient
and very humble fervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

L E T T E R DCXLVI.

EARL OF ORRERY TO DR SWIFT.

Limerick, July 18. 1735.

OFF break to forced and, interrupted ! Alas !
alas ! Bays quoth i'faith fimile good a.
Paris at Victoire de Place the round driving Ber-
lin a of noife the like, brains my round rowl
that head my in words of jumble of kind a have
I fo and : Sex or perfon of diftinction either
without, about promiscoufly ears his lent nine-
teenth the but, noify very were which of eighteen;
table at day to people nineteen were we.

Strong get cannot I when beer fmall with my-
felf contenting ever, moon the with fatisfied be
to learn will I but : Again fun the fee never
shall

shall we believe I; summer than winter like more much and, indeed weather terrible is this O. Physician a other the, divine a one, doctors two the to fashion and invention own my communicate will you hope and, English writing of sample new a you offer here I, Latin writing of method new a me teach to kind so been have you as but. Honour and achievements of search in far thus come am and, Mancha la from out set am I that know you let to is this. You to inconvenient be may writing that imagine I when it curb always will I, Dean Mr Good,

great so ever be
you from hear to desire
My Let.

L E T T E R DCXLVII.

MR MOTTE TO DR SWIFT.

HONOURED SIR,

I HAVE not had an opportunity of writing to you otherwise than by the post for above a twelvemonth, and though in that time I did trouble you with a letter or two relating to Mr Lancelot's business, yet I thought proper to mention only what related to that particular, considering I was then under the hands of the law, whence I was not discharged till the last day of the last term. I don't doubt but you have heard before now, that

that Mrs Barber was discharged at the same time.

I desired, therefore, Mrs Hyde * to deliver this to your own hand, and make bold to trouble you with an account of some transactions which have happened within these two years, which I have long wished for the pleasure of doing by word of mouth, in hopes my behaviour would be excused at least (if not approved) by you, the assurance whereof I should receive with the utmost satisfaction.

Soon after Mr Pilkington had received the twenty guineas you ordered me to pay him, the Life and Character was offered me, though not by his own hands, yet by his means, as I was afterwards convinced by many circumstances: one was, that he corrected the proof sheets with his own hand; and as he said he had seen the original of that piece, I could not imagine he would have suffered your name to be put to it, if it had not been genuine. When I found, by your advertisement, and the letter you were pleased to write to me, that I had been deceived by him, I acted afterwards with more reserve, and refused a pamphlet about Norton's will, which he pretended came from an eminent hand. It was bought afterwards by another bookseller, who printed it, and lost money by it.

He could not forbear observing my coldness, and applied to Mr Gilliver about the copy of verses for which we are all brought into trouble;
and,

* Widow to Mr Hyde, bookseller, in Dublin.

and, by the way, when once an affair was communicated to two persons, it was not in the power of any one, how just and faithful soever, to answer for it's being kept a secret. It was published three months before it was taken notice of; and when the printer was taken up, and had named Gilliver as the bookseller, and it was reported a warrant was out against G. and he was likely to be apprehended next morning, we two had a meeting over-night, and I promised to take the advice of a gentleman of sense and honour, whose name I did not mention to him, and to meet G. early the next morning at a certain tavern to consult farther. Accordingly I went to a gentleman in Cork-street, and from thence to the tavern we had appointed to meet at, where, after I had waited above an hour, a message was sent me that I need stay no longer, for Mr G. was gone to Westminster and would not come. I went to see him in the messenger's hands; but he was so closely watched by a couple of sharp fluts, the messenger's daughters, that I could say nothing to him, but about indifferent matters. The consequence was, he was examined, and made a confession, like poor Dr Yalden's, of all that he knew, and more too; naming Mr Pilkington first, and then myself; which last, as many people have told me, was unnecessary; only, as he before said, he was resolved, if he came into trouble, I should have a share of it, though I offered, in case he would not name me, that I would bear one half

half of his expences. This confession of his, together with his bearing the character of a wealthy man, exposed him to an information ; but as it was not my business to be industrious in recollecting what past three months before, I could not remember any thing that could affect me or any body else.

I am sorry for the trouble this has caused to poor Mrs Barber. I saw her the other day ; she was confined to her bed with the gout. She desired, when I wrote, that I would present her humble service to you.

I would be glad to receive your directions what I must do with the two notes I have under Mr Pilkington's hand, of ten guineas each. They were allowed by you in the last account we settled ; but whether you would please they should be destroyed or sent over to you, I am not certain, as for the state of the account, as I have heard no exceptions to it, I flatter myself you find it all right.

Mr Faulkner's impression of four volumes has had its run. I was advised that it was in my power to have given him and his agents sufficient vexation, by applying to the law ; but that I could not sue him without bringing your name into a court of justice, which absolutely determined me to be passive. I am told he is about printing them in an edition in twelves ; in which case I humbly hope you'll please to lay your commands upon him (which, if he has any sense of gratitude, must have the same power as an injunction

junction in chancery) to forbear sending them over here. If you think this request to be reasonable, I know you will comply with it: If not, I submit.

As we once had a meeting upon this affair, and he may possibly have misrepresented the offers he then made me; I beg leave to assure you that his proposal was, that I should have paid him a larger price for the book than I could have had it printed for here in England; and surely I had the same right of printing them here, as he had in Ireland, especially having bought and paid for them. If he made any other offer, I declare I misunderstood him; and I am sure, if I had complied with those terms, I should have been a laughing-stock to the whole trade.

Mr Pope has published a second volume of his poetical works, of which, I suppose, he has made you a present. I am surpris'd to see he owns so little in the four volumes; and speaks of these few things as inconsiderable. I am a stranger to what part of the copy-money he received; but you, who know better, are a competent judge whether he deserved it. I always thought the Art of Sinking was his, though he there disowns it.

Curll's edition of Letters to and from Mr Pope, I suppose you have seen. They were taken notice of in the House of Lords; and Curll was ruffled for them in a manner, as, to a man of less impudence than his own, would have been very uneasy. It has provoked Mr Pope to promise

mise the world a genuine edition, with many additions. 'Tis plain the rascal has no knowledge of those letters of your's that Ewin of Cambridge has. Few as they are, he would tack some trash to them, and make a five or six shilling book of them.

The Persian Letters have been well received, so I chose to send them; besides that, they make a convenient cover for this letter.

Mr Tooke, who desires me to present his most humble service to you, acquainted me some time ago of your intention to erect an hospital for lunatics and idiots. I am glad to find, by the news-papers, that so noble a design proceeds; for besides the general benefit to mankind that is obvious to every body, I am persuaded there will a particular one arise by your example; namely, that you will lay down a scheme which will be a pattern for future founders of public hospitals, to prevent many of the vile abuses, which, in process of time, do creep into those foundations, by the indolence, ignorance, or knavery of the trustees. I have seen so many scandalous instances of misapplications of that kind, as have raised my indignation so, that I can hardly think upon it with temper; and heartily congratulate you, that a heart to bestow, is joined in you with a head to contrive: And therefore, without any mercenary views, (at the same time not declining any instance of your favour), I would beg leave to say, that as, while your thoughts are employed in this generous undertaking,

dertaking, you must necessarily consider it in the light I have placed it in; so if you would please to communicate these thoughts to the public, you might possibly give useful hints to persons of fortune and beneficent intentions, though of inferior abilities. I heartily wish you success in this and all other your undertakings; being, with grateful respect, Sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant,

B. MOTTE.

London, July 31. }
1735. }

Upon second thoughts, I have inclosed Mr Pilkington's two notes; for I don't see how they can possibly be of any service to you on this side the water.

L E T T E R DCXLVIII.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

August 13. 1735.

BECAUSE of some dropping young lads coming to me, and because it was impossible for me to get any money before the 23d of this month, I could not fix my vacation. Now I do. On Saturday se'n-night, the 23d, I set out for Dublin to bring you home: And so, without Ifs, Ands, and Ors, get ready before our fields be stripped of all their gaiety. I thank God, I have every good thing in plenty but money; and that,

as affairs are likely to go, will not be my complaint a month longer. Belturbet fair will make me an emperor. I have all this town, and six men of my own, at work at this juncture, to make you a winter walk by the river side; I have raised mountains of gravel, and diverted the river's course for that end——*Regis Opus*, you will wonder and be delighted when you see it. Your works at Quilca are to be as much inferior to ours here, as a sugar-loaf to an Egyptian pyramid. We had a county of Armagh rogue, one Mackay, hanged yesterday: Griffith the player never made so merry an exit. He invited his audience the night before, with a promise of giving them such a speech from the gallows as they never heard: And indeed he made his words good; for no man was ever merrier at a christening than he was upon the ladder.

When he mounted to his proper height, he turned his face to each side of the gallows, and said, in a chearful manner, Hah, my friend, I am come to you at last! Then turning to the people, Gentlemen, you need not stand so thick, for the farthest shall hear me as easily as the nearest. Upon this a fellow interrupted him, and asked him, Did he know any thing of a grey mare which was stolen from him? Why, what if I should, would you pay for a mass for my soul? Ay, by G—, said the fellow, will I pay for seven. Why then, said the criminal laughing, I know nothing of your mare. After this he entertained the company with two hours hi-

story of his villanies, in a loud unconcerned voice. At last he concluded, with his humble service to one of the inhabitants of our town, desiring that he might give him a night's lodging, which was all he would trouble him for. He was not the least touched by any liquor; but soberly and intrepidly desired the hangman to do his office: And at last went off with a joke. Match me this with any of your Englishmen, if you can. I have no more news from Cavan, but that you have all their hearts, and mine among the rest, if it be worth any thing. My love and service to Mrs Whiteway, and all friends. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

L E T T E R DCXLIX.

LORD B—— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN, *Cirencester, Sept. 13. 1735.*

THOUGH you never answer any of my letters, and I can never have a line from you, except in parliament time about an Irish cause, I do insist that without delay you give me, either by yourself or agents, immediate satisfaction in these points. First, whether the article which I read in the news about one Butler, a shooting parson, be true or not; secondly, whether he has yet begged pardon, and attested upon oath that it was without design, and by accident
that

that the gun went off. In case the fact be true, and that he has not yet made any sufficient or reasonable excuse, I require of you that you do immediately get some able painter to draw his picture, and send it over to me, and I will order a great number of prints to be made of it, which shall be dispersed over all parts of the known world, that such a worthless rascal may not go any where without being known. I make no doubt of his being immediately drove out of Ireland, such a brutal attempt upon the Drapier cannot be borne there; and he won't venture into England when these prints of his person are sent about, for he would certainly be knocked on the head in the first village he passed through. Perhaps he may think to skulk in Holland, the common refuge of all scoundrels; but he will soon find out that Dr Swift (for so they pronounce the name) is in great esteem there, for his learning and political writings. In France he would meet with worse reception; for his wit is relished there, and many of his tracts, though spoiled by translation, are yet more admired than what is writ by any among themselves. Should he go into Spain, he would find Don Suisto is in the highest estimation, being thought to be lineally descended from Miguel de Cervantes by a daughter of Quevedo's. Perhaps he may think to be safe in Poland during the time of these troubles; but I can assure him, from the mouth of a Polish lady, who was lately in London, by name Madam de Monmorancy (for the

was married to a French gentleman of that great family) that Dr Swift is perfectly well known there; and she was very solicitous to know whether he were a Stanislait or not, she being a zealous partizan for that cause.

Now if this brute of a parson should find no security in Europe, and therefore slip into the East-Indies in some Dutch ship, for a Dutchman may be found, who would carry the devil for a stiver or two extraordinary; he will be confoundedly surpris'd to find that Dr Swift is known in China, and that next to Confucius his writings are in the greatest esteem. The missionaries have translated several European books into their language; but I am well informed that none of them have taken so well as his; and the Chinese, who are a very ingenious people, reckon Sif the only author worth reading. It is well known that in Persia Kouli-Can was at the pains to translate his works himself; being born a Scotsman, he understood them very well, and I am credibly informed that he read *The Battle of the Books* that night, before he gave that great defeat to the Persian army. If he hears of this, he may imagine that he shall find good reception at Constantinople; but he will be bit there; for many years ago an English renegado slave translated *Effendi Soif* for them, and told them it was writ by an Englishman, with a design to introduce the Mahometan religion; this having got him his liberty, and although it is not believed by the *Effendi*, the book and the author are in

in the greatest esteem among them. If he goes into America, he will not be received into any English, French, or Spanish settlement; so that in all probability he would be soon scalpt by the wild Indians; and in truth there would be no manner of shame that a head should be uncovered that has so little brains in it. Brutality and ill-nature proceed from the want of sense; therefore without having ever heard of him before, I can decide what he is, from this single action. Now I really believe no layman could have done such a thing. The wearing petticoats gives to most of the clergy (a few only excepted of superior understanding) certain feminine dispositions. They are commonly subject to malice and envy, and give more free vent to those passions: Possibly for the same reasons that women are observed to do so, because they cannot be called to account for it. When one of us does a brutal action to another, he may have his head broke, or be whipt through the lungs; but all who wear petticoats are secure from such accidents. Now to avoid further trouble, I hope by this time his gown is stript off his back, and the boys of Dublin have drawn him through a horse-pond. Send me an account of this, and I shall be satisfied. Adieu, dear Dean; I am got to the end of my paper, but you may be assured that my regard for you will only end with the last breath of your faithful servant.

LETTER

LETTER DCL.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Sept. 3. 1735.

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an answer to your's of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curll. I heartily wish you were what they call disaffected, as I am. I may say as David did, I have sinned greatly, but what have these sheep done? You have given no offence to the ministry, nor to the Lords, nor Commons, nor Queen, nor the next in power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore must abhor vice and all corruption, although your discretion holds the reigns. "You need not fear any consequence in the commerce that hath so long passed between us, although I never destroyed one of your letters. But my executors are men of honour and virtue, who have strict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me." Neither did our letters contain any turns of wit, or fancy, or politics, or satire, but mere innocent friendship. Yet I am loath, that any letters from you, and a very few other friends, should die before me. I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand, to study what we should write next; yet we have held a constant intercourse
from

from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it must be continued till my death, which my bad state of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earnest as well as in haste, to have one epistle inscribed to me while I am alive, and you just in the time when wit and wisdom are in the height. I must once more repeat Cicero's desire to a friend, *Orna me*. A month ago were sent me over by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, Esq. They are in verse and prose. I never heard of the man in my life; yet I find your name as a subscriber too. He is too grave a poet for me; and I think among the mediocribus in prose as well as verse. I have the honour to know Dr Rundle*. He is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us; but that is saying nothing, for he answers your character. I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain, which was a very wise and popular action. His only fault is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing else.

This kingdom is now absolutely starving, by the means of every oppression that can be inflicted on mankind.—Shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord? You advise me right, not to trouble myself about the world. But oppression tortures me; and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money; and money is not to be had, except they will make
me

* Bishop of Derry.

me a bishop, or a judge, or a colonel, or a commissioner of the revenues. Adieu.

L E T T E R DCLI.

TO answer your question as to Mr Hughes, what he wanted as to genius, he made up as an honest man; but he was of the class you think him.

I am glad you think of Dr Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the bishops, and a disgrace to one bishop; two things you will like: But what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor even to your unfriended, unbenefited nation. He will be a friend to human race, where-ever he goes. Pray tell him my best wishes for his health and long life. I wish you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never saw a man so seldom whom I liked so much as Dr Rundle.

Lord Peterborow I went to take a last leave of, at his setting sail for Lisbon. No body can be more wasted, no soul can be more alive. Immediately after the severest operation of being cut into the bladder, for a suppression of urine, he took coach, and got from Bristol to Southampton. This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

Poor Lord Peterborow! there is another string lost, that would have helped to draw you hither! He ordered on his death-bed, his watch to be given
me,

me, (that which had accompanied him in all his travels), with this reason, "That I might have something to put me every day in mind of him." It was a present to him from the King of Sicily, whose arms and insignia are engraved on the inner case. On the outer I have put this inscription. *Victor Amadeus, Rex Sicilia, Dux Sabaudia, &c. &c. Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborough, D. D. Car. Mor. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit. 1735.*

Pray write to me a little oftener; and if there be a thing left in the world, that pleases you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear, with approbation and pleasure, that your present care is to relieve the most helpless of this world, those objects * which most want our compassion, though generally made the scorn of their fellow creatures, such as are less innocent than they. You always think generously; and of all charities, this is the most disinterested, and least vain-glorious, done to such as never will thank you, or can praise you for it.

God bless you with ease, if not with pleasure; with a tolerable state of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a resigned temper of mind, if not a very chearful one. It is upon these terms I live myself, though younger than you; and I repine not at my lot, could but the presence of a few that I love be added to these. Adieu.

LETTER

* Idiots.

LETTER DCLII.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

Sept. 4. 1735.

IF you are not angry with me for my long silence, I take it ill, and need make no excuse; and if you are angry, then I would not willingly make you sorry too, which I know you will be, when I tell you that I was laid up at Knowle with a severe fit of the gout. And since that infallible cure for all diseases, which all great fools and talkers wish joy of, I have never been quite well, but have had continually some disorder or other, which made my head and spirits unfit for writing, or indeed doing any thing I should, I am still so much out of order, that I am under great apprehensions I shall not be able to go, next year, part of the journey to Ireland with their Graces; which is also part of the road to Drayton, where I intend to stay till November, in hopes that summer deferred its coming till I was there; for I am sure, hitherto, we have had little but winter weather.

I am glad matters are settled between his Grace of Dorset and you; and I dare answer, as you are both right thinkers, and, of course, upright actors, there wants but little explanation between you; since I, that am the go-between, can easily find out, that he has as sincere a value for you, as you have for him. I do assure you I am extremely

tremely delighted, that since Lady Suffolk would take a master (commonly called a husband) she chose my brother George : For if I am not partial to him, which indeed I don't know that I am, his sincere value, love, and esteem for her, must make him a good man.

We are now full of expectation of his Royal Highness's * wedding. Her Highness's jewels are bought, and her cloaths bespoke ; and a gallery of communication is making between his apartment and St James's ; but as I do not love to pry into mysteries of state, I don't at all know when the lady will come over. Your friend Mrs Floyd is grown fat and well, under the Dutchess of Dorset's care and direction at Knowle. Our friend Curll has again reprinted what he called our letters, as a proper third part of Mr Pope's. He should have made those silly bitter verses on me to have been his too, instead of Sir William Trumbal's, whom they just as much belonged to. But you patriots are so much affraid of suppressing the press, that every body must suffer under that, and the lyes of the news-papers, without hopes of redress. Adieu, my dear Dean

* Frederick, then Prince of Wales.

LETTER DCLIII.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

Sept. 12. 1735.

HERE is a very ingenious observation upon the days of the week, and in rhyme, worth your observation, and very proper for the information of boys and girls, that they may not forget to reckon them. Sunday's a pun-day, Monday's a dun-day, Tuesday's a news-day, Wednesday's a friend's-day, Thursday's a curs'd-day, Friday's a dry-day, Saturday's the latter-day. I intend something of equal use upon the months, as January women vary. I shall likewise in due time make some observation upon each year as it passes. So for the present year.

One thousand seven hundred and thirty-five,
When only the d—— and b——ps will thrive.

And for the next :

One thousand seven hundred and thirty-six,
When the d—— will carry the b——ps to Styx.

Perge :

One thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven,
When the Whigs are so blind they mistake hell
for heav'n

I will carry these predictions no further than

to

to the year 2001, when the learned think the world will be at an end, or the fine-all-ca-ta-strow fee.

The last is the period, two thousand and one,
When m—— and b—— to hell are all gone.

When that time comes, pray remember the discovery came from me.

It is now time I should begin my letter. I hope you got safe to Cavan, and have got no cold in those two terrible days. All your friends are well, and I as I used to be. I received your's. My humble service to your Lady, and love to your children. I suppose you have all the news sent to you. I hear of no marriages going on. One Dean Cross, an eminent divine, we hear, is to be Bishop of Cork. — Stay till I ask a servant what Patrick's bells ring for so late at night. — You fellow, is it for joy or sorrow? I believe it some of our royal birthdays. — Oh, they tell me, it is for joy a new master is chosen for the corporation of butchers. So farewell.

L E T T E R DCLIV.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Cavan, Sept. 17. 1735

E^t not butt reap rhyme an^u for wry tinn
 how long an ape is till a bout bees knees,
 A a 2 when

when Tom eye Noll edge *tu* cool das i lyre eye't a
 pun no thing. *Μυστηρ Δην* what *is tuρ μηνιν το πλέονος*
 in e veri epistolas *ευδα* Inn Angle owe Law Tigh
 no. Cann knott yew right in nap lean met hood
 as I do *εω tu αρα πονηρον* all o key shuns. But
 cantu gay tann other subject tofs at her eyes bis
 eyed my wife? The woman is grown good for
 nothing. However I would not have her so
 much abused, but when she deserves it. I no u
 se it is e veri de of her life, but I sea it is not
 rue; for it is only everi our o fit. She swears
 if heu come tuck have Ann, she will give you
a sous Inn the chops.

I beg pardon for troubling you so long with
 business, and therefore I will now be as merry
 as I can. The devil a farthing I can get among
 my tenants but cows, bullocks and sheep. Will
 you let me know whether such coin can pass in
 Dublin? that I may pay you some money which
 I owe. My purse, God help me, is grown as
 slender as a famished weezle. I long much to
 see it have in alderman's belly; but Quando, Mr
 Dean, Quando. We cannot say that our wea-
 ther is the devil here: for it is all water. If it
 continues, I must have thoughts of building an
 ark; but I shall not, like Noah, let any unclean
 beast enter. Eat pone linck waiter conjux. My
 mutton is grown too fat, and I want you much
 to eat of it, while it is in its prime. I hear of
 no cadger going to Dublin, or I would send you
 a basket full of it. All I can do now is to tend a
 fine roasted shoulder in my wishes, and pray in-
 vite

vite Mrs Whiteway to share of it. I wish you both a good stomach to it, with all my heart. Pray do not chide her for asking you to eat, as you used to do. I assure you (if I may be allowed to judge) she presses you to her victuals out of pure good nature and friendship.

I am sorry that the shortness of my last letter gave you cause to complain. This shall may cup for that deaf he she An she, for I have laid in a good stock of learning this last week; and therefore quoniam tu inter literatos primaria sedes in classe, quorundam decanorum nomina (minime nostratium) qui scientiis omnigenis inclaruerunt tibi mittam. This part I mention in Latin, for fear the letter should fall into Dean Croffe's hands.

Having lately read a very entertaining book, whose title page runs thus—*Histoire generale Des pais-bas*, I met with accounts of several great men, whose names I never read before, and every one of them were deans, some became bishops, others cardinals: All of them on account of their great learning and merit. Lord have mercy upon us, Christ have mercy upon us. How the world is altered since! But you must know, that Charles the Great lived in that age, alias Char Lay Main. Now for the great scholars I promised you. Among those, who became Bishops of Antwerp, you will find Philip Nidri, Aubert Vanden Eade, Jean Ferdinand de Benghem, Pierre Joseph Frenken-Sierstorff. Among those of Bois-le Duc, Clement Crabeels,

Gisbert Masins, Michel Ophove, Joseph de Bergaigne. In the same town you will find among the Vicaries apostoliques, Henry Uan Leempute, Joffe Houbraecken, Martin Steyaert, Pierre Go-vaerts, &c. &c. &c. The next place you dine, you may make a figure with these names, and silence even Robin Lefle *. But pox upon learning, I say. It is enough to turn a man's head. I have a great mind to have done with it; for the devil a thing is to be got by it. *Idcirco libris valedico.*

I cannot, now my memory serves me, omit an account of some learned physicians, which I read of in other authors, *viz.* Hermannus Conringius, Lucas Schrochius, Melchior Sebizius, Sebastian Schefferus, Guernlrus Rolfinckius, Hoffmannus Altors, Seb. Jovius Lugani, Petrus Dapples, Theodore Kerchringius, Regnerus de Graef, Swammerda, Antonius Scarellius, Hieronymus Copelazzi, Jacobus Gonzato, Bernardinus Malacreda, Johannes Petrus Lotichius, Christianus Keekins, Julius Richeltus, Joan. Christoph. Vaganseilius, Jacobus Kerscherus, Antonius Magliabechius, and many others. Pray ask Grattan how many of these he has read.

You say (I thank you for that) that you know nobody. No matter for that; so much the better for me, because I know every body knows you, and therefore more likely to succeed in subscriptions

* Mr Lefle was the most incessant talker in the world. However, he had a great variety of learning, and talked well.

scriptions for mice cool. Pray is this letter long enough? If it be not send it back, and I will fill the other side. In the mean time I remain your most obedient and very humble serve aunt,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Mice or vice two awl my if riends.

Send me word what a clock it is, that I may set my watch by your's.

L E T T E R DCLV.

DR KING TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Sept. 20. 1735.

SOON after I came into England I was obliged to cross the seas again, and go into France, upon a business of consequence to my private affairs. I am but just returned to this place, where I have met with your letter the 21st of last month. Since you are so kind as to repeat the promise you made me when I was in Ireland, I shall expect the paper with the greatest impatience. While I was reading your letter, a person called on me, who does business for you. I was in hopes he had brought it with him: But he told me, it would be sent by another hand. I will say nothing more of it here, than that I am very sure it will please the public and do honour to the author.

The gentleman, concerning whom you inquire,

quire, is a member of our hall; but I have never yet seen him. He had left Oxford about the time I came from Dublin to spend the summer vacation in Herefordshire. My son, who is well acquainted with him, assures me that he is very sober, that he studies hard, and constantly attends the exercises of the house. But I shall be able to give you a more particular account of him in the next term, when I shall probably meet him in the hall; and he shall find me ready to do him any kind of service that may be in my power.

I don't know whether my law-suit will force me into Ireland again the next term: As yet I have not received any summons from my managers. I should indeed be well pleased to defer my journey till the next spring, for Dublin is not a very good winter abode for a water-drinker. However, I do not neglect my defence, especially that part of it which you mention *. It is now in such forwardness, that, as I compute, it will be finished in six weeks at farthest. There are some alterations, which I hope you will approve.

I rejoice to hear that the honest Doctor † hath good success in his new school. If the load of his baggage should endanger his vessel again, I think he hath no other remedy left, but to throw it into the sea. What is he doing with his *bons mots*?

* This alludes to *The Toast*, a satirical Poem, to which Dr King was instigated by some monstrous usage that he had received from his antagonists in the suit.

† Sheridan.

mots? and when does he design to send them abroad?

My son, who is very proud to be in your thoughts, desires me to present his most humble service to you. I am, with great truth, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

W. K.

L E T T E R DCLVI.

MR MOTTE TO DR SWIFT.

HONOURED SIR, *London, Oct. 4. 1735.*

MRS Launcelot, who dined with me to-day, and desired me to present her humble service, shewed me part of a letter from you, which gave me so much concern, that I would not let a post slip without writing to you upon the subject of it. You are pleased to express an apprehension, that Mrs Fenton's money has not been regularly paid, because you have not heard from me for above a twelvemonth. I hope I have accounted to your satisfaction for my silence in a letter which Mrs Hyde delivered to you since the date of your's to Mrs Launcelot: And as to Mrs Fenton's annuity, I have punctually paid it, and shall continue to do so until I receive your commands to the contrary. The next payment will be called for a few days after the first of November, and unless you forbid it before that time, I shall pay it. Mr Fenton

ton, her son, who receives it, is a man of worth and honour, and I am persuaded will return me the money, should it be paid him from any other quarter. I am surpris'd to find by Mrs Hyde that my last, which was written the latter end of July, had so slow a passage, as not to come to your hand until the 13th of September

I have been so particular (I fear even to tediousness) in that letter, that I have nothing to add, but a repetition of the sincere profession I there made, that I am, with all possible gratitude, truth, and sincerity, Sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant,

B. MOTTE.

LETTER DCLVII.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

October 5. 1735.

IN the first place I was heartily rejoiced to see your letter, for I was afraid you were not well. Now I shall answer as much as my time will permit; (but before I proceed, remember I expect you here next Saturday; for I am both in humour and capacity to receive you. I shall get your answer on Thursday next, and then I shall go as far as Virginia to meet you. Leave Dublin on Wednesday; ride to Dunshaughlan that day, 12 miles. From thence to Navan on Thursday,

Thursday, 11 miles. A Friday to Virginia, 15 miles, where I will meet you that evening with a couple of bottles of the best wine in Ireland, and a piece of my own mutton, &c. A Saturday morning we set out for Cavan, where you will find dinner ready at your arrival. Bring a cheese-toaster to do a mutton-chop now and then; and do not forget some rice; we have none good here; but all other eatables in perfection) I beg pardon for the long foregoing parenthesis (the next shall be shorter) you see it was necessary. Ure Dolis a de vel it hinc. Mi mollis ab uti, an angeli se. An has fine iis, a fine face, ab re ast as no, a belli fora que en. An di me quis mi molli as I ples. As for your jogg Ralph Eye, I may say, without vanity, that I exceed you as far as from east to west. First, with submission, you should have begun with the Poles Arc Tick Ann Tarr Tick, next the May read dye Ann, the Eak water, the whore Eyes on, the Eak lip Tick, the Trow Pick of can fir, the Traw pick of Cap rye corn, or Cap Rick horn, the twelve signes Are I ease. Tower us, Jay me knee, Can Sir, lay O, Veer goe, lye braw (quoth the Scotchman) Sage it rre eye us, Cay wrye corn us, hack weary us, and pifs is; together with Cullewers, Zounds, and Clim bats, &c. &c. In order to give you a full idea of the chief towns in Europe, I shall only mention some of Lord Peterborow's rambles. He had like to break all Lisbon in Portugal; he Mad rid through Spain: He could not find room in Italy: He was constant

stant in a pull among the Turks: He met with his names's sake Peter's burgh in Musk O vye: He had like to Crack O in Poland: When he came to Vye any, he did there jeer many: In France he declared the King of Great-Britain, with its king upon the Par is; in a certain northern country he took a frolic to put on a Fryer's Cope; and then he was Cope in Hag in. Pray Dean mark that. In Holland he met with a G—amster,— Dam you, said he in a passion, for a cheat; he was there poxt by a whore; and he cried out, Rot her, dam her. Thus far I know of his travels to the Low Countries, and no farther. Thus far you see I am in humour; although the devil be in one end of my house, I defy her, because I have the other for you and me. Another thing I must promise when you come, that we shall not quit our learned correspondence, but write up and down stairs to one another, and still keep on our agreeable flights. The devil take all the D's in Christendom, for a pack of faucy scabs. When you are here you will despise them all; and you shall be troubled with no club, but such as will keep you out of the dirt. Do not lose this good weather, I beseech you; for every thing is ready for you. If you do not like your lodgings, you shall not pay a farthing; and if you do, I have the remedy in my own purse. Do not think to sponge upon me for any thing but meat, drink, and lodging; for I do assure you, as the world goes, I can afford you nothing else. Yes,

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I beg pardon, I can give your horses good grafs, and perhaps a feed of oats now and then. My turf is all home, so is my corn, but my hay not yet. I expect it on Monday, which is the next day after Sunday, the very day you will receive this, the day before Tuesday, and I hope two days before you begin your journey, which I hope will be an happy one. May you arrive safe, is the sincere wish of, dear Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

L E T T E R DCLVIII.

DR SICAN TO DR SWIFT.

HONOURED SIR, *Paris, Oct. 20. 1735.*

MR Arbuthnott's absence from Paris was the occasion of his not receiving your kind letter till within these few days ; but upon the reception of it, he treated me with great civility, invited me to dinner, and inquired very earnestly concerning your health, which was drunk by a large company then present ; for though you were pleased to tell me you had no acquaintance at Paris, I can safely affirm, that as often as I have been for half an hour with any English gentlemen, some one or other has had the vanity to say he knew you. He has, in a very obliging manner, promised me any acts of friendship in his power, whether I remain at Paris, or should

proceed to the south of France; and seems to be a gentleman possessed of a large share of wit, good humour, sincerity, and honesty: Though, upon the closest inspection, I could not perceive the hair in the palm of his hand. I have met with another exception to that rule in the Chevalier Ramsay, who sends you his best respects. I have employed the greatest part of this summer in taking a view of every thing curious within four leagues of this city; but shall not trouble you with a detail of palaces, paintings, statues, &c. as I flatter myself Mr Arbuthnot's friendly solicitations, joined to a due regard to your health, will prevail upon you to undertake that journey next summer. The roads are excellent, post-chaifes very commodious, and the beds the best in the world; but the face of the country in general is very wretched; of which I can't mention a more lively instance, than that you meet with wooden shoes and cottages like those in Ireland, before you lose sight of Versailles. I am persuaded, Sir, you will find a particular pleasure in taking a view of the French noblemen's houses, arising from the similitude between the good treatment the Houyhnhnms meet with here, and that which you have observed in your former travels. The stables that Lewis XIV. has built, are very magnificent; I should do them an injury in comparing them to the palace of St James's: yet these seem but mean to any one who has seen that of the Duke of Bourbon at Chantilli, which lies in a straight line,
and

and contains stalls for near a thousand horses, with large intervals between each; and might very well, at first view, be mistaken for a noble palace: Some hundreds of Yahoos are constantly employed in keeping it clean. But if any one would be astonished, he must pay a visit to the machine of Marly; by means of which, water is raised half a mile up a hill, and from thence conveyed a league further to Versailles, to supply the water-works. Lewis might have saved this vast expence, and have had a more agreeable situation, finer prospects, and water enough, by building his palace near the river; but then he would not have conquered nature.

Upon reading Boileau's account of the *Petit Maifon*, or *Bedlam* at Paris, I was tempted to go see it; it is a low flat building, without any upper rooms, and might be a good plan for that you intend to found, but that it takes up a greater space than the city perhaps would give; this is common to men and women: There is another vastly more capacious, and consisting of several stories, called the *Hospital de Femmes*, for the use of the fair sex only. I shall not presume to take up any part of your time in describing the people of France, since they have been so excellently painted by Julius Cæsar near two thousand years ago: If there be any difference, they are obliged for it to the taylor and peruke-makers. The ladies only might help to improve the favourable opinion you have always entertained of the sex, upon account of their great usefulness to

mankind, learning, modesty, and many other valuable qualities. I should have informed you, Sir, that Mr Arbuthnott inquired very kindly after Mr Leslie; but, as I had not the honour to know that gentleman, I was not able to satisfy him, but referred him to you, who can do it much better than, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

J. SICAN.

LETTER DCLIX.

REV. MR DONNELLAN TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Cloyne, Oct. 31. 1735.

THOUGH I have hitherto forbore troubling you with my acknowledgments for many favours, which very justly demanded them, yet the late application to the Duke in my behalf, (which I had an account of from my sister), is such an instance of kindness and regard, as will not suffer me to be silent: I must beg leave to return you my best thanks for it, and, at the same time, let you know what a thorough and true sense I have of your goodness to me, and the great honour you have done me by appearing in my favour. I am sufficiently acquainted with your dislike to recommending, as well as the deserved regard that is paid to your judgment and opinion, to know how to set a proper value on both. And, be the success of this affair what it will, I think myself

myself happy in having engaged in it, as it has been the occasion of your shewing that you honoured me with some share of your friendship and regard, which will always be my greatest pleasure and praise.

I suppose, Sir, you have heard what an handsome mark I have lately received of the Bishop of Cloyne's favour, and how handsomely it was given; unasked and unexpected, and without any regard to kindred or application. It is a very good preferment, worth at least 300 l. *per annum*; and is made much more valuable and agreeable, by the manner in which it was bestowed, and especially by coming from a person whom you have an esteem for. I was t'other day to view my house, and was much pleased with the situation, which is very pretty and romantic. It stands on the bank of a fine river, in a vale between two ridges of hills that are very green, pleasant, and woody. Its nearness to Corke (being within four miles of it) would make the deanry of that place a very convenient and desirable addition, and was what induced my friends to think of it for me. What success their applications are likely to meet with, I can't say: This I am sure of, that I cannot be deprived of the sincere satisfaction I received from having your interest and good wishes, and shall always retain a most grateful remembrance of them. The Bishop of Cloyne desires you will accept of his best services; and I beg you will believe me, with the greatest respect, Sir, your most obliged and obedient humble servant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

LETTER DCLX.

MRS PENDERVAS TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Paradise, Nov. 8. 1735.

I THINK I have been a great while without writing to you, and hope you are of my mind, I would rather be chid by you for my silence, than have you pass it over quietly, for that would have such an air of indifference as would greatly alarm me. Absence is generally thought a great weakener of inclination: I am apt to think it will prove my friend with you: Our acquaintance was so short, I had not time to disgrace myself with you. I am ambitious of gaining your esteem, and put on all my best airs to effect it: I left you at a critical moment; another month's conversation might have ruined all. I still beg you will encourage your indulgent way of thinking of me. What will you gain by discovering my follies? and I shall lose the honour of your friendship; which loss cannot be repaired in England or Ireland. If Mrs Donnellan is my true friend, she has, by way of excusing me, told you my distress for my sister, which now I hope is over. I refer you to Mrs Donnellan for her character; and that will justify to you my great care and concern for her.

I can't help lamenting Dr Delany's retirement. I expected his benevolent disposition would not have suffered him to rob his friends
of

of the pleasure and advantage of his company : If you have not power to draw him from his solitude, no other person can pretend to do it. I was in hopes the weekly meetings would have been renewed and continued. Mrs Donnellan is much disappointed, and I fear I am no longer a toast.

I am thoroughly convinced that a reasonable creature may live with more comfort and credit in Dublin than in London : As much convinced of it as that I should be richer with eight hundred pounds a-year than four. But to what purpose is it for me to regret my poverty ? My lot is thrown on English ground ; I have no pretence to fly my country : Furnish me with one, and you have laid temptations enough in my way to make me ready to embrace it.

I have been two months in this place, which has all the advantages of the country ; as quietness, cheapness, and wholesome air. I use a good deal of exercise in the morning ; in the evening I read a play with an audible voice. I am now reading Beaumont and Fletcher's works : They entertain me extremely. Sometimes I read a little philosophy, Derham's lectures : many things are too abstruse for me in that study ; but I fancy myself, in some respects, much wiser than I was before I read them. If you don't approve of my studies, I hope you will recommend what you think will be more to my advantage.

I am sorry to find, by your letter, that Mrs Donnellan does not see you often: She cannot be pleased with a situation that prevents her having that satisfaction. I depended upon your meeting often; and what is more, upon being sometimes the subject of your conversation. I am glad to hear of her brother's promotion: He very well deserves good fortune; he knows how to enjoy it handsomely, and scorns to court it meanly. I think I have made you a country visit: If I have not quite tired you, I hope you will soon challenge another: I know you pay me a great compliment in writing; and, if I was very well bred, I ought not to insist upon your doing any thing that may give you trouble; but I only consider my own advantage, and cannot give up a correspondence I value so much. I am, Sir, your most obliged and humble servant,

M. PENDERVAS.

L E T T E R DCLXI.

DR SWIFT AND DR SHERIDAN TO MRS
WHITEWAY.

Those parts of the letter marked thus, "and concluding thus," were written by Dr Sheridan.

MADAM,

Nov. 8. 1735.

NOV. 3. to Dunshellan, twelve long miles,
very weary; Nov. 4. to Kells, sixteen
miles, ten times wearier; the 5. to Cross-keys,
seventeen

seventeen long miles, fifty times wearier; the 6. to Cavan, five miles, weariest of all: Yet I baited every day, And dined where I lay; and this very day I am weary, and my shin bad, yet I never looked on it. I have been now the third day at Cavan, the Doctor's Canaan the dirtiest place I ever saw, with the worst wife and daughter, and the most cursed sluts and servants on this side Scotland. Let the Doctor do his part. "Not quite so bad, I assure you, although his teal was spoiled in the roasting: And I can assure you that the dirt of our streets is not quite over his shoes, so that he can walk dry. If he would wear golashes, as I do, he would have no cause of complaint. As for my wife and daughter, I have nothing to say to them, and therefore nothing to answer for them. I hope, when the weather mends, that every thing will be better, except the two before mentioned. Now the Dean is to proceed." In short, but not literally in short, I got hither, not safe and sound, but safe and sore. Looking in my equipage, I saw a great packet that weighed a pound: I thought it was iron, but found it Spanish liquorice, enough to serve this whole country who had coughs for nine years. My beast told me it was you forced him to put it all up. Pray go sometimes to the deanry, and see how the world goes there. The Doctor is a philosopher above all œconomy, like philosopher Webber. I am drawing him into a little cleanliness about his house. The cook roasted this day

day a fine teal to a cinder; for the wife and daughter said, they did not know but I loved it well roasted. The Doctor, since his last illness, complains that he hath a straitness in his breast, and a difficulty in breathing. Pray give him your advice, and I will write to your brother Hellham this post for his. Write me no news of the club, and get one of them to frank your letters, that they may be worth reading. "Dear
"Madam, I beg you may rather think me like
"the devil, or my wife, than Webber, I do assure you that my house, and all about it, is
"clean in Potentia. If you do not understand
"so much logic, Mr Harrison * will tell you;
"but I suppose you ignorant of nothing but doing any thing wrong. Be pleased to send me
"one of your fattest pigeons in a post letter, and
"I will send you in return a fat goose under
"cover to one of the club. The Dean may say
"what he pleases of my Ay Con O my; but I
"assure you I have this moment in my house, a
"quarter of fat beef, a fat sheep, two mallards,
"a duck and a teal, besides some fowl in squadrans. I wish you were here. Ask the Dean
"if I have not fine ale, table drink, good wine,
"and a new pair of tables. Now hear the Dean." It grows dark, and I cannot read one syllable of what the Doctor last writ; but conclude all to be a parcel of lies. How are eldest master and miss, with your clerk and school-boy? So God bless you all. If the Doctor hath any thing
more

* Mrs Whiteway's eldest son.

more to say, let him conclude, as I do, with assurance that I am ever, with great affection, your's, &c.

Read as you can, for I believe I have made forty mistakes. Direct for me at Dr Sheridan's, in Cavan; but let a club-man frank it, as I do this. Mr Rochfort is my franker: your's may be general —, or some other (great beast of a) hero. My two puppies have, in the whole journey, overpupped their puppyships. Most abominable bad firing: nothing but wet turf. "The Devil a lie I writ, nor will I write to the
"end of my life. May all happiness attend you
"and your family. I am, with all good wishes
"and affection, your most obedient humble servant.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

"You were plaguy saucy who did not like my
"nuts: I do assure my dog Lampey cracks
"them; the Dean is my witness."

L E T T E R DCLXII.

FROM SOME UNKNOWN LADY TO DR SWIFT.

HON. SIR, *Castletown, Nov. 9. 1737.*

EXCUSE a stranger's address; nothing but the opinion I have of your generosity and humanity could encourage me to lay before you the inclosed poem, being the product of a woman's

man's pen *. I see the severe strokes you lay on the faulty part of our sex, from which number I do not pretend to exempt myself; yet venture to desire your judgment of this little unfinished piece, which I send you without giving myself the leisure to correct it, willing that your hand should bestow the last beauties. The Muse is my best companion; and if you compassionate the desolate, permit me this satisfaction, since a book and a lonely walk are all the gratifications I afford my senses, though not dulled with years. I must entreat you to throw away two or three lines in answer to this; and beg leave to conceal my name, till I have the honour of writing to you again; which, if you will allow, I shall trouble you with a view of several sketches that I writ occasionally, and will no longer conceal the name of, Honoured Sir, your most humble servant,

M. M.

Sir, direct to Mrs Mary Moran, at Castletown,
near Gorey, in the county of Wexford.

L E T T E R DCLXIII.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

London, Nov. the 13th. 1735.

I HONESTLY confess I was honoured with your's above a month ago, which ought, in
all

* Poem is lost.

all love and reason, to have been answered above a month since ; but I know your sauciness, as well as you know my niece's ; with this difference, that as age is to mend her's, it makes your's grow worse ; and the answer to me had been,—— Oh! she can give a quick reply to mine ; now the Duke and Dutchess are here, she wants to know more frequently how and what they do.

I can tell you no story of the ring, (which you want to know), but that it came to my hands through proper windings and turnings from an Earl of Peterborow ; and the connoisseurs say, it is an antique, and a pretty good one. I am very well pleased, and happy if it ever serves to put you in mind that I am your humble servant.

I came last week from my house in Northamptonshire. I cannot say the weather permitted me much exercise abroad ; but as that house is large, the necessary steps the mistress must make, is some ; and I never lost any time I could get to walk out, and sometimes drove abroad in a chair, with one horse ; for being a bad rider, I approve much more of that than mounting my palfry. And whether it was this, or the country air, or chance, I know not ; but, thank God, I am at present as well as ever I was in my life.

I am wholly ignorant who is or will be Bishop of Corke ; for his Grace is such a silly conceited man, that he never vouchsafes to consult me in the affairs of his kingdom. I only know that I wish heartily for Dr Whetcombe *, because he

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C c

seems

* John Whetcombe, D. D. then fellow of Dublin college,

seems to be a modest good sort of a man; and if I was his Grace, since there can be no objection against him in this, he should have it. But as these matters are above my capacity, I do assure you I do not in the least pretend to meddle with them.

I hope, whenever you ask me about the Countess and George, I shall be able to answer you, as I can safely do now, that as yet there is no sort of appearance that they like one another the worse for wearing. Mrs Composition * is much your humble servant, and has not yet got her winter cough. God bless you, and adieu.

L E T T E R DCLXIV.

DR SWIFT AND DR SHERIDAN TO MRS
WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

Cavan, Nov. 15. 1735.

* * * * *

I WROTE the above lines in the dark, and cannot read them by a candle: What I meant was,

lege, made Bishop of Clonsfert in Ireland, 24th of December, 1735, and consecrated 4th of January following. He was afterwards translated to the Archbishoprick of Cashell, and died in 1754.

* Mrs Biddy Floyd.

was, to boast of having written to you first, and given you a full account of my journey. I inclosed it in a cover to Mr Rochfort, in which I desired he would send it to your house: The Doctor had his share in the letter: Although we could not give satisfaction to all your questions, I now will to some. My leg is rather worse; but an honest man, an apothecary here, says it begins to ripen, and it is in no manner of danger: But I ventured to walk, which inflamed it a little. I now keep my leg upon a level, and the easier, because the weather is so foul that I cannot walk at all. This is the dirtiest town, and, except some few, the dirtiest people I ever saw, particularly the mistress, daughter, and servants of this house. My puppy butler is very happy, by finding himself among a race of fools almost as nasty as himself. I must now put you upon travelling. You must inquire where Shale my wine-merchant lives, and order him to have the twelve dozen of wine in bottles ready packt up. It must be the wine that was two months in bottles (as he assured me) before I left Dublin: For these a carrier will be ready next week to bring them hither. The deanry woman must be ready, and Kenrick and Laud must assist; and the carrier must take them from Shale's cellar, ready packt up. My service to Miss Harrison. Pray send her hither by the first carrier; and give her eighteen-pence to bear her charges; of which I will pay three-pence, and the Doctor intends to pay another penny.

penny. By the conduct of this family, I apprehend the day of judgment is approaching; the father against the daughter, the wife against the husband, &c. I battle as well as I can, but in vain; and you shall change my name to Dr Shift. We abound in wild fowl, by the goodness of a gentleman in this town, who shoots ducks, teal, woodcocks, snipes, hares, &c. for us. Our kitchen is a hundred yards from the house; but the way is soft, and so fond of our shoes, that it covers them with its favours. My first attempt was to repair the summer house, and make the way passable to it; whereupon Boreas was so angry, that he blew off the roof. This is the seventh day of my landing here, of which we have had two and a half tolerable. The Doctor is at school; when he comes I will inquire who is this romantic Chevalier.—. As to Waller's advertisement, if I was in town I would, for the ten guineas, let him know the author of the narrative; and I wish you would, by a letter in an unknown hand, inform him of what I say; for I want the money to repair some deficiencies here. My service to Miss Harrison and the Doctor *, and my love to the two boys. I shall still inclose to John Rochfort, except he fails in sending you my letters. Service to Mrs Morgan; I hope her husband's man has prevailed to be of the club. Adieu. Pray take care of the wine, on which my health depends. Beg a duck from the Doctor.

“ Beg

* Young Mr Harrison.

" Beg a duck ! beg a dozen. You f——hall
 " not beg, but command. The Dean may talk
 " of the dirtiness of this town ; but I can assure,
 " that he had more upon his shoes yesterday
 " than is at the worst in our corporation, where-
 " ever he got it. As for my part, I am tired of
 " him, for I can never get him out of the dirt ;
 " and that my stairs, and the poor cleanly maids,
 " know very well. You know that he talks
 " ironically. My wife and I are perfectly easy ;
 " for we never see one another but by chance,"
 &c.

L E T T E R DCLXV.

MRS SICAN TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Nov. 15. 1735.

A GENTLEMAN, who is just arrived from Pa-
 ris, brought me a letter from my son, who
 presents his duty to you, and desires me to send
 you the inclosed. I am sure I was glad of any
 occasion to write to you, in hopes of the
 pleasure of hearing you were well, and arrived
 safe at the land of Canaan. The hurt you re-
 ceived in your shin, I was afraid would prevent
 your going out of town : I beg to know how it
 is now. I believe you will be pleased to hear
 poor Throp has had justice done him in College-
 Green. The trial lasted till midnight, and two-
 thirds of the House were for him : He is now go-

ing to petition the House to oblige Col. Waller to wave his privilege; but it is thought he will not obtain that favour.

Lady Achefon came to town yesterday. She desired me to present her best respects to you, and tell you she is something better. Lord Orrery is fretting himself to death that he did not come to town time enough to enjoy the happiness of your conversation. Our Irish ladies made a fine appearance the birth-day at the castle; nothing about them Irish but their souls and bodies: I think they may be compared to a city on fire, which shines by that which destroys them. Several dealers in raw silk are broke: The weavers having no encouragement to work up the silk, sold it, and drank the money. I beg you will give my service to Dr Sheridan, who I hope is recovered. His old friend, Lord Clancarty, drinks so hard it is believed he will kill himself before his law-suit is ended. I hope you will like the country about a month, and then order Mrs Whiteway and me to bring a coach and six, and set you safe at home, for this is not riding weather. I am, with the most profound respect, dear Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

E. SICAN.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCLXVI.

MRS WHITEWAY TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Nov. 15. 1735.

I AM most extremely obliged to you for the honour you have done me, and the account is just what I feared, that you would be excessive weary, your shin bad, and disappointed in the Doctor's Canaan. The latter I am sorry is not agreeable to you, but your shin gives me infinite trouble. I hope in God you have taken care of it: If it is any running sore, dress it twice a-day with Venice turpentine, and the yoke of an egg beaten together, an equal quantity of each. Spread it thick on a cloth, and bathe it once a-day in warm milk: If it is only black and painful, apply warm rum to it often. Pray, Sir, give orders your meat may be indifferently done; and if the cook fails, then desire it may be ill done: I have known this receipt very successful, and a dinner eaten with pleasure cooked with these directions. You are very rude, Dr Sheridan, to interrupt me when I am speaking to the Dean: No wonder I am so bad a listener, when you are always putting in your word. Pox take that straitness in your breast, and difficulty in breathing. Drink warm ptisan, and nothing else, except liquorice tea in the morning, and ride every day. Sir, I know nothing of the Spanish liquorice, unless it came with the rest of the things

things from the apothecary's, or Mrs Sican; but so far your servant is right, that what bundles I found on the bed, I put up: I was wrong that I did not examine them; let Dr Sheridan take it plentifully, it is very good for him. I was at the deanry two days ago; every thing is right there; the floor you lie in is all clean, and I desired Mrs Ridgeway to get the great chair covered, and Jane to put a fire once a-week in your chamber, and in the drawing-room, to air the ladies and gentlemen. One of the inclosed papers Mr Kenrick desired me to send; you see I keep to my word, and am determined never to trouble you with other people's business. The vengeance take you, Doctor, will you never be quiet? I tell you I have never a fat pigeon for you, your goose I will not have; we are overstock'd with them; but I send you Col. Waller's case, that came before the house on Thursday. I believe you will wonder that after the heavy charges laid on Mr Throp so justly by the Colonel that he was not ordered into custody; but, to the surprise of every body, the chairman was voted out of the chair at one of the clock in the morning, and so the affair ended. It is true, there was a mistake of about a month between Col. Waller's account and Mr Throp's in the serving of a subpoena; and I think it was a scandalous thing, that a worthy member's word should not be taken before a little parson's oath. I suppose you expect I should answer your logic and compliments; but do you think I have nothing

thing else to employ me but trifling away my time in murdering the language with your ay Con O my's? I am no more a liar than yourself; therefore you are obliged to accept of my best wishes and most humble respects: So I have done with you this time for good and all. Mr Dean, I am sure Rochefaucault's maxim never fails: I am this moment an instance of it, taking a secret pleasure in all the little ruffles you meet with in the country, in hopes it will hasten you to town. My He olive branch has a more immediate loss than any of us; his body suffers as well as his mind; for since he cannot enjoy the happiness and benefit of your conversation, he applies himself too close to his studies: In short I think he is almost in the state of the company he entertains himself with all the morning; and if you saw him in company of the attendants of the governor of Glubbdubdrib, you would find the same horror seize you by looking on his countenance *. My fair daughter presents you her most humble and obedient respects; says, she is not at all changed by your absence, for whenever she hath the honour to see you, you will still find her the same. I am, Sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant;

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Jane

* Mr Harrison was always very thin, and of a weakly constitution.

Jane just came here with a poem of Mr Dunkin's, that was sent to the deanry, and this letter that I inclose.

L E T T E R DCLXVII.

DR SWIFT AND DR SHERIDAN TO MRS
WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Cavan, Nov. 18. 1735.*

WE were undone for want of your answer, and thought that Mr Rockfort was at his country seat, to whom I directed mine, as he was a franker. Never any thing of so small a kind was so vexatious to me as this broken shin. If I had apprehended the consequences, I would not have stirred from Dublin until it was cured. It hath prevented my walking and riding. An apothecary, the only doctor here, has it in care, and I cannot say I am better. But the surgeon of the barrack here, a friend to the Doctor, has been with me this morning, saw the sore, and says it is in a good way; and that he will consult with the apothecary, and soon make me well. It smarts more to-day than ever; but the surgeon said, it was because some powder, called præcipitate, (an like you), was put on this morning to eat off the black skin in the middle of the sore. It digests every day, but I cannot digest it. I shall lose my health by sitting still, and my leg in a chair, like a Grattan in the gout. I wish I had
staid

staid at home, and you had been my surgeon. To say truth, this town and country are so disagreeable by nature and art, that I have no other temptation to ride or walk except that of health, our house, and shoes, and streets are so perpetually and abominably dirty. Eight of the inhabitants came out to meet me a mile or two from town. The rest would have come but for some unexpected impediment. In some days after, I invited the principal men in town to sup with me at the best inn here. There were sixteen of them, and I came off rarely for about thirty shillings. They were all very modest and obliging. Wild fowl is cheap, and all very good, except the ducks, which, though far from sea, have a rank taste from the lakes. It is nothing to have a present of a dozen snipes, teal, woodcock, widgeon, duck, and mallard, &c. You would admire to see me at my endeavours to supply deanry conveniences. The cursed turf is two hours kindling, and two minutes decaying. You are a little too jocular upon Mr Harrison's countenance. I hope he hath no return of illness, nor is more lean than I left him. He must borrow an hour more from his studies, and bestow it on exercise and mirth; otherwise he may be like the miser, who, by not affording himself victuals, died a dozen years the sooner, by which he lost many thousand pounds more than if he had fed upon pheasants, and drank burgundy every day. I must now repeat the commission I mentioned. The old woman, Kenrick, and
Laud

Laud must find out Shale the wine-merchant :
 A carrier will go next week to the deanry, be
 taught to find out Shale with Kenrick. Shale
 must, as he promised, pack up twelve dozen of
 his claret which hath been bottled three months
 already. This must be given to the carrier by
 Shale, and ready put up in some hampers as he
 will contrive. I hope Mr Rochfort will be in
 town to send you this letter. I am ever your's,
 and my love to the girls and boys.

L E T T E R DCLXVIII.

DEAR MADAM,

“ T O say the truth, I am not concerned for
 “ the Dean's accident, since my friend
 “ Jacob says there is no danger in it ; because it
 “ keeps him from his long walks, by which
 “ means I see he is gathering flesh, and I hope
 “ will gather health and wealth by being here ;
 “ for as the Scotchman says, Where there is Muck,
 “ there is Luck. I have no news but too much
 “ plenty of guttables ; if we had agreeable com-
 “ panions as plenty as woodcocks, ducks, snipes,
 “ *cum sociis*, this would be a paradise. I am,
 “ dear Madam, with all services as afore said, your
 “ most obedient and very humble servant,
 “ T. S.

“ Pray write to the Dean to behave himself
 “ better to me. I want you to stand by me.”

L E T T E R

L E T T E R DCLXIX.

LORD B—— TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Bath, Nov. 22. 1735.

I HAVE been waiting for an opportunity to write to you with safety, because I had a mind to do it with freedom; and particularly to explain to you what I meant, when I told you some time ago, that I was almost tired with struggling to no purpose against universal corruption. I am now at the Bath, where there are at present many Irish families; and though I have inquired of them all, if any gentleman or servant was returning thither, yet I can hear of none, so that I am forced, if I write at all, to trust my letter by the common post. Nothing is more certain than that this letter will be opened there, the rascals of the office have most infamous directions to do it upon all occasions; but they would, every man of them, be turned out, if a letter of mine to you should escape their intuition. I am thinking what the ministers may get by their peeping; why, if I speak my mind very plainly, they may discover two things; one is, that I have a very great regard for you; the other, that I have a very great contempt for them; and in every thing I say or do, still set them at defiance. These things, if they did not know before, they are very welcome to find out now; and I am determined in some other points like-

VOL. XVII. Dd wife,

wife, to speak my mind very plainly to you. You must know then, that when I said I grew weary of contending with corruption, I never meant absolutely to withdraw myself from parliament; perhaps I may not slacken even my personal opposition to the wicked measures of the administration, but really I find my health begins to require some attention, and I labour under a distemper which the long sittings in parliament by no means agree with. When Mr Faulkner delivered me your former letter, (for I have since had one sent me hither by Mr Pope), I was just got up from my bed, where I had lain the whole night in most excessive torture, with a violent fit of the gravel. I was not able to write you any answer by him, who was to depart in two days, and ever since I have been at this place drinking the waters, in hopes they may be of service to me. Besides this of my ill state of health, I am convinced that our constitution is already gone, and we are idly struggling to maintain, what in truth has been long lost, like some old fools here, with gout and palsies at four score years old, drinking the waters, in hopes of health again. If this was not our case, and that the people are already in effect slaves, would it have been possible for the same minister, who had projected the excise scheme (before the heats it had occasioned in the nation were well laid) to have chosen a new parliament again exactly to his mind? and though perhaps not altogether so strong in numbers, yet as well disposed
in

in general to his purposes as he could wish. His master, I doubt, is not so well beloved as I could wish he was; the minister I am sure, is as much hated and detested as ever man was, and yet, I say, a new parliament was chosen of the stamp that was desired; just after having failed in the most odious scheme that ever was projected. After this, what hopes can there ever possibly be of success? Unless it be from confusion, which God forbid I should live to see. In short, the whole nation is so abandoned and corrupt, that the crown can never fail of a majority in both Houses of Parliament; he makes them all in one house, and he chooses above half in the other. Four and twenty bishops, and sixteen Scotch Lords, is a terrible weight in one; forty-five from one country, besides the West of England, and all the government-boroughs, is a dreadful number in the other. Were his Majesty inclined to-morrow to declare his body-coachman his first minister, it would do just as well, and the wheels of government would move as easily as they do with the sagacious driver, who now sits in the box. Parts and abilities are not in the least wanting to conduct affairs; the coachman knows how to feed his cattle, and the other feeds the beasts in his service, and this is all the skill that is necessary in either case. Are not these sufficient difficulties and discouragements, if there were no others; and would any man struggle against corruption, when he knows, that if he is ever near defeating it, those who make use of it

only doubt the dose, and carry all their points farther, and with a higher hand, than perhaps they at first intended. Besides all this, I have had particular misfortunes and disappointments: I had a very near relation, of great abilities, who was my fellow-labourer in the public cause: He is gone; I loved and esteemed him much, and perhaps wished to see him one day serving his country in some honourable station: No man was more capable of doing it, nor had better intentions for the public service than himself; and I may truly say, that the many mortifications he met with, in ten or twelve years struggling in parliament, was the occasion of his death. I have lost likewise the truest friend, I may almost say servant, that ever man had, in Mr Merrill; he understood the course of the revenues, and the public accounts of the kingdom as well, perhaps better, than any man in it; and in this respect he was of singular use to me: It is utterly impossible for me to go through the drudgery by myself, which I used to do easily with his assistance, and herein it is that opposition galls the most

These several matters I have enumerated, you will allow to be some discouragements; but nevertheless, when the time comes, I believe you will find me acting the same part I have ever done, and which I am more satisfied with myself for having done, since my conduct has met with your approbation: And give me leave to return you my sincere thanks for the many kind expressions of your friendship, which I esteem as

I ought, and will endeavour to deserve, as well as I can. You inquire after Bolingbroke, and when he will return from France. If he had listened to your admonitions and chidings about œconomy, he need never have gone there; but now I fancy he will scarce return from thence, till an old gentleman, but a very hale one, pleases to die. I have seen several of your letters on frugality to our poor friend John Gay, (who needed them not), but true patriotism can have no other foundation. When I see lords of the greatest estates meanly stooping to take a dirty pension, because they want a little ready money for their extravagancies, I cannot help wishing to see some papers writ by you, that may, if possible, shame them out of it. This is the only thing can recover our constitution, and restore honesty. I have often thought, that if ten or a dozen patriots, who are known to be rich enough to have ten dishes every day for dinner, would invite their friends only to two or three, it might perhaps shame those who cannot afford two, from having constantly ten, and so it would be in every other circumstance of life: But luxury is our ruin. This grave stuff that I have written, looks like preaching; but I may venture to say to you it is not, for I speak from the sincerity of my heart. We are told a peace is made; if it be true, I am satisfied; our ministers did not so much as know of the negociation: The articles, which are the ostensible ones, are better than could be expected; but I doubt there are

some secret ones that may cost us dear, and I am fully convinced the fear of these will furnish our ministers a pretence for not reducing a single man of our army. I have just room to tell you a ridiculous story has happened here. In the diocese of Wells, the Bishop and his Chancellor have quarrelled : The consequence has been, the Bishop has excommunicated the Chancellor, and he in return has excommunicated the two Archdeacons. A visitation of the clergy was appointed; the Bishop not being able to go himself, directed his Archdeacons to visit for him. The Chancellor alledges from the constitution of him, this cannot be, and that the Bishop can delegate his power to nobody but himself; so that probably all the clergy who attend on the Chancellor will be excommunicated by the Bishop, and all who obey the orders of the Archdeacons will be excommunicated by the Chancellor. The Bishop in the cathedral, when the sentence of excommunication was going to be read, sent for it, and tore it in the open church; the Chancellor afterwards affixed it on the church-doors. There are a great many more very ridiculous circumstances attending this affair, which I cannot well explain : But upon a reference of the whole to my Lord High Chancellor, I am told he has declared his opinion in support of his brother Chancellor. I am glad I have left no space to put my name to the bottom of my letter; after some things I have said it may be improper, and I am sure it is needless, when I assure you,

you, no man can be with more sincerity and regard than I am your most obedient humble servant.

L E T T E R DCLXX.

MRS WHITEWAY TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

I RECEIVE as a high favour your just reprimand for not answering your letter by the first post; nay, I will add another fault to it, by endeavouring to excuse myself. It was out of the highest respect I did not write, lest you should think me too forward in giving trouble. But since I have your licence, I will not miss an opportunity of paying my most humble duty, and of acknowledging the greatest obligations I ever lay under to any mortal. I have had the very ill fortune to come late under your care; yet even these disadvantages do not hinder you from acting the most friendly part, of endeavouring to enlarge my mind, and mend my errors; you see how industriously I avoid mentioning the word *faults*. When you left us, I did not think it would be possible for me to dread getting a letter from you; but the account of your leg, which I find worse and worse, alarms me to that degree, that I tremble for the consequence. I conjure you, dear Sir, not to trust any longer to country-helps: Your appetite,
your

your health, is in the greatest danger, by sitting so much as you must be obliged to do, till that is well. I know life is as little regarded by you as any one; but to live in misery, is what I am sure you ought to avoid. The wine was packed up on Tuesday last in a hoghead: I thought that was safer than a hamper: Mr Kenrick and Laud were by all the time: They and Mr Shale were here with me that night: They tell me they got large bottles, of which I gave a great charge. Mr Shale desires the wine may be kept in the same manner it is now packed, and taken out by half dozens as it is used: The numbers taken out may be chalked on the head of the vessel, to see that justice is done: He thinks it will keep better that way than perhaps in a cellar. I think you came off scandalously cheap with treating sixteen gentlemen for a moidore. Pray, Dr Sheridan, when the Dean next uses you ill, tell him of his pitiful doings. My son is greatly obliged to you, Sir, for your care and advice; and assures me your word shall be an oracle to him. He has not had a return of his disorder: yet his stomach is gone, and of consequence his spirits. Mr and Mrs Morgan have commanded me to send you their most obedient respects, and are much concerned about your leg. Pray, Sir, date your letters. I believe both you and Dr Sheridan hate writing the word November; for not one of them have been dated. I only hate the day of the month: The truth was, in my last I could not recollect it,

(for

(for I think I forgot it), and watched for some of the brats to tell me. Lest I should do the same now, be pleased to remember I write this Nov. 22. 1735. I am, Sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

If you are pleased to direct to me under cover to Mr Morean. I shall get your letters. Perhaps Mr Rochfort may go out of town, and then I should be long without them.

L E T T E R DCLXXI.

DR SWIFT AND DR SHERIDAN TO MRS
WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

Nov. 22. 1735.

HAVING answered your long letter, which was improved by the Doctor's * additions, I now tell you that a Monday next, which will be the 24th instant, a carrier will go from hence, and is directed by another letter to you, to manage the business of sending the twelve dozen of wine, which Mr Shale has ready bottled, and must see it packed up in his best manner in hampers or hogheads, as I mentioned in my last, and that the wine was bottled (as he says) two months before I came away. Kenrick and Laud, and the woman, will be your assistants.
The

* Mr Harrison's.

The fellow will be with you by Wednesday night or Thursday morning, and I will write by him. I cannot say my shin is yet better, although our apothecary and the barrack-furgeon attend me; but they see no danger, and promise I shall recover in a few days. Mean time, I dare neither walk nor ride: and yet I think my stomach is better, and so may continue until I grow weary of snipe, teal, widgeon, woodcock, hare, leveret, wild-duck, field-fare, &c. My service to your He and the brats. Let Kenrick, my verger, know what I write about the wine, that he and Laud, and the woman, may be prepared; this will save me a letter to him. I am ever *entierment vous*.

Cavan, Nov. 22. }
1735. }

I shall never be quiet; a country-author, unknown, hath sent me a manuscript of 200 pages for my judgment. Pray send me the three quires of paper in quarto; for the Doctor hath swallowed up mine, and we have none left.

“ I can assure you, dear Madam, with pleasure,
 “ that the Dean begins to look healthier and
 “ plumper already; and I hope will mend
 “ every day. But to deal plainly with you, I
 “ am a little afraid of his good stomach, though
 “ victuals are cheap, because it improves every
 “ day, and I do not know how far this may in-
 “ crease my family-expences. He pays me but
 “ two

“two crowns a-week for his ordinary: And I
 “own that I am a little too modest to grumble
 “at it; but if you would give him a hint about
 “wear and tare of goods, I make no doubt but
 “his own discretion would make him raise his
 “price. Pray do this (as you do all other things)
 “in the handsomest manner you can. I am, to
 “you and your’s, as much your’s as the Dean
 “aforesaid.”

I desire you will hint to the Doctor that he
 would please to abate four shillings a-week from
 the ten, which he most exorbitantly makes me
 pay him; but tell him you got this hint from
 another hand, and that all Dublin cries shame at
 him for it.

L E T T E R DCLXXII.

MRS WHITEWAY TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Nov. 25. 1735.

I HAVE not known, for some years, the pleasure
 of a post-day, till within these three weeks.
 I read your letters twenty times over. I tell you
 this to induce you to continue me in your fa-
 vour; for I know it is your study to make the
 wretched happy. The wine is ready for the
 carman, and all the caution taken that you com-
 manded. If I durst, I would repine that you
 could think I should require your orders three
 times

times repeated to take care of what you told me your health depended on. I rejoice to find your stomach is better, but grieve to hear your leg continues so long bad. I shall despise your surgeon and apothecary, if they do not cure it immediately. Apollo hath always waited on you, when it was not half so material. Where the vengeance is he now? After all, he justly quits you, since you have left off invoking him. Idleness is your crime; to punish you, he confines you to a chair, and the penance he enjoins, is to employ your pen once more: If not, there are vultures to prey on legs as well as livers: I wish you were safe out of their hands. Mr ———, Dr ———'s curate, last week committed another fine exploit: He way-laid his wife, who was going home from a neighbour's, about eleven at night, with two servant-maids with her, and would have persuaded her to have gone to his lodging; she refusing, he called the watch, and put her and her maids into the watch-house as strollers, with orders to keep them there till morning. Mrs ——— got off by some means or other, but the women were kept all night. Mrs Sican told me the news, and withall that the Doctor is at last very angry with him. Mr ———'s great fondness to get his wife home, was to stop a prosecution she had begun against him in the Bishop's court, for cruel usage; and if he had prevailed on her to have gone with him, the affair must have dropped. I was at the deanery on Saturday, though I forgot to mention it in my
my

my last letter. My son was there yesterday, and I would have been there to-day, if a swelled face had not prevented me. I have sent for Mr Kenrick or Mr Laud, to let them know your commands. I must beg the favour of you to deliver the inclosed to Dr Sheridan, and to pardon my sealing it. You are sensible there are secrets that the nearest friends must not see. As you have nothing to do, be pleased to write me the heads of the two hundred pages in manuscript, and I will give my opinion about it. I must now intreat you to think of coming to town; I trust in God your shin will not require it; but consider how it is possible for me to spend the winter evenings, who have been so delightfully entertained all summer at the deanry. I have staid till the last moment before I sealed this, in expectation of seeing somebody from your house, but am disappointed. I promise to take care to see the wine leave this place safe, and to send the paper by the carman. My son and daughter are your most obedient servants. I am, Sir, with the highest respect, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

LETTER DCLXXIII.

DR SWIFT AND DR SHERIDAN TO MRS
WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Cavan, Nov. 28. 1735.*

I TAKE advantage a day before the post to write to you: And this is the first day I have ventured to walk this fortnight past, except yesterday, when I dined with my surgeon at the barrack. This morning I visited four ladies in the town, of which your friend Mrs Donaldson was one. My whole journey hath been disappointed by this accident; for I intended to have been a constant rider, and as much a walker as this dirty town would allow. Here are a thousand domestick conveniencies wanting; but one pair of tongs in the whole house; the turf so wet, that a tolerable fire is a miracle: The kitchen is a cabin a hundred yards off and a half; the back and fore-door always left open, which in a storm (our constant companion) threatens the fall of the whole edifice: Madam as cross as the devil, and as lazy as any of her sister sows, and as nasty. These are some of our blind sides. But we have a good room to eat in, and the wife and lodgers have another, where the Doctor often sits and seems to eat, but comes to my eating room, (which is his study), there finishes the meal, and hath share of a pint of wine. Then we have an honest neighbour, Mr Price, who

who sits the evening, and wins our money at backgammon, though the Doctor sometimes wins by his blundering. As to meat, we are hard put to it. 'Tis true, our beef and mutton are very good; but for the rest, we are forced to take up with hares, partridges, teal, grouse, snipes, wood-cocks, plover, silver-eels, and such trash; which, although they be plentiful and excellent in their kinds, you know are unworthy of a refined Dublin Dean. I expect, before this letter goes, that the carrier will be here with the wine, and that I shall have time to chide you for five dozen of bottles broke by the ill packing up. He set out from hence on Tuesday, but I suppose cannot return till next week. I had, several days ago, a letter from Mrs Sican, and another from her French son *, an excellent good one; when you go that way, tell her of this, with my service, and that I will write to her soon. Your letters have been so friendly, so frequent, and so entertaining, and oblige me so much, that I am afraid in a little time they will make me forget you are a cousin, and treat you as a friend. If Apollo hath entirely neglected my head, can you think he will descend to take care of my shin? Earthly ladies forsake us at forty, and the Muses at fifty-five. I have

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mentioned

* The Doctor calls young Dr Sican her French son, because he was then travelling in France. This young gentleman was at last unfortunately murdered, as he was travelling in Italy in a post-chaise, by a person who fired his pistol at him from another post-chaise upon some dispute between the drivers contending for the way.

mentioned that rascal—to Dr Delany, who defended him as well as he could, but very weakly; if the Doctor will not cast him off, he will justly expose himself to censure.

I wish you would speak to your dearly beloved monster Mr ———, when he comes to town, about my Laracor agent, to pay me some money, and to reproach—for his infamous neglect of my affairs. He is one of your favourites, and ——— another; I hope I am not the third.

I have just spoken about the thread to Mrs Sheridan, who tells me, that what you desire is to be had here every market day; and that Mrs Donaldson understands it very well. “To carry on the thread of the discourse, I discovered the little dirty b——h, the fire-maker, to be the opener of the doors, and the leaver of them so; for which the Dean had her lugged this evening by the cook-maid; for which he paid her a threepence *, and gave the little girl a penny for being lugged: And because the cook did not lug her well enough, he gave her a lugging to shew her the way. These are some of our sublimer amusements. I wish you were here to partake of them. The only thing of importance I can tell you is.”—(Ay, what is it? He shall be hanged rather than take up any more of this paper. It is true that the Legion Club is sinking the value of gold and silver to

* A little piece current in those days, but the species has been long worn out.

to the same with England, and are putting 4 l. a hoghead more duty on wine? The cursed vipers use all means to encrease the number of absentees. Well I must go to the market about this thread. It is now Nov. 29th; I fear the Doctor will hedge in a line. I have now got Mr Morgan's heathenish Christian name, and will direct my letters to him. I am to finish a letter to Mrs Sican: I desire you will call on her sometimes. My love to your brats. I have settled with Mrs Donaldson about the thread; but will order a double quantity, that you may knit stockings for your dear self. Let the Doctor conclude. I am ever, &c. "Madam, I have only room to tell you that I will see you the 12th or 13th of Dec.) excuse a long parenthesis: Your most obedient and"

L E T T E R DCLXXIV.

MRS WHITEWAY TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Dublin, Nov. 29. 1735.

I NEVER was more out of temper in my life than I have been these two days; yesterday that I did not hear from you, and to-day at the rogue that brought your letter to Mr Kenrick at ten last night, and the disappointment we have met with from him that was to carry the wine to Cavan. The inclosed letter gives so full an account, that I need add nothing to it, but his

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being

being a right county of Cavan man. I desire Dr Sheridan will take care for the future not to employ them about your business; I owe him this reflection for trusting such rogues. Pray, Sir, tell me what I shall do in this business? shall I get Mr Sheridan or Mr Kenrick to look out for an honest carman, and agree as cheap as we can to carry it to you? for I find there is no depending on the Doctor's countrymen. Had you assured me, as you say the surgeon does, that your leg was better, my joy would be equal to the uneasiness I have suffered on that occasion. I fear I shall never have the pleasure of being with you on your birth-day; were my purse as heavy as my heart is, though I cannot be with you to-morrow, I would this night have been at Cavan, and have left it on Monday morning.

I shall make a great entertainment to-morrow for my family, to celebrate the Drapier's birth-day, and drink his health. My two eldest cubs (match me that) present you their most humble and obedient respects, with their hearty wishes of long life, health and happiness to attend you. They durst not take the liberty to send this with their hands, but do it with their heart. I send you their own words: but where shall I find any that can express what I would say on the subject? the most sincere would be what I desire for myself whilst I continue in this world, which is health and quietness. This I pray God grant you in the largest portion, and life as long as you shall desire it!

Ms

Mr Morgan's heathenish name is Marcus Antonius ; I saw him and his Lady yesterday, who both say they should be glad to kiss your hand, his eldest son is in the measles. Last night died the Bishop of Ossory of an inflammation on the lungs : He caught cold on Sunday at the the Castle chapel. We have provided one of the bishopricks for Dr Marlay

I am told by some people that Lord Orrery intends to make you and Dr Sheridan a visit ; if so, I fear it will be a long time before you will think of returning here. I expect a long letter from Dr Sheridan, in answer to all that I have said to him in this.

I think this is so well written that it needs no apology for a bad pen.

I am, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

M. WHITEWAY.

L E T T E R DCLXXV.

MRS WHITEWAY TO DR SWIFT.

Dublin, Dec. 2. 1735.

I WADED this morning through dirt and rain to the Deanry ; but I place no more to your account than from High-street. I found every thing in great order, your bed and window-curtains cleaned, and, to my satisfaction, the great chairs covered ; the dogs in high spirits, the woman

man in good humour, and Mr Kenrick and Mrs Ridgeway on duty. I am quite ashamed of my entertainment on Sunday. The Drapier's birthday was celebrated by Mr Laud with a dinner of wild-duck, plover, turkey, and pullet; two bowls of punch, and three bottles of claret. At night Mr Kinreck gave a supper, with an ocean of punch. Their houses were illuminated, and the bells rung. Several other houses followed their example.

I am almost reconciled to your surgeon; the next letter, I hope, will finish our quarrel. When he has set you firmly on your legs, if making gods were not out of fashion, I would translate him; however he shall be my saint.

As you have been remarkable for never being severe on the ladies, I am surprized you should say that we forsake the men at forty. I deny the fact, while they sing our praises, we continue to hold them in admiration. For an example of this, I give the author of *The Lady's Dressing-Room*, and *Strepson and Cloe*, who, by writing these poems, gained the hearts of the whole sex.

I heartily pity you for want of meat; I wish I could send you a large shoulder of mutton, fresh killed: how pure and sweet it would eat! I have just left part of one in the parlour; the very thoughts of it make me hungry again: I think

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I will go down, and take the other slice *. I know it is not to any purpose to reproach you with avarice, for a poor pint of wine among three of you. Whatever you do at home, I am ashamed to find you shew it at Cavan: I suppose your excuse will be at the expence of the poor carman; but if you had any generosity, you would live on the public, as I do, till your rents came in. Dr Sheridan says, you gave private orders, and countermanded the wine, to sponge on him. I own I think it looks like it, or you would not have let the man come to town without a car.

I see you are proof against storms within and without doors, or you would not think of staying in the country when the Doctor leaves it. There is no occasion for you to convince the world that you want but one trial to out-do Socrates in every thing: Let not this keep you, for I promise to provide one for 3s. 4d. that shall out-shine Solomon's brawler,

Molly and young Harrison are grown so saucy at seeing their names so often in your letters, that I cannot govern them: Pray be pleased to take them down a little. All that I can do to vex them, is not to send you their compliments. My son intreats you will finish your Latina Anglia

* Here Mrs Whiteway is merry with the Doctor, who could not endure mutton which had not been killed three or four days before: On the contrary, Mrs Whiteway liked her's so fresh, that Dr Swift used pleasantly to say of her, That she liked mutton that was killed to-morrow.

glia treatise; which he desires you will immediately send him a copy of.

Dr Sheridan's last letter is so long and full of particulars, that I cannot answer it till I see him. I am so proud of being discarded from being a cousin, that for the future I shall not own either Esq;— or Mr — for relations; nor ever dare to think you a favourite. But I hope you will allow me to term you my Oracle, and to acknowledge myself, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

LETTER DCLXXVI.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

Cavan, Dec. 6. 1735.

I HAVE your's of Nov. the 29th. The Doctor, who is always sanguine, reckoned upon the wine as sure as if it had been in his cellar under the stairs; but I, who am ever desponding, told him I was sure there would be some disappointment. I matter it not, for we have enough still to hold us a reasonable term, at one bottle a-day between us, at least if he would leave off inviting young Mr Price, Parson Richardson, Mr Nash, Mr Jacob, Surgeon of the troop, Squire Fleming of Balhaynockhye, Dr O'Neil, Dr Fludd, Parson Charlton of Evackthonyeul, beside the rest of our Cavan gentry and neighbourhood.

bourhood. I will not have the wine sent by any carrier on purpose : It would be a confounded expence : But we will wait until a further opportunity by Marcus Tully, the genuine orator and carrier of our city. I refused a long time to shew the Doctor that part of your letter which reflects upon not only his countrymen, but his townsmen, and fifty to one, but upon one of his own or Madam's cousins ; yet there is no danger of kindred, for our town agrees that Tully is an honest carrier. I was in hopes your great entertainment had been for your tenant, with his half year's rent. I am sorry it was on account of some scrub Drapier, of whom I never heard. Only I know they are all rogues, and I shall not pay for their extravagance. I forgot to tell you that the barrack-surgeon prescribed the very same medicine that you advised for my shin. My leg is so well, that I have been twice riding, and walk in the town, that is to say in the dirt every day. We have now a fine frost, and walk safe from dirt ; but it is like a life at court, very slippery. I do not like to see my money laid out in cleaning curtains, and covering chairs ; but since, as you say, you are pleased to be at that expence, I thankfully submit. The Doctor will be with you on Friday next. He goes to see the Grand Monde, and beg subscriptions to build a school-house. He taxes you only at ten guineas. I am to stay with Madam and his daughter until his return, which will be about a month hence, when days grow longer

longer and warmer. Pox take country ladies dinners. In spite of all I could say, I was kept so late by their formality on Thursday last, that I was forced to ride five miles after night-fall, on the worst road in Europe, or county of Cavan. The Doctor cannot have time to write a word, he expects a rogue of an agent this evening, who will not come, with two or three hundred pounds arrears, by which means I shall be kept here for want of money, which I was fool enough to expect to get from him to bear my charges back. My shin cost me three guineas, and I brought but twenty pounds. I desire the room and bed I lie in may be often-aired. The Doctor will not lie at the deanry, because it is far from his friends, and he is afraid of robbers. I approve your name of Cub; but may your male cub never fit in the club. I will not pay the three shillings and four-pence for a wife, as you propose, because I can get one here for two thirteens. Mrs Donaldson is making the thread with her own fair fingers. I dare not come to town till Miss Harrison gives me a general discharge. I desire to know her utmost demands. My chief amusement here is at backgammon. Dr Sheridan is a peevish bungler, and I sometimes win his money. Mr Price is an expert civil gamester, and I always lose to him. This is the state of my affairs. The Doctor is come up, and says he will not write a word, because he is busy and will see you soon. *Entre nous* I will not stay when the Doctor is gone; but this is a secret:

cret: And if my health and the weather will permit, I will be in town two or three days after him. So I close this letter, and remain *entirement a vous*, &c.

My humble service to the bearer * and his Lady. God ever blefs you and your fireside.

L E T T E R DCLXXVII.

DR SWIFT TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

MY LORD,

December 30. 1735.

YOUR Grace fairly owes me one hundred and ten pounds a-year in the church, which I thus prove. I desired you would bestow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds a-year to a certain clergyman. Your answer was, that I asked modestly; that you would not promise, but you would grant my request. However, for want of good intelligence in being (after a cant word used here) an expert king-fisher, that clergyman took up with forty pounds a-year; and I shall never trouble your Grace any more in his behalf. Now, by plain arithmetic, it follows, that one hundred and ten pounds remain: And this arrear I have assigned to one Mr John Jackson, who is vicar of Santry, and hath a small estate, with two sons, and as many daughters, all grown up. He hath lain some years as a weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up, on ac-

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* Mr Morgan, to whom this letter was enveloped.

count of his virtue, piety, and good sense; and modesty almost to a fault. Your Grace is now disposing of the *debris* * of two bishopricks, among which is the deanry of Ferns, worth between eighty and one hundred pounds a-year, which will make this gentlemen easier, who, besides his other good qualities, is as loyal as you could wish.

I cannot but think, that your Grace, to whom God hath given every amiable quality, is bound, when you have satisfied all the expectations of those who have power in your club †, to do something at the request of others, who love you on your own account, without expecting any thing for themselves. I have ventured once or twice to drop hints in favour of some very deserving gentlemen, who I was assured had been recommended to you by persons of weight; but I easily found by your general answers, that although I have been an old courtier, you know how to silence me by diverting the discourse, which made me reflect that courtiers resemble gamesters, the latter finding no arts unknown to the other; and one of them assured me, that he has lost fourteen thousand pounds since he left off play, merely by daubing with those who had contrived new refinements.

My Lord, I will, as a divine, quote scripture: Although the childrens meat should not be given to dogs, yet the dogs eat the scraps that fall from

* The shattered remains.

† The parliament of Ireland.

from the childrens table. This is the second request I have ever made your Grace directly. Mr Jackson is condemned to live on his own small estate, part whereof is in his parish about four miles from hence, where he hath built a family-house, more expensive than he intended. He is a clergyman of long standing, and of a most unblemished character; but the misfortune is, he hath not one enemy to whom I might appeal for the truth of what I say.

Pray, my Lord, be not alarmed at the word deanry, nor imagine it a dignity like those we have in England; for, except three or four, the rest have little power, rather none as a Dean and Chapter, and seldom any land at all. It is usually a living consisting of one or more parishes, some very poor, and others better endowed; but all in tythes.

Mr Jackson cannot leave his present situation, and only desires some very moderate addition. My Lord, I do not deceive your Grace, when I say, you will oblige great numbers even of those who are most at your devotion, by conferring this favour, or any other, that will answer the same end. *Multa—veniet manus auxilio quæ—Sit mihi, (nam multo plures sumus), ac veluti te—Judei cogimus in hanc concedere turbam.*

I would have waited on your Grace, and taken the privilege of my usual thirteen minutes, if I had not been prevented by my old disorder in my head; for which I have been forced to confine myself to the precepts of my physicians.

LETTER DCLXXVIII.

EARL OF ORRERY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Jan. 3. 1735-6.

I HAVE thought it more than a century since I saw you. I crawled out to you on Saturday, but was forced to come from your house and go to bed; since which time I have not stirred out of my chamber. My cold continues still bad; and has been hanging upon me now for above a fortnight. Pray tell me when I may hope to see you again: *et notas audire et reddere voces*. I dine at home to-morrow: Will you share a fowl with me? I am scarce able to hold up my head; but the sight of you will go a great way towards recovering your ever obliged and faithful servant,

ORRERY.

LETTER DCLXXIX.

MRS. PENDARVES TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Bath, Jan. 9. 1735-6.

I AM told you have some thoughts of coming here in the spring. I don't think it proper to tell you how well pleased I am with that faint prospect; for such I must call it till the report is confirmed with your own hand. I write in

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all haste to know if you really have any such design; for if you have, I shall order my affairs accordingly, that I may be able to meet you here. The good old custom of wishing a happy new-year to one's friends, is now exploded amongst our refined people of the present age; but I hope you will give me leave to tell you, without being offended, that I wish you many years of happiness. The physicians have at last advised my sister to the Bath-waters. We have been here a fortnight: They do not disagree with her; that is all can be said of them at present. I wrote to you from Paradise, and hope there is a letter of your's travelling towards me: I think I have used you to a bad custom of late, that of writing two letters for one of your's. I am often told I have great assurance in writing to you at all, and to be sure I must do it with great fear and trembling. I am not believed when I affirm I write to you with as much ease as to any correspondent I have; for I know you as much above criticising a letter of mine, as I should be below your notice, if I gave myself any affected airs: You have encouraged my correspondence, and I should be a brute if I did not make the best of such an opportunity.

Bath is full of people such as they are; none worth giving you any account of: My solace is Mrs Barber, whose spirit and good countenance cheers me whenever I hear or see her; she is at present pretty well. Company is this moment

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coming up stairs, and I can only add that I am,
Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

L E T T E R DCLXXX.

LORD CASTLEDURROW TO DR SWIFT.

SIR,

Castledurrow, Jan. 11. 1736.

I RECEIVED the honour of your letter with that pleasure which they have always given me. If I have deferred acknowledging longer than usual, I should not be at a loss to make an excuse, if I could be so vain as to imagine you required any. Virtue forbids us to continue in debt, and gratitude obliges us at least to own favours too large for us to pay; therefore, I must write rather than reproach myself, and blush at having neglected it when I wait upon you; though you may retort, blushes should proceed rather from the pen than from silence; which pleads a modest diffidence, that often obtains pardon. I am delighted with the sketch of your Imperium, and beg I may be presented to your first minister, Sir Robert*. Your puddings I have been acquainted with these forty years, they are the best sweet thing I ever eat. The œconomy of your table is delicious; a little, and perfectly good, is the greatest treat; and that elegance in sorting company puts me in mind of Corelli's

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Oxford.

Corelli's *orcastro* *, in forming which, he excelled mankind. In this respect no man ever judged worse than Lord Chancellor Middleton; his table the neatest served of any I have seen in Dublin, which, to be sure, was entirely owing to his Lady. You really surprise me when you say you know not where to get a dinner in the whole town. Dublin is famous for vanity this way; and I think the mistaken luxury of some of our grandees, and feasting those who come to laugh at us from the other side of the water, have done us as much prejudice as most of our follies. Not any Lord Lieutenant has done us more honour in magnificence than our present Vice-roy †. He is an old intimate of my youth, and has always distinguished me with affection and friendship. I trust mine are no less sincere for him. I have joy in hearing his virtues celebrated. I wish that he had gratified you in your request. Those he has done most for, I dare affirm, love him least. It is pity there is any allay in so beneficent a temper; but if a friend can be viewed with an impartial eye, faults he has none; and if any failings, they are grafted in a pusillanimity, which sinks him into complaisance for men who neither love nor esteem him, and has prevented him buoying up against their impotent threats, in raising his friends. He

* 'His Lordship probably uses this word for *orchestre*. Corelli, the famous musician and composer, being eminent for his skill in forming and disposing the several musicians in a concert.'

† The Duke of Dorset.

is a most amiable man, has many good qualities, and wants but one more to make him really a great man.

If you can have any commands to England for so insignificant a fellow as I am, pray prepare them against the beginning of next month. At my arrival in town, I shall send a message in form for audience: But I beg to see you in your private capacity; not in your princely authority; for, as both your ministry and senate are full, and that I cannot hope to be employed in either, I fear your revenue is too small to grant me a pension. And as I am not fit for business, perhaps you will not allow me a fit object for one, which charity only prompts you to bestow. Thus, without any view of your Highness's favour, I am independent, and, with sincere esteem, your most obedient and humble servant,

CASTLEDURROW.

LETTER DCLXXXI.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Cavan, Jan 17. 1735-6.

I RECEIVED your letter of reproaches with pleasure; and as I know you hate excuses, I shall make none. Whoever has informed you that I was not in my school at the right time appointed, has not done me justice; for what-
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ever else I may disappoint, that shall be inviolably and punctually observed by me. * * *

As for my Quondam friends, as you style them Quon-dam them all. It is the most decent way I can curse them: for they lulled me asleep till they stole my school into the hands of a blockhead, and have driven me towards the latter end of my life to a disagreeable solitude, where I have the misery to reflect upon my folly in making such a perfidious choice, at a time when it was not in my nature to suspect any soul upon earth. * * *

Now to think a little for myself. The Duke of Dorset does certainly owe me a small living for the expensive entertainment I gave him from Terence *. I only want a proper person to dun him; and I know it will be done if my Lord Orrery will undertake it. Do not think me sanguine in this; for more unlikely and less reasonable favours have been granted. God knows whether, during my life, we shall have another scholar sent us for a Lord Lieutenant. * * *

I wish you as much happiness as I have plague, which is enough for any honest man. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER

* This was a play of Terence acted by the Doctor's scholars for the entertainment of the Duke.

LETTER DCLXXXII.

DR SWIFT TO LADY B——G——.

MADAM,

January 29. 1736.

I OWE your Ladyship the acknowledgment of a letter I have long received, relating to a request I made to my Lord Duke. I now dismiss you Madam, for ever from your office of being a go-between upon any affair I might have with his Grace. I will never more trouble him, either with my visits or application. His business in this kingdom is to make himself easy; his lessons are all prescribed him from court: and he is sure, at a very cheap rate, to have a majority of most corrupt slaves and idiots at his devotion. The happiness of this kingdom is of no more consequence to him, than it would be to the great Mogul; while the very few honest or moderate men of the Whig-party, lament the choice he makes of persons for civil employments, or church-preferments.

I will now repeat, for the last time, that I never made him a request out of any views of my own; but intirely after consulting his own honour, and the desires of all good men, who were as loyal as his Grace could wish, and had no other fault than that of modestly standing up for preserving some poor remainder in the constitution of church and state.

I had long experience, while I was in the world,

world, of the difficulties that great men lay under, in the point of promises and employments; but a plain honest English farmer, when he invites his neighbours to a christening, if a friend happen to come late, will take care to lock up a scrap for him in the cup-board.

Henceforth I shall only grieve in silence, when I hear of employments disposed of to the discontent of his Grace's best friends in this kingdom; and the rather, because I do not know a more agreeable person in conversation, one more easy, or of a better taste, with a greater variety of knowledge, than the Duke of Dorset.

I am extremely afflicted to hear that your Ladyship's want of health hath driven you to Bath, the same cause hath hindered me from sooner acknowledging your letter. But, I am at a time of life to expect a great deal worse; for I have neither flesh nor spirits left: While you, Madam, I hope and believe, will enjoy many happy years, in employing those virtues which heaven bestowed on you, for the delight of our friends, the comfort of the distressed, and the universal esteem of all who are wise and virtuous.

I desire to present my most humble service to my Lady Suffolk, and your happy brother.

I am with the truest respect, Madam, your,
Gc.

LETTER

LETTER DCLXXXIII.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Feb. 7. 1735-6.

IT is some time since I dined at the Bishop of Derry's, where Mr Secretary Cary told me with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing since: Only I have continued in great pain of mind: Yet for my own sake and the world's, more than for your's; because I well know how little you value life both as a philosopher, and a Christian, particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recovered, you ought to be reproached for not putting me especially out of pain, who could not bear the loss of you; although we must be for ever distant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indisposition are preparing me every season. I have staid too long from pressing you to give me some ease by an account of your health; pray do not use me so ill any more. I look upon you as an estate from which I receive my best annualrents, although I am never to see it. Mr Tikel was at the same meeting under the same real concern; and so were a hundred others of this town who had never seen you.

I read to the Bishop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concerned him, and his
Lordship

Lordship expressed his thankfulness in a manner that became him. He is esteemed here as a person of learning, and conversation, and humanity; and he is beloved by all people.

I have nobody now left but you. Pray, be so kind to outlive me; and then die as soon as you please, but without pain; and let us meet in a better place, if my religion will permit, but rather my virtue, although much unequal to your's. Pray, let my Lord Bathurst know how much I love him; I still insist on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an absent friend with his letters. My state of health is not to boast of; my giddiness is more or less too constant; I sleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a poem in the Chinese language as my own: I am as fit for matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waste paper. What vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen years ago, have now forsaken me; although I am not so old in proportion to them, as I formerly was; which I can prove by arithmetic; for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray, put me out of fear as soon as you can, about that ugly report of your illness; and let me know who this Cheseldon is, that hath so lately sprung up in your favour. Give me also some account

of your neighbour * who writ to me from Bath. I hear he resolves to be strenuous for taking off the test ; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced reasons I ever was able to form, and against the maxims of all wise Christian governments †, which always had some established religion, leaving at best a toleration to others.

Farewel, my dearest friend ! ever, and upon every account that can create friendship and esteem.

L E T T E R DCLXXXIV.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Feb. 3. 1735-6.

I CANNOT properly call you my best friend, because I have not another left who deserves the name ; such a havock have time, death, exile, and oblivion made. Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowness of spirits, if they were not some excuse for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you say of the indifference in common friends, whether we are sick or well, happy or miserable. The very maid-servants in a family have the same notion : I have heard them often say, Oh I am very sick, if any body cared for

* Lord Bolingbroke.

† The author of the Dissertation on Parties appears to be of the same opinion. *Warb.*

for it ! I am vexed when my visitors come with the compliment usual here, Mr Dean, I hope you are very well. My popularity, that you mention, is wholly confined to the common people, who are more constant than those we mis-cast their betters. I walk the streets, and so do my lower friends ; from whom, and from whom alone, I have a thousand hats and blessings upon old scores, which those we call the gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or station ; and I can boast that I neither visit nor am acquainted with any Lord temporal or spiritual in the whole kingdom ; nor am able to do the least good office to the most deserving man, except what I can dispose of in my own cathedral upon a vacancy. What hath sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness, is reflecting on the most execrable corruptions that run through every branch of public management.

I heartily thank you for those lines translated *Singula de nobis anni*, &c. You have put them in a strong and admirable light ; but, however, I am so partial, as to be more delighted with those which are to do me the greatest honour I shall ever receive from posterity, and will outweigh the malignity of ten thousand enemies. I never saw them before ; by which it is plain that the letter you sent me miscarried.——I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance, and some of them may be deserving : For youth is the season of virtue ; corruptions

grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest. You have years enough before you to watch whether these new acquaintance will keep their virtue, when they leave you, and go into the world; how long will their spirit of independency last against the temptations of future ministers and future kings.

—— As to the new Lord Lieutenant *, I never knew any of the family; so that I shall not be able to get any job done by him for any deserving friend.

L E T T E R DCLXXXV.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

Feb. 10. 1735-6.

I AM sorry to hear your complaints still of giddiness. I was in hopes you would have mended, like my purblind eyes, with old age. According to the custom of all old women, I must recommend to you a medicine, which is certainly a very innocent one, and they say does great good to that distemper, which is only wearing oil-cloth the breadth of your feet, and next to your skin. I have often found it do me good for the head-ach.

I don't know what offences the Duke of Dorset's club, as you call them, commit in your eyes; but, to my apprehension, the parliament cannot

* The Duke of Devonshire.

cannot but behave well, since they let him have such a quiet session. And as to all sorts of politics, they are now my utter aversion, and I will leave them to be discussed by those who have a better skill in them.

If my niece has been humbled by being nine years older, her late inherited great fortune will beautify her in the eyes of a great many people; so she may grow proud again upon that. The Countess of Suffolk is your humble servant. Mr Pope and she appear to have a true value for one another, so I suppose there is no doubt of it; I will answer for my friend's sincerity, and I do not question Mr Pope's acquaintance: But perhaps, if I seek it too much, I might meet with a rebuff, as you say her M. did. However, we do often dine together at third places; and, as to my own house, though he would be extremely welcome, he has too numerous friends and acquaintance already to spare me a day, unless you will come to England, and then he might be induced to meet you here. Mrs Biddy Floyd has passed thus far of the winter in better health than usual, though her cough will not forsake her. She is much your humble servant, and so is most sincerely your old friend,

B — G —.

LETTER DCLXXXVI.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Feb. 18. 1735-6.

I PITY you and your family, and I heartily pray for both: I pity myself, and my prayers are not wanting; but I pity not him*. I count already that you, and I, and the world, must lose him; but do not lose yourself. I was born to a million of disappointments: I had set my heart very much upon that young man; but I find he has no business in so corrupt a world. Therefore pray take courage from Christianity, which will assist you when humanity fails: I wish I were in his condition, with his virtues. I am a little mending, to my shame be it spoken. I shall also lose a sort of a son as well as you: Only our cases are different; for you have more, and it is your duty to preserve yourself for them. I am ever your most affectionate and obedient,
&c.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER

* Theophilus Harrison, Esq; a young gentleman of three and twenty, who was then upon his death-bed.

L E T T E R DCLXXXVII.

THE BISHOP OF KILMORE * TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Feb. 19. 1735-6.

I SEND you the whole piece †, such as it is: I fear you will find the addition, pursuant to your hint, heavy; for I could not get my imagination warmed to the same degree as in the former part. I hope you will supply what shall be wanting of spirit; and when you have pruned the rough feathers, the Ands and Thats, &c. you will send the Kite to the falconer, to set it a-flying. I am your very faithful and obedient servant,

J. K.

May not I claim three or four copies when printed?

L E T T E R DCLXXXVIII.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Feb. 20. 1735-6.

I AM extremely concerned to find your old disorder has got hold of you again, which would

* Dr Josiah Horte, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam.

† A satire on quadrille, for which Mr Faulkner the printer was sent to Newgate. Vide Johnston's edition of Swift's works, printed 1765, letter N. 65.

would not have happened, if you had taken my advice to continue here, where you are well. I cannot help retorting, that I never knew any person so unadvisable as you are, especially when it comes from me, who am famous for giving the best advice, and following the worst. Surely Mr ——— cannot be so unjust as to let me be above ——— pounds a sufferer for that profligate brute he shaked off upon me: If he does persevere in it, I will let all mankind know, that he acts rather like a little rascally Irish solicitor than a man of honour. I have already almost finished a dialogue between Lady Betty Tattle and John Solemn (if my money be not paid, necessity must make me write for bread) upon a subject they will not much like; which I vow to God shall be published. As I do not wear a sword, I must have recourse to the weapon in my hand, It is a better method than a law-suit. My school only supplies me with present food, without which I cannot live. I hope, if I have any friends left, it may increase, and once more put me out of a miserable dependence upon the caprice of friendship. This year has been to me like steering through the Cyclades in a storm, without a rudder; I hope to have a less dangerous and more open sea the next; and as you are out of all danger to feel the like suffering, I pray God you may never feel a dun to the end of your life; for it is too shocking to an honest heart. It grieves me much to hear poor Mr Harrison is in such a dangerous way. I pray
God

God preserve him, not only for his poor mother's sake, but the good of mankind; for I think I never knew so valuable a young man. I beseech you to let me know, by the next post, how he is. I fear the worst of that horrid treacherous distemper. I am, dear Sir, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I lost sixty-six pounds by a rogue who run off Druncor last year.

L E T T E R DCLXXXIX.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Feb. 23. 1735-6.

I SINCERELY condole with you for the unspeakable loss of Mr Harrison, which cannot be repaired in any other of his age in this world. It wounds my heart every moment I recollect him. I do verily believe no man living has met with such severe trials in losses of this kind as you have; and for this last, I must own, that I have great compassion for you, as he was every day growing more and more into a friend and companion; especially at a time of life which requires such a comfort. God Almighty support his poor mother *; for none
else

* Mrs Whiteway.

else can give her consolation under such a dreadful affliction.

Poor old Mr Price cannot hold out a fortnight; and his son claims your promise of getting him something from the Concordatum: if it overtakes him alive, it may be a legacy for a worthy suffering person, who has fallen a sacrifice to his principles. I am, dear Sir, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

L E T T E R DCLXC.

DR SWIFT TO MISS HARRISON.

DEAR MISS HARRISON, *Feb. 23. 1735-6.*

I AM in all possible concern for your present situation: I heartily wish you could prevail on your mother to remove immediately to some friend or neighbour's house, that she may be out of the sight and hearing of what must be done to-day. I wish your eldest brother Whiteway would take care to carry her to some part of the town, where she might continue until your house may be put in order, and every thing that might renew the memory of the melancholy object be removed. Let your brother Whiteway write to me, that I may know how you all are, particularly your poor mother. I am ever, &c.

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R DCXCI.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

Feb. 25. 1735-6.

IN the midst of your grief and my own for the same misfortune, I cannot forbear complaining of your conduct through the whole course of your affliction, which made you not only neglect yourself, but the greater part of those who are left, and by the same law of nature have an equal title to your care. I writ on Monday to Miss Harrison, that she would beg you, in my name, to remove some hours to a neighbour, that your ears might not be harassed with the preparations for what was then to be done. She told me you would not yield; and, at the same time, she much feared she must lose you too. Some degree of wisdom is required in the greatest calamity, because God requires it; because he knows what is best for us; because he never intended any thing like perfect happiness in the present life, and because it is our duty as well as interest to submit. I will make you another proposal, and shall take it very unkindly if you do not comply. It is, that you would come hither this day immediately, where you will have a convenient apartment, and leave the scene that will be always putting you in mind of your loss. Your daughter can manage the house, and sometimes step to see you. All care shall be taken

ken of you, and Dr Robinson will visit you with more ease, if you have occasion for him. Mrs Ridgeway shall attend you, and I will be your companion. Let Miss Harrison return me an answer, and things shall be ready for you. I am ever, with true esteem and affection, dear Madam, your most obedient servant and cousin,
J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R DCXCH.

DR SWIFT TO MR PULTENEY.

SIR,

March 7. 1736.

I MUST begin, by assuring you, that I did never intend to engage you in a settled correspondence with so useless a man as I here am; and still more so, by the daily increase of ill health and old age; and yet I confess, that the high esteem I preserve for your public and private virtues urgeth me on to retain some little place in your memory, for that time I may expect to live.

That I no sooner acknowledged the honour of your letters is owing to your civility, which might have compelled you to write, while you were engaged in defending the liberties of your country with more than old Roman spirit, which hath reached this obscure enslaved kingdom, so far as to have been the constant subject of discourse
and

and of praise among the whole few of what un-prostituted people here remain among us.

I did not receive the letter you mentioned from Bath; and yet I have imagined, for some months past, that the meddlers in the post-offices here, and in London, have grown weary of their curiosity, by finding the little satisfaction it gave them. I agree heartily in your opinion of physicians; I have esteemed many of them as learned ingenious men; but I never received the least benefit from their advice and prescriptions. And poor Dr Arbuthnott was the only man of the faculty who seemed to understand my case; yet could not remedy it. But to conquer five physicians, all eminent in their way, was a virtue that Alexander and Cæsar could never pretend to. I desire that my prescription of living may be published (which you design to follow) for the benefit of mankind; which, however, I do not value a rush, nor the animal itself as it now acts; and neither will I ever value myself as a Philanthropus, because it is now a creature (taking a vast majority) that I hate more than a toad, a viper, a wasp, a stork, a fox, or any other that you will please to add.

Since the date of your letter, we understand there is another Duke to govern here. Mr Stopford was with me last night: He is as well provided for, and to his own satisfaction, as any private clergyman. He engaged me to present his best respects and acknowledgments to you. Your modesty, in refusing to take a motto, goes

too far. The sentence is not a boast, because it is every man's duty in morality and religion*.

Indeed we differ here from what you have been told of the Duke of Dorset's having given great satisfaction the last time he was with us. I wrote to a lady in London, his Grace's near relation, an intimate†, that she would no more continue the office of a go-between (as she called herself) betwixt the Duke and me, because I never designed to attend him again; and yet I allow him to be as agreeable a person in conversation as I have almost any where met. I sent my letter to that lady under a cover addressed to the Duke; and in it I made many complaints against some proceedings, which I suppose he hath seen. I never made him one request for myself; and if I spoke for another, he was always upon his guard; which was but twice, and for trifles.

The father of our friend in France ‡ may outlive the son; for I would venture a wager, that if you pick out twenty of the oldest men in England, nineteen of them have been the most worthless fellows in the kingdom. You tell me with great kindness as well as gravity, that I ought, this

* "Amicis prodesse, nemini nocere." See Mr Pulteney's letter, dated Dec. 21. 1736.

† See his last letter to Lady B—— G——, dated Jan. 29 1736.

‡ 'The friend in France appears to be Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, whose father, Sir Henry St John, Bart. had been created baron St John of Battersea, and Viscount St John, 2d July 1716.'

this spring, to make a trip to England; and your motive is admirable, that shifting the scene was of great service to you, and therefore it may be so to me. I answer as an Academic, *Nego consequentiam*. And besides, comparisons are odious. You are what the French call *plein du vic*. As you are much younger, so I am a dozen years older than my age makes me, by infirmities of mind and body; to which I add the perpetual detestation of all public persons and affairs in both kingdoms. I spread the story of Mrs Mapp while it was new to us: There was something humorous in it throughout, that pleased every body here. Will you engage your friend Cartet to oppose any step towards arbitrary power? He hath promised me, under a penalty, that he will continue firm; and yet some reports go here of him, that have a little disconcerted me. Learning and good sense he hath, to a great degree, if the love of riches and power do not overbalance.

Pray God long continue the gifts he hath bestowed you, to be the chief support of liberty to your country, and let all the people say, *Amen*. I am, with the truest respect and high esteem, Sir, your, &c.

L E T T E R DCXIII.

THE HONOURABLE THOMAS CARTER TO DR
SWIFT.

SIR, *Henrietta-street, March 11. 1735-6.*

I WOULD have waited on you, when I sent my servant with a message, but was informed you did not see company.

I have no doubt the printer will have occasion for a great many cargoes from our friend Mr Jarvis.

I am very glad I had an opportunity of doing any thing agreeable to you. I have long wished for some instance of assuring you that I am, with great respect, your most obedient and most humble servant,

THOMAS CARTER.

L E T T E R DCXCIV.

THE EARL OF O—— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Corke, March 15. 1736-7.*

I RECEIVED your commands, by Faulkner, to write to you. But what can I say? The scene of Corke is ever the same; dull, insipid, and void of all amusement. His sacred Majesty was not under greater difficulty to find out diversions at Helvoetsluys, than I am here. The
butchers

butchers are as greasy, the Quakers as formal, and the Presbyterians as holy, and full of the Lord as usual: All things are in *statu quo*; even the hogs and pigs gruntle in the same cadence as of yore. Unfurnished with variety, and drooping under the natural dulness of the place, materials for a letter are as hard to be found, as money, sense, honesty, or truth. But I will write on; Ogilby, Blackmore, and my Lord Grimstone *, have done the same before me.

I have not yet been upon the 'Change; but am told, that you are the idol of the the Court of Aldermen. They have sent you your freedom. The most learned of them having read a most dreadful account, in Littleton's dictionary, of Pandora's gold box, it was unanimously agreed, not to venture so valuable a present in so dangerous a metal. Had these sage counsellors considered that Pandora was a woman, (which, perhaps, Mr Littleton forgets to mention), they would have seen that the ensuing evils arose from the sex, and not from the ore. But I shall speak with more certainty of these affairs, when I have taken my seat among the grey-beards.

My letters from England speak of great combustions there. Absalom continues a rebel to royal David: The Achitophels of the age are numerous and high-spirited. The influence of the comet seems to have strange effects already. In the mean time, here live we, drones of Corke,

H h 3

wrapped

* The author of a play called 'Love in a Hollow Tree.'

wrapped up in our own filth, *procul a Jove et procul a fulmine*. Heaven and all good stars protect you! For, let the thunder burst where it will, so that you are safe and unsinged; who cares whether Persia submits its government to the renowned Kouli Khan, or that beardless and unexperienced youth, the Sophi. At least, the Vicar of Bray and I shall certainly be contented.

L E T T E R DCXCV.

THE EARL OF O—— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Corke, March the 18th, 1736.*

THIS is occasioned by a letter I have * received from Mr Pope, of which I send you a copy in my own hand, not caring to trust the original to the accidents of the post. I likewise send you part of a fifth volume of Curll's *Thefts*, in which you will find two letters to you, (one from Mr Pope, the other from Lord Bolingbroke), just published, with an impudent preface by Curll. You see Curll, like his friend the devil, glides through all key-holes, and thrusts himself into the most private cabinets.

I am much concerned to find that Mr Pope is still uneasy about his letters; but, I hope, a letter I sent him from Dublin, which he has not yet received, has removed all anxiety of that kind. In the last discourse I had with you on
this

* See the next letter.

this topic, you remember you told me, he should have his letters; and I lost no time in letting him know your resolution.

I have said so much on this subject, in the late happy hours you allowed me to pass with you at the deanry, that there is little occasion for adding more upon it at present; especially as you will find, in Mr Pope's letter to me, a strength of argument that seems irresistible. As I have thoughts of going to England in June, you may depend upon a safe carriage of any papers you think fit to send him. I should think myself particularly fortunate, to deliver to him those letters he seems so justly desirous of. I intreat you, give me that pleasure: It will be a happy reflection to me in the latest hours of my life; which, whether long or short, shall be constantly spent in endeavouring to do what may be acceptable to the virtuous and the wise. I am, dear Sir, your very faithful and obliged humble servant,

L E T T E R DCXCVI.

MR POPE TO THE EARL OF O——.

MY LORD,

AFTER having condoled several times with you on your own illness, and that of our friends, I now claim some share myself; for I have been down with a fever, which yet confines me

me to my chamber. Just before I wrote a letter to the Dean full of my heart; and among other things, pressed him (which I must acquaint your Lordship I had done twice before, for near a twelvemonth past) to secure me against that rascal printer, by returning me my letters, which (if he had valued so much) I promised to send him copies of, merely that the originals might not fall into such ill hands, and thereby a hundred particulars to be at his mercy; which would expose me to the misconstruction of many, the malice of some, and the censure, perhaps, of the whole world. A fresh incident made me press this again, which I inclose to you, that you may shew him. The man's declaration, 'That he had these two letters of the Dean's from your side the water,' with several others yet lying by, (which I cannot doubt the truth of, because I never had a copy of either), is surely a just cause for my request. Yet the Dean answering every other point of my letter, with the utmost expressions of kindness, is silent upon this; and the third time silent; I begin to fear he has already lent them out of his hands: And in whatever hands, while they are Irish hands, allow me, my Lord, to say, they are in dangerous hands. Weak admirers are as bad as malicious enemies, and operate in these cases alike, to an author's disparagement or uneasiness. I think this I made the Dean so just a request, that I found myself obliged to publish an edition of letters to my great sorrow; that I wished to make
use

use of some of these: Nor did I think any part of my correspondencies would do me a greater honour, and be really a greater pleasure to me, than what might preserve the memory how well we loved one another. I find the Dean was not quite of the same opinion, or he would not, I think, have denied this. I wish some of those sort of people always about a great man in wit, as well as a great man in power, have not an eye to some little interest in getting the whole of these into their possession: I will venture, however, to say, *they* would not add more credit to the Dean's memory, by *their* management of them, than *I* by *mine*: And if, as I have a great deal of affection for him, I have with it some judgment, at least, I presume my conduct herein might be better confided in.

Indeed, this silence is so remarkable, it surprises me: I hope in God it is not to be attributed to what he complains of, a want of memory. I would rather suffer from any other cause, than what would be so unhappy to him. My sincere love for this valuable, indeed, incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and pursue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives, as many as his works will live: Which are absolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condescension, his candour, are equal to his wit; and require as good and true a taste to be equally valued. When all this must die, (this last I mean), I would gladly have been the recorder of so great a part of it, as
 shines

shines in his letters to me, and of which my own are but as so many acknowledgments. But, perhaps, before this reaches your hands, my cares may be over; and Curll, and every body else, may say and lie of me as they will: The Dean, old as he is, may have the task to defend me.

L E T T E R DCXCVII.

LORD C—— TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Arlington-street, March 24. 1736.*

I THIS day attended the cause you recommended to me in your letter of the 3d of January: The decree was affirmed most unanimously, the appeal adjudged frivolous, and 100 l. costs given to the respondent. Lord Bathurst attended likewise. The other lords you mention, I am very little acquainted with; so I cannot deliver your messages, though I pity them in being out of your favour. Since you mention Greek, I must tell you, that my son, not sixteen, understands it better than I did at twenty, and I tell him study Greek, *και ουδεν ουδεποτε ταπεινον ενθυμηθεισθ ουτε αλλαν επιθυμεισθ τινος.* He knows how to construe this, and I have the satisfaction to believe he will fall in to the sentiment; and then, if he makes no figure, he will yet be a happy man.

Your late Lord Lieutenant * told me, some time ago, he thought he was not in your favour.

I

* The Duke of Dorset.

I told him I was of that opinion, and shewed him the article of your letter, relating to himself: I believe I did wrong. Not that you care a farthing for princes or ministers; but because it was vanity in me, to produce your acknowledgments to me for providing for people of learning, some of which I had the honour to promote, at your desire, for which I still think myself obliged to you. And I have not heard that since, they have disturbed the peace of the kingdom or been Jacobites, in disgrace to you and me.

I desire you will make my sincere respects acceptable to Dr Delany. He sent me potted woodcocks in perfection, which Lady Granville, my wife, and children, have ate, though I have not yet answered his letter. My Lady Granville, reading your postscript, bids me tell you, that she will send you a present; and if she knew what you liked, she would do it forthwith. Let me know, and it shall be done, that the first of the family may no longer be postponed by you to the third place. My wife and Lady Worsley desire their respects should be mentioned to you rhetorically; but as I am a plain peer, I shall say nothing, but that I am, for ever, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

C——.

When people ask me, how I governed Ireland?
I say, that I pleased Dr Swift.

Quæsitam meritis sume superbiam.

LETTER

LETTER DCXCVIII.

March 25. 1736.

IF ever I write more epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it; but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four epistles, which naturally follow the Essay on Man, viz. 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason and science. 2. A view of the useful, and therefore attainable; and of the unuseful, and therefore unattainable arts. 3. Of the nature, ends, application, and use of different capacities. 4. Of the use of *learning*, of the *science* of the *world*, and of *wit*. It will conclude with a satire against the misapplication of all these, exemplified by pictures, characters, and examples.

But alas! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram!* My understanding indeed, such as it is, is extended rather than diminished. I see things more in the whole, more consistent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy, I lose on the side of poetry: The flowers are gone when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our heaven of a court) is but cold and uncertain: The winds rise, and the winter comes on.

on. I find myself but little disposed to build a new house; I have nothing left but to gather up the relics of a wreck, and look about me to see how few friends I have left. Pray, whose esteem or admiration should I desire now to procure by my writings? Whose friendship or conversation to obtain by them? I am a man of desperate fortunes, that is, a man whose friends are dead, for I never aimed at any other fortune than in friends. As soon as I had sent my last letter, I received a most kind one from you, expressing great pain for my late illness at Mr Cheselden's. I conclude you was eased of that friendly apprehension in a few days after you had dispatched your's, for mine must have reached you then. I wondered a little at your quære, who Cheselden was? It shews that the truest merit does not travel so far any way as on the wings of poetry; he is the most noted, and most deserving man, in the whole profession of chirurgery; and has saved the lives of thousands, by his manner of cutting for the stone.—I am now well, or what I must call so.

I have lately seen some writings of Lord B's, since he went to France. Nothing can depress his genius: Whatever befalls him, he will still be the greatest man in the world, either in his own time, or with posterity.

Every man, you know or care for here, inquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could

keep you ; for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourself and two servants. I have indeed room enough, nothing but myself at home ; the kind and hearty house-wife is dead ! The agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone ! Yet my house is enlarged, and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guests they have lost. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of ; nay, I have good melons, and pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better gardener, as I am a worse poet, than when you saw me : But gardening is near a-kin to philosophy ; for Tully says, *Agricultura proxima sapientiæ*. For God's sake, why should not you (that are a step higher than a philosopher, a divine, yet have too much grace and wit than to be a bishop) e'en give all you have to the poor of Ireland, (for whom you have already done every thing else), so quit the place, and live and die with me ? And let *Tales animæ concordæ* be our motto and our epitaph.

L E T T E R DCXCIX.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

March 27. 1736.

I HAD a pleasure and grief at once in your letter, to find you had not forgotten me, pur to find you uneasy at a thing which God only

only can mend. The dream, which I had before the receipt of your's, was so odd and out of the way, that if Artemidorus were living, he would confess it to be out of all methods of interpretation; yet I cannot avoid imparting it to you, because if you be not much changed, no man ever could sift a matter to the truth beyond you. Thus it was;

Imprimis, I fell asleep, (or I could not dream), and what was the first thing I saw, but honest Cato in a cock-boat by himself, engaging not only a large fleet of foreigners, but now and then obliged to tack about against some dirty shattered floats, filled with his own countrymen. All were his enemies, except a very few, who were pressed and carried on against their will by the arbitrary power of the rowers. I would give a shilling, as low as money is reduced, to know the meaning of it. * * * *

L E T T E R DCC.

DR SHERIDAN TO MRS ALBA VIA.

DEAR MADAM,

I THANK my dear friend the Dean and you for your kind warning against a cold, which, I thank God, is not among us, as I told you in my last. Whisky, of which I take half a pint in the twenty-four hours, with an agreeable mixture of garlick, bitter orange, gentian-root,

snakeroot, wormwood, &c. hath preserved me from the asthma for three weeks past to any violent degree. I am happy when my gaspings are no quicker than those of a very quick walker. So much for myself.

Now for your jewel of a son. I never met with any boy of his age of such thorough good sense, and so great a thirst for improving himself. I thank God, he is as you and I could wish. The Dean will have pleasure to examine him. Adieu.

LETTER DCCI.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

April 3. 1737.

I WOULD have written last post, but I had such a violent head-ach, that I could no more think than a cabbage. And now all the business I have is to make you a paper visit, only to ask you, how you do? You may think me impertinent for the question; but when I tell you that I have not above three friends, you will not wonder that I should be afraid of losing one of them; and therefore I must give you some rules of regimen.

1. Walk little and moderately.
2. Ride slow and often.
3. Keep your temper even with my friend Mrs Whiteway.

4. Do

4. Do not strain your voice.
5. Fret not at your servants blunders.
6. Take a chearful glafs.
7. Study as little as poffible.
8. Find out a merry fellow, and be much with him.

Get thefe precepts by heart, and obferve them ftrictly, and my life for your's we fhall fee better times in the next century.

I am now fowing fome peafe and beans, and writing a satire upon Mr Fairbrother, whom I ftyle Fowlbrother the parifh-boy. It beings thus:

Thou loweft fcountrel of the fcountrel kind.
Extract of all the dregs of all mankind.

And fhall end thus:

I'll make thy dunghill reputation f——k,
Write the to death with thy own pens and ink.

If you can think of any hints, of a fofter kind, I beg you may fend them by the next poft; for I am in hafte to whip the rafcal through Dublin. Prefent my very humble fervice to Mrs White-way. May angels protect and keep you for the fake of your friends, is the fincere wifh of your moft obedient and very humble fervant.

While footman like he waits in every hall,
His ill-match'd wife is well receiv'd by all,
Graceful and comely fhe, he fcarce a man,
A dire contrast of fcauld-crow with a fwan.

LETTER DCCII.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Dublin, April 22. 1736.

MY common illness is of that kind which utterly disqualifies me for all conversation; I mean my deafness: And indeed it is that only which discourageth me from all thoughts of coming to England; because I am never sure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honest gout, I could catch an interval to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an easy-chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends. “As to what you say of your letters, since you have many years of life more than I, my resolution is to direct my executors to send you all your letters, well sealed and packeted, along with some legacies mentioned in my will, and leave them entirely to your disposal. Those things are all tied up, indorsed, and locked in a cabinet; and I have not one servant who can properly be said to write or read. No mortal shall copy them, but you shall surely have them when I am no more.” I have a little repined at my being hitherto slipped by you in your epistles, not from any other ambition than the title of a friend; and in that sense I expect you shall perform your promise, if your health, and leisure, and inclination will permit. I deny your losing on the side
of

of poetry; I could reason against you a little from experience: You are, and will be, some years to come, at the age when invention still keeps its ground, and judgment is at full maturity; but your subjects are much more difficult when confined to verse. I am amazed to see you exhausted the whole science of morality in so masterly a manner. Sir W. Temple said, that the loss of friends was a tax upon long life. It need not be very long, since you have had so great a share, but I have not above one left: And in this country I have only a few general companions of good nature and middling understandings. How should I know Chesham? On your side men of fame start up and die, before we here (at least I) know any thing of the matter! I am a little comforted with what you say of Lord B's genius still keeping up, and preparing to appear by effects worthy of the author, and useful to the world.—Common reports have made me very uneasy about your neighbour Mr P. It is affirmed, that he hath been very near death. I love him for being a patriot in most corrupted times, and highly esteem his excellent understanding. Nothing but the perverse nature of my disorders, as I have above described them, and which are absolute disqualifications for converse, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twickenham, and nursing you to Paris. In short, my ailments amount to a prohibition; although I am, as you describe yourself, what I must call well, yet I have not spirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) was
my

my only diversion. And I must expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal sum, which must lessen every day, and indeed I am likewise literally almost in the same case, while every body owes me, and nobody pays me. Instead of a young race of patriots on your side, which gives me some glimpse of joy, here we have the direct contrary, a race of young dunces and Atheists, or old villains and monsters, whereof four fifths are more wicked and stupid than Chartres. Your wants are so few, that you need not be rich to supply them; and my wants are so many, that a king's seven millions of guineas would not support me.

L E T T E R DCCIII.

MRS PENDARVES TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Brook-street, London, April 22. 1736.*

I AM sorry you make use of so many good arguments for not coming to Bath. I was in hopes you might be prevailed with. And though one of my strongest reasons for wishing you there was the desire I had of seeing you, I assure you the consideration of your health took place of it. I left Bath last Sunday se'en-night, very full and gay. I think Bath a more comfortable place to live in than London; all the entertainments of the place lie in a small compass, and you are at your liberty to partake of them or let them alone,
just

just as it suits your humour. This town is grown to such an enormous size, that above half the day must be spent in the streets, going from one place to another. I like it every year less and less.

When I went out of town last autumn, the reigning madness was Farinelli *; I find it now turned on Pasquin, a dramatic satire on the times †. It has had almost as long a run as the Beggar's Opera; but, in my opinion, not with equal merit, though it has humour. Monstrous preparations are making for the Royal wedding ‡. Pearl, gold, and silver, embroidered on gold and silver tissues. I am too poor and too dull to make one among the fine multitude. The news-papers say, my Lord Carteret's youngest daughter is to have the Duke of Bedford ||. I hear nothing of it from the family; but think it not unlikely. The Duke of Marlborough and his grand-mother are upon bad terms. The Duke of B——, who has been ill treated by her, has offered the Duke of M—— to supply him with ten thousand pounds a-year,

* A celebrated Italian singer.

† This was written by the late Henry Fielding, and was a rehearsal of a comedy and a tragedy; the comedy was called *The Election*; and the tragedy, *The Life and Death of Queen Common-sense*. This, and some other dramatic satires by the same author, levelled against the administration of the late Lord Oxford, produced an act of parliament for licensing the stage, and limiting the number of play-houses, which was passed in 1737.

‡ Of Frederic, Prince of Wales.

|| His Grace married Miss Gower, daughter of the Lord Gower by his first wife, on the first of April 1737.

year, if he will go to law and torment the old Dowager. The Duke of Chandos's marriage has made a great noise; and the poor Dutchess is often reproached with her being bred up in Burr-street, Wapping*.

Mrs Donnellan, I am afraid, is so well treated in Ireland, that I must despair of seeing her here. She is so good to me in her letters, as always to mention you.

I hope I shall hear from you soon: You owe me that pleasure for the concern I was under when I heard you were ill. I am, Sir, your faithful and obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all friends that remember me, but particularly to Dr Delany.

L E T T E R DCCIV.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

† *April 24. 1736.*

I have been very ill for these two months past with giddiness and deafness, which lasted me till about ten days ago, when I gradually recovered; but still am weak and indolent, not thinking

* She was Lady Daval, widow of Sir Thomas Daval, and had a fortune of 40,000l.

† The paragraphs in *Italic* in this and the following letter, were written by Mrs Whiteway, a cousin german of Dr Swift's.

thinking any thing worth my thoughts ; and although (I forget what I am going to say, so it serves for nothing) I am well enough to ride, yet I will not be at the pains. Your friend Mrs Whiteway, who is upon all occasions so zealous to vindicate, is one whom I desire you to chide : For, during my whole sickness, she was perpetually plaguing and spunging on me ; and though she would drink no wine herself, yet she increased the expence, by making me force it down her throat. Some of your eight rules I follow, some I reject, some I cannot compass, I mean merry fellows. Mr J. R—— never fails. I did within two days past ring him such a peal in relation to you, that he must be the d—l not to consider it. I will use him the same way, if he comes to-morrow (which I do not doubt) for a pint of wine. I like your project of a satire on Fairbrother *, who is an arrant rascal in every circumstance.

Every syllable that is worth reading in this letter, you are to suppose I writ it ; the Dean only took the hints from me ; but he has put them so ill together, that I am forced to tell you this in my own justification. Had you been worth hanging, you would have come to town this vacation, and I would have shewn you a poem on the legion-club. I do not doubt but that a certain person will pretend he writ it, because there is a copy of it in his hand, lying on his table ; but do not mind that, for there are some people in the world will say any thing. I wish you would give some

* See the next letter.

some account of poor Dr Sheridan. I hear the reason he did not come to town this Easter, is, that he waited to see a neighbour of his hanged.

Whatever is said in this page by Goody White-way, I have not read, nor will read; but assure you, if it relates to me, it is all a lie: For she says you have taught her that art; and as the world goes, and she takes you for a wise man, she ought to follow your practice. To be serious, I am sorry you said so little of your own affairs, and of your health; and when will you pay me any money? for, upon my conscience, you have half starved me.

The plover eggs were admirable, and the worsted for the Dean's stockings so fine, that not one knitter here can knit them.

We neither of us know what the other hath writ; so one answer will serve, if you write to us both, provided you justly give us both our share, and each of us will read our own part. Pray tell us how you breathe, and whether that disorder be better

If the Dean should give you any hint about money, you need not mind him; for, to my knowledge, he borrowed twenty pounds a month ago, to keep himself alive.

LETTER

L E T T E R DCCV.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT AND MRS
WHITEWAY.

DEAR SIR,

I SEND you an encomium upon Fowlbrother inclosed, which I hope you will correct; and if the world should charge me with flattery, you will be so good as to explain the obligations I lie under to that great and good bookseller.

MADAM,

How the plague can you expect that I should answer two persons at once, except you should think I had two heads; but this is not the only giddiness you have been guilty of. However, I shall not let the Dean know it.

SIR,

I wonder you would trust Mrs Whiteway to write any thing in your letter. You have been always too generous in your confidence. Never was any gentleman so betrayed and abused. She said more of you than I dare commit to this paper.

MADAM,

I have let the Dean know all the kind things you said of him to me, and that he has not such a true friend in the world. I hope you will make him believe the same of me.

SIR,

I wish you would banish her your house, and take my wife in her stead, who loves you dearly,

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and

and would take all proper care, if any sickness should seize you. She would as infallibly take as much care of you as ever she did of me: And you know her to be a good-natured, chearful agreeable companion, and a very handy woman; whereas Mrs Whiteway is a morose, disagreeable prater, and the most awkward devil about a sick person, and very ill-natured to the bargain.

MADAM,

I believe it will not require any protestations to convince you that you have not a more sincere friend upon the earth than I am. The Dean confesses that he had some little dislikings to you, (I fancy he hears some whispers against you), but I believe his share of this letter will set all things right. I know he has too much honour to read your part of it, and therefore I may venture to speak my mind freely concerning him. Pray, between ourselves, is he not grown very positive of late? He used formerly to listen to his friends advice, but now we may as well talk to a sea-storm. I could say more, only I fear this letter may miscarry.

SIR,

I beg that impertinent woman, who has unaccountably got your ear, may not interrupt you while you read the encomium, and while you give it a touch of your brush; for I fear the colours are not strong enough. Cannot you draw another picture of him? I wish you would; for he is a subject fit for the finest hand. What a glorious thing it would be to make him hang himself!

As

As to business, I have nothing to say about money, yet a while; but by the next post you shall have two scholars notes, which will amount to about fourteen or fifteen pounds; and if Mr — can force himself to do me justice, it will put about twenty-five pounds in your pocket. But then you must remark, that you will put twenty of it out again, and send it to Mrs —. I have nobody after that to gather for but you; and if money comes in as I expect, you may borrow from, Sir, your's. My tenants are as poor as Job, and as wicked as his wife, or the dogs would have given me some money before this. Mr Jones swears he will not pay you the bond which I gave you, except you come down to receive it; for he thinks it but reasonable that you should honour Belturbet as well as Cavan. Mr Coote would give three of his eyes to see you at Coote-hill. All the country long for you. My green geese, &c. are grown too fat. I have twenty lambs, upon honour, as plump as puffins, and as delicate as ortolans. I eat one of them yesterday. A bull, a bull! hoh! I cry mercy. As I return from the county of Galway next vacation, I intend to make Dublin my way, in order to conduct you hither. Our country is now in high beauty, and every inch of it walkable. I wish you all happiness till I see you; and remain, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

END OF VOL. XVII.

